

March

# Cosmopolitan

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# *Nettleton*

## *Shoes of Worth*





*As that other clever American humorist, Irving Berlin, says:*

## "They Call It Dancing"

by GEORGE ADE



ONCE in a while you meet a man so great that he can live down the reputation of being a lovely dancer.

A lovely dancer is one who can lift a fair-sized woman simply by resting his hand lightly on the region of her vertebræ.

His partner pays him the most sincere compliment included in the catalogue of modern chivalry when she says that while dancing with him she seems to be floating in the air.

A lot of nice fellows in the U. S. A. would be successful if they could wear their pumps in the daytime. The great mistake they make is in changing from evening clothes to street clothes. The minute they get out of the range of a throbbing orchestra they begin to bleach, fade away and

shrivel to the relative unimportance of a goldfish floating on its back.

On the other hand, a captain of industry whose feet are not mates should go behind the palms at 8:30 P. M. whenever the wife throws a dinner dance. Moral grandeur has no rating in a ballroom. Take all the heavy-weights of history and put them out on a waxed floor and they would be terror-stricken at the approach of a pug-nosed flapper.

I have seen the Holy Rollers out in the country sway and chant themselves into frothing hysteria. I have seen the revolving dervishes of Turkey wind themselves up until they were quivering with a mechanical sort of ecstasy. I have seen the aborigines of North America revert to type and hotfoot in a circle until they were yowling maniacs.

But no one ever observed mortals more glassy-eyed, giggling, gibbering and generally locoed with artificial bliss than a bunch of our best people while under the influence of this year's dance music.

Along about 9 P. M. they drag themselves wearily to the center of the jazz-pit and their drooping demeanor seems to indicate: "This is a tough ordeal, but probably we will have to go through with it."

At 3 A. M. they are writhing like angleworms and squealing for encores.

They never quit. The acrobatic saturnalia continues until the snare drummer wears out his sticks.

Then a janitor, or some one, pushes them out and locks up.

Yes, you are right, Edith. If the writer knew how to dance, the whole thing might look different.



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Baldruelge

# ST. LOUIS

*A Song of the City*

*By Edgar A. Guest*

*Decoration by C. LeRoy Baldrige*

I was in St. Louis when their mystic Prophet came  
From his dark, mysterious haunts to gaze upon the throngs.  
None had ever seen his face and none could tell his name,  
Yet they greeted him with cheers and welcomed him with songs.

"Who is he?" I asked of men, standing by my side.  
"No one knows," they answered me, pausing then to cheer.  
"Once a year he comes to us through the streets to ride,  
Comes to crown his chosen queen and then to disappear."

None there was could tell his name in all that crowded place,  
Deep and dark the secret which the people talked about,  
But I knew that I had seen the Prophet's shining face,  
Seen it on the city's streets beyond the slightest doubt.

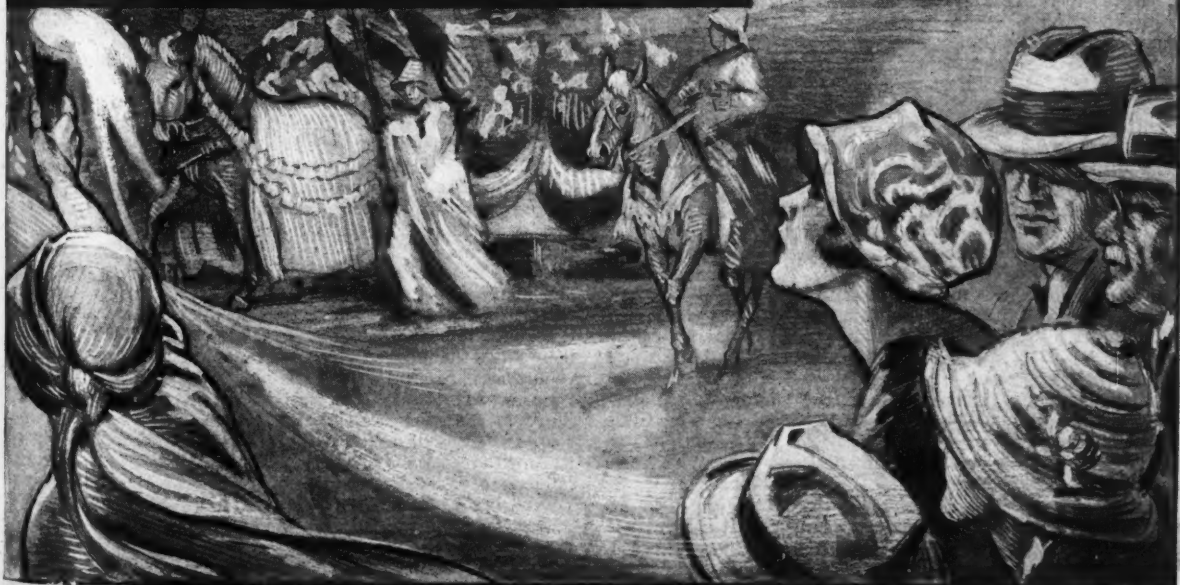
I had seen it everywhere in factories and stores,  
Seen it walking Locust Street at morning, noon and night;  
Seen it at the schoolhouse and at humble cottage doors,  
Seen it at the churches—and I knew that I was right.

'Twas no vague and shadowy form, no dim and spectral wraith  
Heralded by bugle blasts and drums which beat and roll,  
Here it was—the symbol of a city's sturdy faith,  
Him they called the Prophet was the city's living soul!

Love of country, love of home and love of nobler things,  
All that makes a city great the Prophet typified;  
Gardens in the tiny yards, the songs a mother sings,  
These the multitude beheld as children, open-eyed.

Not upon the wealth of gold the emphasis was laid,  
Not upon the fleeting fame of marble buildings tall,  
But upon the lasting works of which are cities made,  
Noble hearts and kindly ways and God above them all.

Here's a city great and good, a city staunch and true,  
A city where the best of life is found on every hand,  
For when the Prophet vanished, what had made it so I knew,  
For I had seen the city's soul and I could understand.





# Old Man Hickman—

*as lovable a character as Kyne ever drew—*

*takes pleasure in introducing you to*

*his new and astounding employee—*

THIS story begins back in the days when shipping men commenced converting their coal burning vessels into crude oil burners. Although the movement really had its beginning in San Francisco and was the natural concomitant of the tremendous production of low grade oil in California, Old Man Hickman, of Hickman & Son was the last owner to convert his fleet of steam schooners, for he was a thrifty old man who prided himself on his conservatism. Having burned soft coal for thirty years and waxed wealthy despite it, he was naturally averse to spending money on new-fangled notions until his competitors had demonstrated beyond a doubt that not only would the use of oil cut the fuel bills in half, but that there was no likelihood that the supply of fuel oil underlying the sovereign State of California would "peter out" during the lifetime of even the newest of the Hickman fleet. Wherefore, with many a groan and sigh at the initial cost, Old Man Hickman made the change. Before he arrived at this decision, however, he made the acquaintance of Valdemar Sigurdson.

This statement is important only for the reason that if he had made his decision subsequent to making the acquaintance of Valdemar Sigurdson, this story would, in all probability, never have been written, for briefly, the tale hinges on coal dust.

The steam schooner *Eliza Hickman* had finished coaling and a quartet of her deckhands, having finished trimming the coal in the bunkers (a task which they felt belonged rightfully to the engineer's department), had come on deck hot, dripping with perspiration and black as a Georgia camp meeting. Old Man Hickman, who was up on the boat deck examining the fire hose and wondering agonizedly if it would pass the impending annual inspection of the Supervising Inspector of Hulls and Boilers, distinctly heard one of these men say:

"I've finished my last shift in a coal burning vessel. A sailor who will—"

"You're not a sailor. You're a North Pacific laborer," some one interrupted the complaining one.

"I'm a sailor and I'm going back to blue water," the first speaker retorted. "There's something wrong with a man who will continue to handle soft coal for an owner who doesn't supply a shower bath. I made up my mind to handle it until I had saved two hundred and fifty dollars. I've saved them, and tonight I'm taking my time. If I stay here I may get to be a creature of habit, like Old Man Hickman. Oh, but I'm sick of this filthy old box!"

Old Hickman could not see the speaker. The man's voice was very deep, resonant and musical. He continued:

"I saw an American square-rigger towing up to Port Costa this morning. She'll probably load barley for the United Kingdom. I'm going up tomorrow and sign on with the old man direct, if he'll have me. No crimp ever got a two months' advance out of me."

Old Man Hickman heard the booming mellow voice break into song:

For tinkers and tailors and lawyers and all,  
'Way, aye, roll the man down!  
They ship for real sailors aboard the Black Ball,  
Give us some time to roll the man down.



Said Old Man Hickman—

"You're fresh as green paint, Sigurdson. You make me sick. But you've got nerve, you big son of a pirate, and I'm going to gamble on you."

right hand, climbed up on the *Eliza Hickman's* rail, whooped joyously and dove off into the bay.

Old Man Hickman shuddered. It was the fifteenth day of January and colder than the fingers of death. Indeed, an hour before, the deck of the *Eliza Hickman* had been covered an inch deep with hail, and hail in San Francisco means colder weather than snow in New York.

"Oh-h-h, Lord! To be young again and do that," Old Man Hickman cried, and ran out of the pilot house, up the stairs to the flying bridge. He trotted out to the port end and looked down into the bay just as the man came up with a snort like a little killer whale when one tickles him with a rifle bullet. He commenced treading water while his right hand came up clutching the piece of salt water soap. Old Man Hickman watched him soap his grimy head vigorously, duck under and rinse it, soap it again, duck—and came up golden-headed! Then he swam to the side of the *Eliza Hickman*, climbed up the Jacob's ladder, stood on the rail, soaped himself and rubbed until he was covered with a dirty lather, threw his piece of soap into the bucket and dove off into the bay again. When he came back once more to the vessel's rail he was reasonably white, so he soaped and rubbed again and repeated the operation, while Old Man Hickman watched him, fascinated. Then he stepped down on

"Cheerful creature, at any rate."

Old Man Hickman soliloquized. "Well, quit and be damned to you. You're like all Americans. You want to be coddled and pampered and stuffed with apple pie or you won't go to sea. I have this comforting knowledge, however. There's always some fine big squarehead waiting to take your job when you leave it."

He continued his inspection of the fire hose, and when that was completed he looked at the sky and decided that a sou'easter was brewing. He would see what the barometer had to say about it. He stepped into the pilot house and consulted that instrument, which confirmed his suspicions. While he was browsing around in the pilot house, looking for more expense and worrying about it, his glance happened to wander through the pilot house window down to the main deck, just as a giant, naked as Venus and black as Erebus from his waist up, came out of the forecastle. He had a sponge and a piece of soap in one hand, a bucket with a length of rope brailed to it in the other.

"Cripes!" muttered Old Man Hickman. "Here comes the late Goliath."

The man walked with a light and springy step to the rail, hauled a bucket of water up out of the bay and tossed his sponge into the bucket. Then he hung a Jacob's ladder over-side and with a piece of soap in his

# THE THUNDER GOD

## *A Go-Getter of the Sea*

by *PETER B. KYNE*

—who writes about men for men—and that's why women love his stories

Illustrations by Percy Cowen

deck and completed the job with the sponge, hauled up a couple of buckets of salt water, poured them over his head and was about to retire to the forecabin when Old Man Hickman slid down the narrow, greasy iron ladder to the main deck and yelled:

"Hey! You! Big fellow!"  
The man shook himself as an animal does after swimming a stream, and spattered Old Man Hickman. He touched his wavy, golden forelock respectfully. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Yes, you're the man. You've got a voice like a bull fiddle. Who are you? I'm Old Man Hickman, and I don't provide shower baths on any packet of mine. But I will hereafter. To tell you the truth, son, I haven't thought about it heretofore. Man, I feel frozen, just from looking at you."

The man smiled—a slow, lazy smile of complete understanding.

"Now that you've got religion, sir," he replied, "why not install a mess room for your men. You could tuck one in that vacant space just aft the house and for'd of the after winch. You never use it for cargo anyhow. As we operate at present, the ship's cook brings our grub out on deck in pans and pots, and we sit around on our hunkers on deck and eat like a crew of aborigines in dry weather. In wet weather we take our food into the forecabin, where we sleep, and that's not Christian."

Old Man Hickman shook a skinny fist under the giant's nose. "Don't you lecture me," he warned.

"I'm not lecturing you. I'm suggesting things, and I don't give a tinker's hoot whether you follow my suggestions or not, because I'm quitting tonight. I'm going to hunt up a ship that's owned and operated by a human being."

"That's right," shrilled Old Man Hickman, angrily. "Get along without shower baths and mess room until I make up my mind to install both, and then leave me. Fine sense of loyalty you've got!"

The man picked up his sponge, wrung the water out of it thoughtfully and pondered this. "Why, I didn't think you'd care whether I stay or go, Mr. Hickman," he replied seriously.

"Of course I care. D'ye think I want you to go somewhere else and blackguard my vessels and me? Not by a damn sight. What's your name?"

"Valdemar Sigurdson, sir. I'm an A. B."

"Shame on you. Why aren't you master of a steam schooner like this, instead of a plain A. B.?"

Valdemar Sigurdson cast a sea-blue glance aloft, forward and abaft. "I wouldn't care to be master of a hooker like this one, sir, and I wouldn't care for a back-number owner like you. You're living in the carboniferous age, while I'm in the oleaginous."

Old Man Hickman thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and gazed upon Valdemar Sigurdson as a horse buyer gazes upon a striking-looking animal in a dealer's paddock. "God bless my mildewed soul," he complained. "I say, God bless it."

"Yes, sir," rumbled Valdemar Sigurdson.

"My boy Johnny says the same thing. Had a quarrel with him yesterday on this very subject of converting the fleet into oil burners, and what d'ye suppose that boy did, Sigurdson? He took his pocket knife and scraped the "& Son" off forty-five dollars' worth of gold lettering on our office windows—and I haven't seen him since."

Valdemar Sigurdson shifted his weight to his left foot and very thoughtfully rubbed his left shin with the great toe of his right foot. He appeared oblivious of the cruelly cold wind that fanned his hairless milk-white naked body.

"Well, sir," he said finally, "in view of the fact that you've decided to give in to Johnny, I'll be a good sport and stick by you myself."

"Say, young feller, you're pretty fresh, ain't you?" Old Man Hickman demanded, shriller than ever.

"Very well, sir. Since you object to my staying, I'll go away peaceably."

"Shut up," yelled Old Man Hickman. "You make me sick." He uncoiled a bony index finger and pointed it menacingly at Valdemar Sigurdson. "Age?" he barked—and coiled his finger again.

"Twenty-four, sir."

The bony finger uncoiled again. "Height?"

"Six feet five and a half in my bare feet, weight two hundred and forty pounds. All of my teeth are sound and I've never been sick a day in my life. Neither have I been in jail."

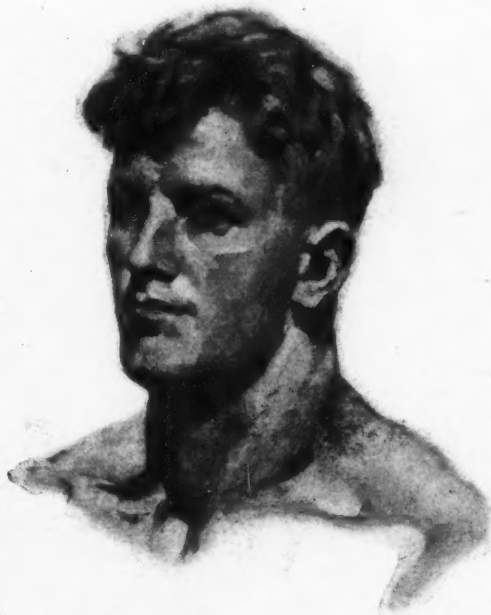
"Suffering sailor! And you haven't enough fat on your big carcass to grease a bucksaw. Boy, you're the damndest, finest, white man I've ever seen. Swede, Dane, Norwegian or Icelander?"

"You pays your money and you takes your choice, sir. My original bill of lading was lost in the tenth century. In those days all the Scandinavian tribes were known as Norsemen, and when a Norseman got hot feet and went raiding down across the North Sea to see what the rest of Europe looked like, they were called Vikings. I believe my ancestors came down to the sack of Paris under the pirate Hrolf, or were attracted south by the necessity for putting the skids under the Saxon Kings, or perhaps they came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror. At any rate, the first arrivals settled in the Channel Islands. I was born there. We have never been disturbed and we have had but slight opportunity to mix with other races. So I imagine I'm what horse breeders might call a grade Norman. It's too much to suppose I'm pure bred."

"Ever hear of Mendel's Law, Sigurdson?"

The giant looked puzzled. "I've never studied navigation, sir," he admitted.

"It's about heredity and the fertility of hybrids and the evolution of species. You're a Viking. You're a dominant, not a recessive type. You're a throwback, perhaps a thousand generations. Think of it! Old Man Hickman is going to be the only shipping man on this coast with an honest-to-god Viking in his employ."



Said the Thunder God—

"Queer bird. Old Man Hickman is: weighs about a hundred and ten pounds soaking wet—but he's nobody's fool. I'll just stick to him, and stick tight. From now on he's my boss."



That battle was nothing short of Homeric. In a body they clung to the Viking and tried to

"Well, the Vikings were full of paprika," Valdemar Sigurdson admitted. "They had two mottoes: 'Let's go and see' and 'If you want to know who's boss around here, ask me.' Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Hickman. I hadn't considered the advantages of being a Viking, but now that you mention it—"

"Thor and his hammer! Get out of this dirty little hulk, Sigurdson, and report to me at my office tomorrow morning. I'm going to send you to navigation school and when you've been given your ticket as second mate of steam vessels up to five hundred tons net register, you shall have a job as Number Two kicker in the *Cleone*."

"Thank you, Mr. Hickman. I shall be happy to serve in her. She's old and rotten and works in a seaway and spits oakum and leaks. She is filled with cockroaches and bedbugs. She has little freeboard and no sheer to speak of, and she'd wet you in dry dock, but whatever you say goes with me. I'm no teacher's pet."

"How'd you get that hole in the side of your head?"

"Shipped on a big South Sea trader once. The crew deserted her and we shipped a native crew. New Hebrides boys. Chief

mate used to kick them around too much, so one day ten of them jumped him and the second mate and fed them to the sharks. The old man was below with dengue fever, and I being the only white man left, just naturally had to show those black boys the error of their ways."

"Hum-m-m! Raised in this country, Sigurdson?"

The youthful giant nodded.

"High school?"

"Yes, sir, and one year of college. Didn't seem to see much sense in college—and anyhow, I like to go to sea. I never knew what it was to be happy until I'd shipped out on that trader."

"I know, I know. You can't help it, son. You're a throw-back. Now, look here, you big son of a pirate, you stick to Old Man Hickman and you'll be fixed for life. Promise me that when my son, Johnny, sees you and starts selling you the idea you're a natural born heavy-weight pugilist and can lick Jim Jeffries with one hand tied behind you, you'll not listen to him. If you listen to him you'll be a bum at thirty, but if you follow the sea and Old Man Hickman you'll always be happy. And happiness, Sigurdson, is to be preferred to great riches."

"I promise, sir," said Valdemar Sigurdson.





bear him down, while young Hickman rained blow after blow upon the giant's rigid iron jaw.

"Good." Old Man Hickman turned and disappeared over the rail.

Valdemar Sigurdson watched him scurrying up the dock, gesticulating and talking to himself. "Queer old man, that," murmured the Viking. "Nobody's fool. He has imagination and I like him. I'll stick to Old Man Hickman. He weighs about a hundred and ten pounds soaking wet, so he's strong for a big fellow like me. He says I'm a Viking. All right. Maybe I am. I'll stick to Old Man Hickman and play his game through thick and thin."

And he went into the forecabin, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and left the *Eliza Hickman* forever.

## II

Thus did Valdemar Sigurdson emerge from the coal dust. He went from second mate to master of the *Cleone*, grim Old Man Hickman watching him with a prideful light in his fierce gray eyes, and always repulsing his son Johnny, who fought to promote the Viking to command of the finest ship in the fleet.

"You leave that Viking of mine alone, Johnny," Old Man

Hickman shrilled. "He's my experiment, I tell you. I can't live forever, and when I'm gone you can do what you please with him, but for the love of the game, do let me have my fun while I can see it. I'm waiting to hear a yelp from that man Sigurdson. If he doesn't protest his job in that floating coffin of a *Cleone*, he isn't the man I'm thinking he is."

Presently Hickman & Son built the queen of Pacific Coast steam schooners—a steel vessel that could do twelve knots and carry two million feet of green lumber. On the day of her trial trip the *Cleone* was in San Pedro harbor discharging cargo; but to the amazement of Hickman & Son, the master of the *Cleone* appeared aboard the newest vessel of the Hickman fleet as she lay at her dock in San Francisco. Under his arm he carried his master's license in a neat oak frame, and without consulting Hickman & Son he went into the dining saloon and screwed this frame into the wall. When he came out on deck again he found Old Man Hickman and his son Johnny. They looked him over curiously.

"Well, well, well," Old Man Hickman demanded crisply. "What in blue blazes are you doing here?"

"I'm here to take out my ship on her trial trip, sir," Valdemar

Sigurdson replied. "I left the *Cleone* in San Pedro in command of my mate. He has a master's license and is capable and efficient. Do I get this new boat?"

"You do—by God!" Old Man Hickman yelled blasphemously, "but if you hadn't come for her you would have forfeited your chance. I've come down to take you up to the Customs House and record you as her master. You've earned this berth, if ever a man earned anything."

Valdemar Sigurdson smiled upon Hickman & Son. "You told me once I was a throwback—a Viking—a dominant type and not a recessive. I've been weary of the *Cleone* for three years—"

"He never complained, though," Old Man Hickman interrupted. "Just made up his mind to stick with Old Man Hickman and get along with what Old Man Hickman had to offer until something better showed up. Bully boy, Sigurdson. Hop into my car and we'll go up to the Customs House."

When the Russian-Japanese war occurred, Old Man Hickman bought a ten thousand ton tramp, loaded her with foodstuffs, put Valdemar Sigurdson on her bridge and said briefly, "Take her to Vladivostok and see to it that the Japs don't get you."

Three times Valdemar Sigurdson ran the blockade before the war ended. Then Hickman & Son ran him regularly to the Far East with general cargo, and little by little they added to the trans-Pacific fleet and gradually dropped out of the coast-wise lumber trade. Finally Old Man Hickman called his Viking into his private office and once again transfixed the huge skipper with his bony index finger.

"Captain Sigurdson," he charged, "you're thirty-five years old and unmarried. Something has got to be done about this situation."

"That is a thought worth entertaining, sir. What puzzles me, however, is: How am I ever going to find time to locate a wife and court her? I'm at sea forty weeks out of the fifty-two in every year."

"Precisely, my boy. What sort of a wife do you think you ought to have? A woman as big as the Cardiff giant, to match you?"

"I have no ambition to rear a Brobdingnagian brood, sir."

"Well, well," Old Man Hickman demanded impatiently. "Got any ideas of your own on this important subject?"

"Miss Nellie O'Hara, your son Johnny's secretary, would suit me fine," the Viking confessed. "That girl, sir, is a pure white diamond set in jet."

"She's a pinch of Celtic dynamite. Man, you don't stand any more chance with that young woman than a Zulu delegate to a world conference. All the eligible young fellows on California street are running themselves ragged after her. She has 'em all groveling at her feet. One young fellow whose father is a banker and an old friend of mine has induced his father to induce me to give him a job here to learn the shipping business. But that's all nonsense. He just wants to be near Miss O'Hara."

"Well, I haven't done any groveling yet—"

"No, not yet, but soon. You'd be a gay sight, wouldn't you, trying to do a fox trot with that miniature?"

"I know it," the Viking replied sadly. "She was kind enough to go to dinner and the theater with me a couple of times, but everybody stared so at us both I'm sure it must have been very embarrassing to her."

"You mustn't blame folks for staring, captain. She's the most dashing young woman in a town where dashing young women are the rule, not the exception; also, you're not exactly a masculine frost yourself."

"I'm an awkward big dub," said Valdemar Sigurdson sadly. "Look at that hand," and he held that member out for Old Man Hickman's inspection. "Why, it's as big as a ham!"

"Granted. But I notice you've had a manicure working on it and your choice of tailors is always commendable. You're neat but not gaudy. Don't be discouraged. Believe me, boy, the sight of you is most embarrassing to the boys with the belted overcoats, padded shoulders and pussy-cat hats. What causes you such discouragement, son?"

"In a kindly way she gave me to understand recently that she pitied women whose husbands went to sea. Indeed, she wondered why seafaring men persisted in getting married—that is, unless they ran coastwise and could get home to their families a couple of times a month."

Old Man Hickman sat straight up. "Have you, by any chance, discussed with Miss O'Hara recently the impending retirement of our port captain?"

"She mentioned the fact to me. That was the first I had heard about it."

"My boy, she has no business telling office secrets. Bet you whatever you want that she'll marry you if I make you port captain."

With his big sea-blue eyes that had in them something of the docility and affection of a St. Bernard dog, Valdemar Sigurdson asked Old Man Hickman to make him port captain. But the old man shook his head.

"That was just her subtle woman's way of prodding you into asking me to make you port captain," he informed his amazed auditor. "You blithering young idiot! Don't you realize that if she hadn't been interested in you she wouldn't have felt so sorry for the wives of seafaring men; and she wouldn't have imparted to you an office secret calculated to rob me of a seafaring man! The trouble with you, my boy, is that you cannot conceive of that jewel falling in love with you, and you haven't sufficient courage to put your fortune to the test."

But the Viking only shook his head. "If she refused me, sir, I'd have to quit the employ of Hickman & Son. I couldn't stand the embarrassment of meeting her in the office hereafter."

"That is not at all necessary. You ask her and if she refuses you I'll discharge her to save you embarrassment in the future."

"Why, I couldn't be the cause of having her ejected from a fine job, Mr. Hickman!"

"Tish! Tush! There are as good fish in the sea—bah! You irritate me profoundly. Get out of here and I'll ascertain in about two shakes of a lamb's tail where you stand in Miss O'Hara's affections. You just step outside in the hall and wait until I tell you to come back."

The Viking obeyed, and immediately Old Man Hickman sent a summons for Miss Nellie O'Hara to report to him with her notebook. When she seated herself opposite him at his large flat-topped desk he favored her with a shrewd appraising glance. She was about twenty-four years old, a glorious, dainty little Celtic beauty, a creature vibrant with health, radiating that amazing charm which is the heritage of all women of physical and mental energy.

"Take a letter," said Old Man Hickman. "Captain Valdemar Sigurdson, Master S. S. *City of Seattle*, Pier 42, San Francisco, California. Sir:" He paused and noted that Miss O'Hara glanced up, apprehensively, at his employment of that curt form of salutation. He continued: "In view of your failure to acquit yourself satisfactorily of the charges filed against you, we find it necessary to dispense with your services immediately. You will proceed to draw up a statement of the ship's accounts and settle with our cashier not later than ten o'clock tomorrow morning. It is to be regretted that your many years of successful and highly satisfactory service with this company should terminate so disastrously, but under the circumstances we can no longer see our way clear to retain you, despite your claim, which we acknowledge is true, that the evidence against you is entirely circumstantial. Yours and so forth."

Old Man Hickman had noted with inward satisfaction that as he dictated the radiant glow had quite fled Miss O'Hara's cheeks; in her brilliant brown eyes he read pain and amazement and incredulity. "Oh, Mr. Hickman, I'm so sorry!" she quavered as he ceased dictating.

"Don't waste your sweet sympathy on that ungrateful big duffer," he begged her.

"Oh, but I happen to know he isn't ungrateful, Mr. Hickman! I fear you haven't the slightest idea of his loyalty to Hickman & Son and his keen appreciation of the many splendid opportunities you have accorded him."

"All camouflage to hide his real nature, Miss O'Hara. The fellow is utterly depraved."

She stiffened perceptibly. "I have not found him so, Mr. Hickman, and I have come to know Captain Sigurdson rather well. To me he is the finest, kindest, squarest, most considerate gentleman that ever went down to the sea in a ship. If circumstantial evidence is all you have upon which to convict him, do you think it is quite fair of you to dismiss him without more investigation? After all his years of faithful service it will hurt him terribly to be cast aside like an out-worn garment."

"Serves him right. I can't prove my charge against him but I know it's true. Hurts me quite as much as it hurts you, Miss O'Hara, but there is no sentiment in business. Take another letter to the Steamship Owners' Association, Merchants Exchange Building, City. Gentlemen: We have this day dismissed from our employ Captain Valdemar Sigurdson, who has, for the past four years, commanded our steamer *City of Seattle*. The charges upon which the dismissal rests are extreme brutality and drunkenness at sea, smuggling opium and Chinese into the country and gross discourtesy to passengers of both sexes. Very truly yours."



"I won't write any such letter," Miss O'Hara declared.  
"Suit yourself, young woman,"  
Old Man Hickman retorted.

Miss O'Hara looked up with blazing eyes. "Am I to understand that this means that Captain Sigurdson is to be blacklisted?" she demanded.

"You are not to understand anything in this office except stenography and typewriting, Miss O'Hara," Old Man Hickman reminded her severely, "but since you ask the question I shall answer it. Captain Sigurdson is to be blacklisted. He'll never command another ship sailing out of Pacific ports, and since he has never been employed as master by any firm except Hickman & Son, and Hickman & Son decline to recommend him to anybody, in all probability he will never again sail as master out of any other port. He'll be lucky to be permitted to earn a living as a longshoreman. After all, he was built for that sort of labor. Get those two letters off immediately, Miss O'Hara, and after I sign the one to Sigurdson, send it down to him by one of the office boys."

"Send it yourself. Write it yourself. I resign. I feel called upon to resent such outrageous treatment of Captain Sigurdson, who has been your devoted slave and a good friend of mine, and the only manner in which I can show my resentment is by leaving your employ at once. I can no longer serve Hickman & Son with the loyalty and enthusiasm which Hickman & Son demand from their employees. Your charges against Captain Sigurdson are a tissue of lies. I know they are."

"Suit yourself, young woman," Old Man Hickman retorted crisply.

She was blinking away the tears as she swept out of his office.

"I knew it," Old Man Hickman declared to the office clock. "It's an immutable law of nature and I've never known it to fail. All the great Junoesque women in the world feel so much pity for little half-portion runts of men that they marry them; while all the little pepperpots like that O'Hara girl marry big fellows like the Viking—because the big fellows are so infernally helpless! God bless my downy old soul."

He stepped to the door and looked out into the hall.

"Come in, son," he ordered the Viking. And when the latter had obeyed: "That girl will marry you whenever you ask her. Ask her now."

She thinks I've fired you for scandalous conduct and that you haven't got a friend in the world; consequently she's out to protect and comfort you. Ask her to marry you, you big four-flusher. If you do not, I swear I'll fire you. She has already quit." He took down the telephone. "Send Miss O'Hara into my office again," he ordered. "She'll come," he added, turning to the Viking. "The Celts never dodge a battle. After she has accepted you, hand her this envelope. It's a little something I had privately typed as long as two days ago. I thought it might come in useful. I'm going out to luncheon."

He picked up his hat and darted out—and when Nellie O'Hara returned to his office in answer to his summons, she found the Viking standing in the middle of the floor, looking at her foolishly.

"The old man has gone out to luncheon," he informed her. "Before he went he told me to ask you to marry me. Said he'd fire me if I didn't. You wouldn't see a fellow lose his job, would you, Nellie? I love you, Nellie—and Old Man Hickman found it out somehow and he's been having fun with us both—confound him, he's made you cry."

Just how it happened Valdemar Sigurdson never could quite remember, but suddenly he found a shining black head resting in the neighborhood of his lower vest pocket, so he bent down and kissed it and a peace that passeth understanding settled down over Old Man Hickman's office.

Finally the Viking remembered, so he brought forth the envelope Old Man Hickman had entrusted to him for Nellie



O'Hara. "The wicked old scoundrel told me to give you this after you'd promised to marry me," he explained. She opened the envelop and read.

MY DEAR CHILD:

I'm called the skinflint of the shipping world, but if I hadn't been thrifty I wouldn't be enabled now to enclose you this check for two thousand dollars for wedding expenses. I get on to a lot of things that apparently go over my head. However, nothing ever went by Old Man Hickman so fast that he didn't manage to grab a tail feather. I know a man when I see one and a long time ago I told Valdemar Sigurdson that he'd wear diamonds if he stuck by Old Man Hickman. He's stuck, and the going hasn't been easy, either. I've forced him to save his money; I've recommended investments for him; I carried him for a share in some risky cargoes when he ran the blockade in the Japanese-Russian war; I've kept him swamped in debt, always biting off more than he could chew and, somehow, managing to chew it. As a result of this program of all work and no play we find him, in his thirty-fifth year, worth close to a hundred thousand dollars and as happy as a bull pup with a feather duster.

Hickman & Son are going to butt into the Hawaiian sugar trade. We have decided to build four fourteen-thousand-ton turbiners, to do fifteen knots and carry a few passengers. They will be about three years building and in order that you may have an opportunity to get acquainted with my Viking, I am going to appoint him our superintendent of construction while these four steamers are building. That will give him three years ashore. When the last vessel is ready for sea I want him to take her out. Contrary to the wild hope that has lately been burgeoning in the breast of a young female person who shall here be nameless, the port captain's job is not for your man. He shall have that job when he retires. Vikings should go to sea and only retire when it becomes necessary for them to remain ashore and direct the up-bringing of their little Vikings.

Yours for true love,  
OLD MAN HICKMAN.

When the Sigurdsons returned from their wedding trip, it was with considerable joy that the Viking reported for duty at the shipyard as Old Man Hickman's personal representative.

In the morning he was first at the slip where the giant frame gradually took on grace and symmetry; he was the last to leave at night. A careless workman, finishing off a rivet in a manner displeasing to Valdemar Sigurdson, was reminded that Hickman & Son were paying for a first class job, and that night, upon complaint of the Viking, that riveter would find himself out of a job. The ship-workers called him The Terrible Swede, and exerted themselves to give of their best, for if they gave less he was bound to find them out.

As each of the four great vessels slid into the water, the Viking accompanied them down the smoking ways. He watched the last nail driven in the woodwork of each vessel's house. With a querulous slap he broke the collar bone of the boss painter who substituted an inferior brand of varnish. He took each ship over the trial course, swung her and adjusted her compasses, turned her over to her master and went back to the shipyard to start his inspection of the next leviathan.

He could scarcely await the completion of the last of the splendid quartet, for this one was to be his, and Old Man Hickman, out of compliment to her future master, had insisted that Valdemar Sigurdson's wife should break the traditional bottle of champagne across her bows and christen her—*Viking!* Three years ashore! He would be nearly forty when he took her through the Golden Gate. The thought of leaving his wife and three babies in the bungalow in the Piedmont hills was not a pleasant one, but the lure of far blue horizons, the ancient call of the sea, was in his blood and gave him compensation.

The Viking had completed her trial trip, the last of Hickman & Son's guests had gone ashore, and the mess boys were gathering up the remains of the luncheon which Old Man Hickman had tendered his Viking aboard his own ship, and Valdemar Sigurdson, resplendent in the new uniform which Hickman & Son had had designed for the masters of their Big Four, as Old Man Hickman loved to call them, had mounted his bridge and was preparing to leave the dock and haul over to Oakland Long Wharf to load cargo for Honolulu. On the cap of the wharf Old Man Hickman, now very little and white and palsied, stood clinging to Johnny's arm, and the Viking, walking to the extreme end of the bridge, beamed down at him.

"Mr. Hickman," he roared, "this is the happiest day of my life." He faced the chief mate, standing with his gang on the fo'castle head.

"All ready for'd!"  
"Aye, sir."

"Slack off your bowline."

His great hand sought the engine room telegraph; he gave the chief the jingle bell to stand by, then, almost immediately, as the bowline commenced to pay out, he signaled for half speed astern, and thrilled as the slight trembling underfoot told him the screw was turning. Slowly the *Viking* gathered sternway, then although he had not signaled for it, she paused abruptly.

The master stepped to the engine room howler and whistled up the chief.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Some spawn of hell has done things to the low-pressure turbine. I can hear the blades going out like the rattle of musketry. Tie her up again, captain."

"Sabotage!" the Viking breathed. "That disgruntled bunch of maniacs that tried to foment a shipyard strike. I should have watched!"

He tied her up again and went down into the engine room. His face was stern and white with fury, for this was his ship—his pet—his darling, and scoundrels had violated her. Only those who have seen a seadog weeping over the loss of his ship can understand the tremendous pride, affection even, which animates a master in a command worth while. Valdemar Sigurdson faced the chief engineer now, in his sea-blue eyes a silent interrogation.

"I don't think much damage has been done, Captain," the chief reported. "I heard the clatter the instant I gave her a fair head of steam, and stopped her at once. Some rotten anarchist must have opened that little hand inspection hole on the low-pressure cylinder and dropped an iron nut or two inside; then when the steam came through that nut was blown down through the cylinder and ripped through every blade in its path."

"She was all right on her trial trip. This dirty work has been done within the hour. Pipe up your entire engine room crew. I'll look them over and if I discover the scoundrel who has done this, I'll kill him!"

He stood at the foot of the ladder leading up to the fiddlee, and as the chief paraded his men past him, the Viking looked each man over.

"I'll vouch for every man jack of them, Captain," the chief protested. "They've worked with me and for me, off and on, for years and there isn't a Red in the lot."

Abruptly the Viking turned and climbed up out of the bowels of the steamer. Straight aft he went, to the sterncastle where the engine room crew was housed. As his giant bulk filled the doorway he spoke to the watch off duty.

"There's been a job of sabotage committed on this ship. Somebody has jimmied up the low-pressure turbine and I'm going to discover who that man is and fix his clock for him. Come out, you men, one at a time. I'm going to interrogate each of you separately."

A fireman slid out of an upper berth and came toward the Viking, smiling. Valdemar Sigurdson looked him over, stepped aside and motioned the man out on deck. "I don't want you," he said tersely. The fireman grinned his appreciation of the implied compliment, walked across the deck and sat down on the hatch coaming.

One after the other the engine room crew off duty passed in review before Valdemar Sigurdson and took their seats on the hatch coaming.

"Any more of you left in there?" the master bellowed.

"Only Frenchy," one of the men volunteered. "He quit at noon. He's packing his things now."

"Frenchy," the Viking called, "come out to me."

A grunt answered him. "I'll come when I get good and ready," a voice replied irritably.

"So?" purred the Viking, and went in after him. "I am the master here," he informed the man Frenchy, as his terrible hand closed over the fellow's nape. "Come out on deck till I have a look at you."

He dragged the man forth, as a terrier might drag a day old kitten. "You look queer and twisted, Frenchy. When did you come off duty in the engine room?"

"At twelve o'clock. Leggo my neck."

"In a minute. I'm going to search you first."

"You can't search me without a search warrant. I'll have the police on you," the man screamed angrily.

"You damned sea lawyer. Shut up." Viking cuffed the man with his open hand—gently, as a mother bear cuffs her cubs. Then, holding Frenchy fast with his left arm and leg, he went through the man's pockets until he found a battered pocketbook.

"It ought to be in here," he mused, and with a shove, sent his prisoner reeling back into the (Continued on page 113)



"You needn't be afraid to tell me, Doctor," the Starret girl said. But he only smiled mysteriously and produced a letter which he read to her.

*Is it really true that all is fair in love?*

## Split Fees

by *GOUVERNEUR MORRIS*

*Illustrations by H. J. Mowat*

**M**CLEOD, who was the young doctor, had one leg shorter than the other and rolled in his walk. In addition, his complexion was muddy and the bridge of his nose was shallowly pitted with smallpox scars. Nevertheless he stood higher than anyone else in the good graces of the Starret girl, and might have married her out of hand if it had not been for the coming of the city boy.

His name was Speech, and to the boys of the village he was at once a shock and a lesson in humility. These boys had been taught by the more popular types of novels and magazine stories and motion pictures that all the virtues both of mind and physique flourish only in the country. And that from the cities come mental degeneracy and physical ineptness. They believed also that city people are rude, supercilious, snobbish and money-loving; and that country people are civil, noble, generous, presidential timber and so forth and so on.

But in the management of his body and of his mind, Speech, the city boy, surpassed them all. He was without any awkwardness; he was never at a loss; and he was beautiful to behold. Those who had previously made up their minds not to like him, liked him at once. With the exception of McLeod, the whole village, in the terse American phrase, fell for him.

Still there were certain village athletes, who, good-naturedly enough it is true, could not help saying: "Wait till the pond freezes. In the cities, ice costs money. And once we get our skates on we'll show him up."

For the most part the boys and girls of the village, with its long and frigid winters, were good skaters. But the city boy,

though all his skating had been upon the ice which costs money, had been carefully taught. He had at his beck and call far-flung outer edges, rhythmic waltzes, grapevines, spread eagles, and every figure that generations of grace and courage have slowly evolved and made classic. And when he changed from "rockers" to "racers" he became possessed of demoniac and blinding speed.

But about all this prowess, he was so natural and modest that his rivals even forgave him his skating costume, the dark worsted tights and the short Russian jacket trimmed with fur.

McLeod, the young doctor, was a good skater, and had hoped to be one of those who would help to put down the city boy; but having reached the edge of the pond and watched for a few moments the building and wide sweeping evolutions of the jersey tights and the fur trimmed jacket, he had felt in his breast a kind of rebellious melancholy tinged with despair. And on that occasion he had not even taken his skates out of the bag.

After he was warned to the work, Speech would sometimes peel off the Russian jacket and skate in his shirt sleeves, and on the night of the big bonfire and the barbecue on the island, near the middle of the pond, he was so skating, crosshanded with the Starret girl, when the Babbitt boy and the Pringle girl advised them to try a whirl up the river.

"The ice is rough and weedy where it comes into the pond," said they, "and for a ways there's sticks and branches frozen in with the ice, but above there's black ice clear up to the Reserve, and nobody knows it but us."

The young doctor had on his skates that night—because good fellowship at community bonfires and barbecues meant patients,

and, by the same token, the old doctor, Emmanuel Shane, had trotted and slid across the ice to the merry-makers on the island—in his rough coon coat, muffler and galoshes.

The young doctor was trying to be merry, but his eye kept moving about the pond with Speech and the Starret girl. Only a year before she had been his skating partner at the barbecue, and his soul was very sick. He loved and wanted her man-fashion, but he wanted her for other reasons. He was a man with genuine scientific imagination—a born experimenter. His heart was in his laboratory and not in the fuss and feathers and the long, ill-paid peregrinations of a village practice. Upon the money which the Starret girl was known to have they would be able to live in conservative comfort until as a result of untrammelled experimentation he himself became famous and rich. Then he would show her how he loved her! Then she would have jewels and limousines, servants and mansions.

Their hands crossed, their faces rosy, and beautiful as two flowers, Speech and the Starret girl swept into the glow of the bonfire, and out of it. And the young doctor's morose eyes followed them.

They were no longer circling and skating up and down. This time they were skating with a purpose. They were going somewhere.

Well grown white oaks, beeches and hemlocks clotted the upper shores of the pond, and into the shadows of these trees the eyes of the young doctor followed them for a little way and then lost them.

"Sure you won't get cold without your jacket?" asked the Starret girl.

"Sure."

It was not the first time she had asked the question that night, and he had answered it.

"I'm always in a glow, skating," he said. "If you stood me in a corner of the room, people would think I was a stove and try to warm their hands on me."

The Starret girl laughed, and tripped upon a stick frozen into the ice. Speech saved her from a fall. Then he put his arm around her waist and kept it there until they had reached the smooth black ice beyond.

She may not have been the best skater in the village, but she was the sweetest thing to slide an arm around in the world. Speech felt this distinctly, and regretted that they should so soon have reached the smooth ice.

With his crossed arms and hands to lead and give her confidence, she skated well enough, and they swung sweetly and swiftly up the river under the arched trees.

There was no air stirring, and perhaps the night had really turned a little warmer; for, when two miles up the river, they came to the Reserve, a waterfall marking the lower end of a fishing club's property, Speech had begun to perspire heavily. His shirt stuck to his sides.

All, however, would have been well if they had been able to make the return journey in a swift and energetic way, but the Starret girl proceeded to have an accident. She did her skating in shoes with heels. And they had only descended the river a little way when one of the heels came untacked and broke off. And by the time Speech had come to the conclusion that no amount of tinkering and hammering with a stone could make it stick on again, he was blue with cold, and shivering from head to heel.

The Starret girl perceived his condition and begged him to hurry back to the fire.

"You'll get your death if you don't. One of the boys is sure to have a flask. I'll follow the best I can, and if you like you can come back for me when you're warm."

But Speech would not leave her. It wasn't the first time he'd been cold. It wouldn't kill him. Still he wished he hadn't stood around so long trying to do shoemaker work.

He shivered frightfully. She wanted him to take her sweater for a while; but he wouldn't.

They were an hour getting back to the bonfire. Black ice makes slow going for slippery shoes.

In his jealous heart Doctor McLeod believed that the heel had been torn off on purpose; but he gave Speech good advice. He told him to go home and go to bed and drink a lot of hot tea, and wrap himself in a lot of blankets. And in these advices the old doctor concurred.

## II

WITHIN twenty-four hours Speech had developed double pneumonia, and Shane, the old doctor, had been called in. And

there ensued a great and victorious fight with death. Old Shane sat up two nights running, and Speech himself had the wish to live. . . But while the crisis was at its worst, the Starret girl went about as one moonstruck, and altogether gave herself away. No, she was frank to admit, theirs had been no mere boy and girl flirtation. Love had taken deep root in their hearts, and if Speech died she would die too and follow where he went. But they would not let her into the room where he fought with death.

Speech had taken a turn for the better, when the old doctor's strength gave out, and the young doctor was called in to help.

At first he refused to be called in. It was old Shane's case, he said; professional ethics forbade him to butt in on it. If they had called upon him in the first place, it would have been different. And it was not until old Shane himself telephoned that McLeod consented to give his services. And at the door of the sick room he made a final condition.

"You've done a good job, Shane," he said, "but your nerves are frazzled. I'll come in on the case, but only on condition that you get off it."

Shane protested, and McLeod exclaimed:

"Is it the fees you're thinking of? We'll split the fees. . . Now you go off the case decently, if you don't want me to throw you off!"

From some far off and better days, Doctor Shane summoned a sudden flare of spirit. His eyes lost their tired look and blazed, but after a moment the tired look returned, and they fell before the contemptuous eyes of McLeod.

"You'll do as I say now," said this one, "and you'll do as I say—the next time—if you still like to touch fees—whole fees and half ones." And he added, "I know all about you!"

"But, my God, man!" exclaimed Shane. "That was years ago—and I have repented. I have bitterly repented, and if willing service and sacrifice mean anything, upon my soul I believe that I have atoned."

"And what would the girl's father think, and her brothers—and worse, Shane, what would a judge think? . . . And now will you step out of this case or won't you?"

There was no more resistance left in Shane, but he asked a question.

"What will you do to him?"

"Take up the good work where you have left off. What else?"

"It is known how things were between you and the Starret girl. . ."

"I know another girl over whom the snow lies thick today, Shane. . . And she didn't die of what a reputable physician said she did."

Shane shuddered, but persisted.

"And it is known," he said, "that now all is off between you and the Starret girl. It is known that this poor sick boy has her heart in his hands."

The shallow pockmarks over the bridge of McLeod's nose seemed to deepen and redden. But he only said:

"A physician, Shane, in the practice of his profession has nought to do with love. It would be well if you had always remembered that yourself. And it is not for any example you set me, when I was assistant in your office, that I myself remember it now."

He snapped the fingers of his right hand, and, his left clasping a little weatherworn black satchel, went in to the sick boy.

## III

SPEECH emerged after a time from the Valley of Death with dull cheeks and dull eyes and a cough that was "worse at night."

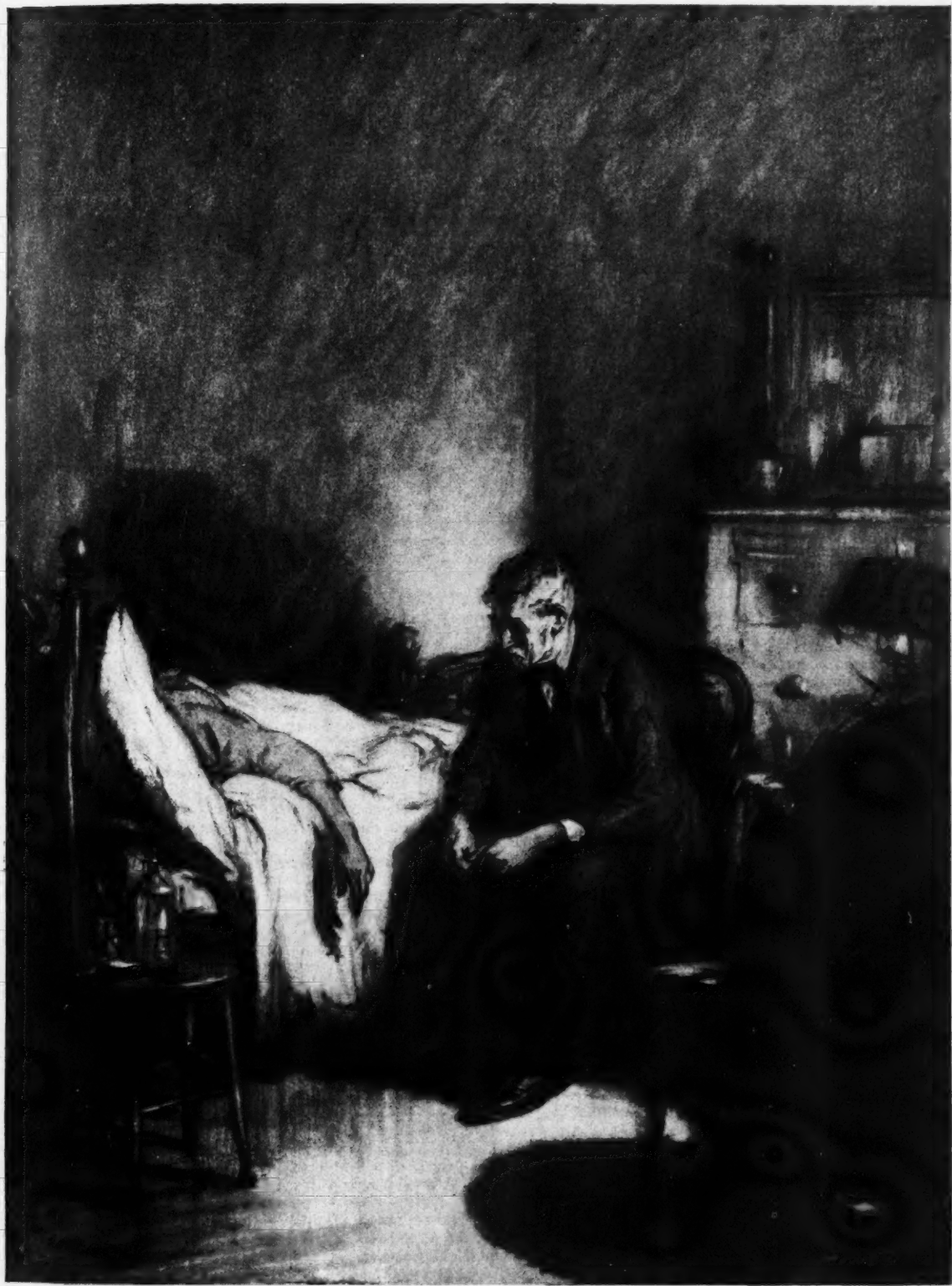
The Starret girl's father and mother began to look at him askance. They didn't like the cough. Once a Starret, after an attack of pneumonia, had been left with a cough like that, and within the year death had galloped off with him. And the father took Speech aside and told him this. And although Speech protested that there *couldn't* be anything the matter with him, he was worried for the girl's sake, and went back to McLeod and had himself examined, punched, sounded, and listened to—and it developed that the convulsions of his lungs could be heard whispering among themselves, and that if he didn't pack himself off to just the right climate, and take just the right care of himself there might be "hell to pay."

"That night McLeod dropped in upon Shane. "Young Speech," he said bluntly, "has the T.B. But he doesn't believe it. It's important for him to believe it."

"Why?"

"So that he won't hang around here, and get worse, and die."





Shane sat up two nights during the crisis, but they would not let the Starret girl into the room.

"It's not the getting worse and dying that would trouble you, McLeod. It's the 'hanging round here.'"

McLeod brushed this dark suspicion aside.

"It is important," he said, "for him to know what ails him. And when he comes to you, as he will—in a day or two, after thrashing things over in his mind, you'll tell him."

"Lie to him?"

"Tut-tut—examine him, find out what ails him, and tell him."

"What have you told him?"

McLeod spoke quickly and technically for a few moments, and Shane listened with an occasional comprehending nod of his head.

And then McLeod jumped to his feet and finished with:

"And that's what you'll tell him."

Shane had also risen to his feet.

"All right," he said, "I'll tell him. And where shall I send him?"

"Thank you for reminding me. I was forgetting. Send him to Arizona—to the desert. For his particular family of germs there is nothing so curative as the Southwest."

"There is no part of the country so remote from that in which we happen to be standing . . . And you think he will come to consult me."

"If I know anything of youth and hope—and love; if I know anything of this particular man's psychology he will come."

And Speech did come, the next day but one, and Shane confirmed the diagnosis of the younger physician and told the boy to go to Arizona and be a cowboy and get well.

Speech smiled with a ghastly effort at indifference.

"And how'll I know when I'm well?" he asked.

"Either you'll keep right on getting worse," said Shane, "in which case you should try a softer climate and one not so dry, or from the very first your condition will ameliorate. But don't be deceived by that. If at the end of a few months your cough has cleared up, and you have gained weight, and feel fine, don't be fooled by it. Don't, for instance, jump on the first train and come charging back here. Hang on. Don't judge by appearances. Germs don't forgive. If you find that you improve out there, why stick. Give the climate a chance."

"How long ought I to stay, doctor?"

"Germs sleep for a long time before they die. Don't give them a chance to wake up and raise Cain with you. You ought to stay out there a couple of years."

"Two years?"

The boy turned whiter than death, for two years at just the right time of life is worth thousands later on, when nothing much matters.

"Be fair," said Shane gently. "Be fair to yourself, and her."

"Fair to her! Good God, yes! I mustn't forget that. I ought not even to say good by to her, maybe . . . Is it very catching?"

"Frankly," said Shane, "we don't know."

"I suppose I just ought to go, and let her think . . ."

"Wouldn't that be the fair thing? Even if you were well, you couldn't be married for a couple of years . . . She couldn't be. Her father wouldn't hear of it . . ."

"Yes," said Speech, "that would be the fair thing."

He put on the rest of his clothes with thumby fingers and stumbled out of the surgery. And he went, as straight as he could, not to the Starret girl, nor to her father, but to her mother, who herself had a tenderness for him, and who was very wise. And he told her everything.

"Of course," she said, "if the doctors disagreed it would be different, wouldn't it? We might believe that the pessimistic one had made a mistake. Go away and get well, and then come back."

"Do you think she'll wait?"

"If she cares about you, of course she'll wait. And if she doesn't really care about you, why you wouldn't want her to wait, would you?"

"No," he said, but very dolefully, "I wouldn't."

"And so you mustn't make her promise to wait."

"Why not?"

"Because she is a Starret—and would keep her promise to you even if she was breaking her heart over somebody else."

She reached forward and laid her hand on his.

"Life," she said, "isn't easy—even at the beginning."

"I've never told her how *much* I care," he said presently. "I'd better not tell her—just vanish and eat out my heart and and—everything."

"That won't be easy—but it would be best."

#### IV

He had been gone a long, long time, several thousand years, as youth measures time, and the Starret girl was going with the young doctor again, but she went dismally, and because her heart was entirely broken, and because there was nothing much else to do. They had even reached an understanding. Yes, he had been faithful for a long time, and she supposed that he deserved to be rewarded, since he himself said so; and besides one had to marry, didn't one, or be an old maid and be pitied by all the neighbors, even if one were quite happy, and would just as lief be an old maid as an old bachelor?

But she kept putting off the wedding. And this worried the young doctor, because he knew very well that her heart was not with him, but on a far-off ranch in Arizona; and he wished to be

very much married and settled and spending the Starret girl's money on experiments before the return of the young man who had her heart in his keeping.

Like all lovesick and abused maidens, the Starret girl took little care of herself. She wouldn't muffle up when it was cold, and she wouldn't change her shoes when they were wet, and people said that being too well brought up to commit suicide in one of the regular ways, she was deliberately trying to catch her death of cold.

If so, she was unfortunate, during the winter at least, because the procession of colds which she caught all settled in her nose instead of on her lungs.

The young doctor scolded her, and her mother and father scolded her, but she wouldn't reform, and by the middle of March she was thin and run down and ready to fall a victim to the first enterprising family of germs that came along.

Then she began to cough. Especially at night.

The young doctor looked in her throat and could see nothing wrong with it, and while he was looking she coughed. Her father and mother became worried. What worried them most was a way she had of pressing her hand to her chest while she was coughing.

"Some good man ought to look her over very carefully," said the father. And the mother said:

"Not McLeod—he is too young—and besides they are engaged, and it won't be proper."

So they sent her to see the old doctor. And he listened to her lungs, and a curious smile came over his face. It was as if something that he had always hoped for had been given to him.

"You needn't be afraid to tell me," she said, listlessly. She had not seen the old doctor's smile. And she did not now see it.

The old doctor rose, turned his back on her, and walked slowly to an old battered bureau in which he kept his papers and his medicines and instruments all mixed together. He chose a letter and once more turned his wrinkled old face toward her.

"Listen," he said, and he read:

"Dear Doctor Shane—Ten days after I hit this high spot, I stopped coughing. I've been here a year now, and I'm doing too well financially and physically ever to go and live anywhere else. Germs, you say, sleep. Do I only *seem* to be well? Are mine going to wake? I tell you I have put on twenty lean pounds and every morning before breakfast I whip my weight in wildcats. Wouldn't it be safe for me to come back East for a spell? Surely I'm all right now, and you know why I want to come, and everything. She must think I'm a dog to have dropped out the way I did, and never to have let on that I hoped to get well and to come back to her?"

The Starret girl interrupted and the reading of the letter was never finished.

"Who," said the Starret girl, "is *she*?"

The old doctor folded the letter and put it back in the drawer.

"Who indeed!" he said.

The Starret girl had finished buttoning her waist. She coughed.

"You don't *have* to cough," said the old doctor, "when there's no one listening but me."

"Sorry." She smiled. "I forgot."

Then he smiled and said:

"How would you like to have consumption, and go to Arizona to live?"

She was on her feet in an instant, radiant.

"I'd love it!" she cried. "Oh, you darling!"

The young doctor raged into the old doctor's surgery.

"It's a put up job!" he cried. "There's nothing the matter with her."

"She's on her way to Arizona," said the old doctor quietly.

"She went away between days," cried the young doctor, "and she did not so much as tell me good by . . ." Words failed him for a moment. Then he got very white and said quietly:

"I'll tell all that I know about you, you old hound."

"And I'll tell all I know about you, and you are younger than I, and have more years to live, and will be worse hurt . . . And there'll be no more whole fees for either of us, nor any split ones."

"Oh," cried Doctor McLeod, "if only the young puppy had died!"

"Why should he? There was nothing the matter with him."

"There should have been. I had every reason to think there would be."

"But nobody can prove that," said the old doctor, "so between ourselves we'll just think of it as one of your little experiments that went wrong."



As I appeared in "The Princess of Trebizonde." During this engagement I signed five contracts for the following season!

*IN this absorbing chapter of her Reminiscences—the most interesting and revealing autobiography of a beautiful woman ever published—*

## LILLIAN RUSSELL *tells* *the story of* **"My First Great Romance"**

**M**Y experience in Tony Pastor's little theater was rich in material. With such a clever company of players, nothing was impossible. After the first few weeks of my engagement, Mr. Pastor put on a condensed version of "Olivette," the original production of which was then playing at Daly's Theater. It was such a success that Mr. Pastor had the happy inspiration of having burlesque words written to the songs of Olivette following the vaudeville program, and we played an hour's performance which consisted of all of the gems of the songs and all of the important scenes. This was my first speaking part, and I reveled in the acting as well as the singing. My song—in boy's clothes—"In the North Sea Lived a Whale," was the joy of my young life, for I had a little dance at the end of each verse. Ten encores to that song never tired me. When the great performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theater, Mr. Pastor changed the bill, giving a burlesque performance of this new opera. It was extremely funny, with May Irwin, Flo Irwin, Jacques Kruger and John Morris in the cast—and I sang the rôle of "Mabel." Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. Sullivan himself came down to Pastor's Theater to see our performance. The following day they sent to me for an appointment, and offered me a splendid engagement to finish out the season playing Miss Blanche Roosevelt's part at the Fifth Avenue Theater; then to go on tour with the company. I was mightily pleased by the offer



My costume in "Billie Taylor."

FROM THE  
DAVIS  
COLLECTION



## My First Great Romance



FROM THE DAVIS COLLECTION  
James T. Powers was in the company with which I made my first trip to California.

thrilled by the idea of a trip to California, for I had never been west of Chicago. It was a gay trip for me, filled with new incidents and experiences all the way. The whole company seemed out for a lark and it did not take much to make us laugh in those days, much to serious Willie Edouin's annoyance. Isn't it extraordinary that the comedian of the company is always the most serious one off the stage?

One of the most diverting incidents of the engagement in San Francisco happened while we were playing "Babes in the Wood." Every child knows the story. In the scene in which the babes (played by Willie Edouin and Alice Atherton) were supposed to be lost in the woods, birds were supposed to come and pick leaves up from the ground and cover them. Meantime the Fairy Queen—the part I played—sang a song while the birds performed their silent act.

One evening, after we had played the "Babes" for a week or two, we reached the bird scene. Alice and Willie gave the cue to send on the birds, which was also my cue to enter and sing my song. The boys and girls who had been engaged in San Francisco to play the part of the birds were dressed in costumes made of feathers. Their little legs were also covered with feathers, which ended at their feet, with birds' claws.

I started my song, and on came the birds. I heard a heavy-footed bird running about the stage, clickety click, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Alice Atherton shaking with laughter.

but had to refuse it as I had a contract with Mr. Pastor for a year.

In the spring I was offered an engagement by Mr. Frank Sanger and Willie Edouin to take a short trip to California, playing "Fun in a Photograph Gallery" and "Babes in the Wood." I was

Willie Edouin was swearing in an undertone. I turned to see what had happened. There on the stage was a little boy bird, with red-topped copper-toed boots, running about busily picking up the leaves and putting them on the babes. I went up in the air, to use a theatrical expression, but quickly recovered myself and finished my song as loudly as I could, hoping to drown the sound of the booted bird—and also Willie Edouin's swearing. The audience laughed uproariously.

When the curtain came down, Mr. Edouin went to the wardrobe woman and demanded an explanation. I heard her say, "Well, Mr. Edouin, I couldn't 'elp it. That little fella was our best bird and when I dressed 'im, he just wouldn't let me take off his boots. He kicked me and fought me." 'E said it was 'is

birthday and 'is pa said 'e must not take off 'is boots or some one 'ud steal 'em. So I 'ad to let 'im go on the stage with 'is boots on, or you wouldn't 'ave 'ad no bird to lead the others."

We played from California back to New York, stopping in the larger cities, and upon our arrival in New York, I left the company.

It was then that I signed a contract with John A. McCaull for the production of the "Snake Charmer" at the Bijou Opera House in New York. Madame Selina Dolaro was the star. She played a boy's part, that of the Prince, leaving the title rôle of "D'Jemma" the Snake Charmer, to me.

And now came my first real "adventure."

Naturally a young newcomer to the New York stage would have many admirers, and many love notes and bouquets would be sent to her. The first anonymous admirer I ever



FROM THE RESERVE COLLECTION  
In "Babes in the Wood" I played the Fairy Queen. Later in my career I stipulated that in no case should I be required to wear tights.

(Right) Willie Edouin, like many comedians, was a serious person off the stage.

had figured largely in my life during the first three years of my career. This admirer sent small square hampers of flowers to my dressing room once or twice a week, all during the season. These hampers were not only filled with flowers, but there



FROM THE DAVIS COLLECTION



A playbill of 1882 featuring my appearance in a condensed version of "Patience."

was always a mysterious package, tightly sealed, secreted among them. The hampers were always addressed to Miss Lillian Russell—but the mysterious packages simply had "D'Jemma," the name of the character I played, written on them.

I clearly remember the first of these mysterious packages. It contained a ruby and diamond bracelet. It looked wonderful, but I knew nothing of its value at the time. I wore it on my wrist when I went upon the stage, but I said nothing about it for I had not the slightest idea who sent it.

A second package came the same week and in the same manner. That contained a pair of square ruby earrings for "D'Jemma." Madame Dolaro noticed the earrings and asked to see them. I took them off and handed them to her and after she had examined them carefully, she exclaimed: "My dear child, these are wonderful pigeon-blood rubies. Who on earth sent you such wonderful gems?" I told her how they had been sent to me, anonymously, and that they were simply addressed to "D'Jemma." She narrowed her eyes and looked at me—I was sure she did not believe me—and said nothing more.

When the next little hamper arrived I opened it with much excitement and found a square ruby ring. Those souvenirs came regularly every three or four days—a pair of solitaire diamond earrings, bracelets, several brooches and a pearl and



FROM THE  
"RESERVE"  
COLLECTION

My mother made this dress which I wore in "Patience."



Tony Pastor's little theater in Fourteenth Street, New York, where I played "Patience."

diamond chain. These hampers were always in my dressing room before I arrived at the theater. They were always delivered by messenger boy. No signature to the delivery ticket was required of the stage doorkeeper, who swore to me that he knew nothing about them. I was just clever enough to tip that stage doorkeeper to say nothing about these mysterious flowers to anybody. I was expecting something to happen, somebody to come and claim the jewels as stolen property, sent me by some lovesick jewel thief. Or that some rich, pompous man would turn up and say—"Come with me. You are mine. I have been sending you jewels—now I must have my reward."

I showed the jewels to my mother and after much difficulty I convinced her that I knew no more than she did about who sent them to me.

Finally Christmas arrived and a large box came—this time to the house instead of to the theater. It was left for me by a messenger boy. My sister and I opened it with great excitement. It contained two sealskin coats, one my size and the



## My First Great Romance

other larger and longer. The card read "For D'Jemma and her Mother." We laughed a great deal about this for my mother could understand my receiving anonymous presents, as such things often happen to people of the stage, but she could not understand why *she* should receive an anonymous present. Mystery increased. On New Year's Day a large box of flowers came to the house and down in the left-hand side of the box, snuggling close against the stems of the flowers, was a small package that looked like a carefully wrapped medicine bottle, but which proved to be a little bundle containing ten, one hundred dollar bills. And they were all new and crisp. So the presents continued to come during that entire season.

Like me, my mother became anxious to know why—but we could learn nothing. Near the close of the season, in the spring, another large sum of money arrived, buried in a box of flowers, and as usual delivered by a messenger boy. It seemed so strange and weird to receive such valuable gifts in such a mysterious way. I quizzed the postman, but he knew nothing, and not one of the messenger boys ever waited to have his receipt signed. I felt sure that I would soon find out, in some way, who my mysterious benefactor was. Such a condition of things could not go on indefinitely.

I was kept in a state of suppressed excitement the whole season. In my youthful dreams I saw fairy princes waiting on me. Then I would see a horrible ogre handing me trays of jewels and grinning at me until I would awaken in fear. It could not last. I knew it must all stop suddenly. But I wanted to know *why*.

I expected some tangible reason to come in a letter of explanation. I expected a request for a meeting. No—the man could not be attractive and handsome. My deductions relative to men told me that no handsome man would do anything in so mysterious a manner. He would want his gratitude face to face, eye to eye and lip to lip. This must be the admiration of a man so ugly and deformed that he could not bear to have his adored one see him—and know of his infirmity.

I became frightened if I saw any man gaze at me. I became frightened one afternoon as I stepped from the car at Broadway and had but a half-block to walk to my home, when a very nice-looking old gentleman spoke to me. I didn't wait to hear what he said, but ran as fast I could until I reached my home. Then I furiously rang the bell and pounded on the door to be let in. I was sure the old gentleman was my benefactor—but I hoped he was not. He was not my idea of a hero—a *hero* this man must be to do so much for a young girl, with a strong-minded mother like mine.

During the season I sang at many benefits, as all my profession so willingly do—at benefits of every description and kind. At a benefit given downtown in one of the very old and palatial private houses of old New York the artists who assisted were invited to go downstairs into the tea room after they had finished their performance. Aunt Louisa Eldridge was there. Enfolded in the flag, she had recited "The Star Spangled Banner" at no less than a thousand benefits. She said, "Lillian, I will take you down to the tea room and we will look them over"—meaning the society ladies who had gathered together to do something for charity, but who are almost always obliged to leave it to my generous profession to do the work and draw the money for them.

There were six people at our table, Aunt Louisa Eldridge, Mrs. Donald McLane, myself and three men. After we had finished our refreshment, I was about to leave them when one of the men asked me if I would like to see the wonderful paintings on the floor above. I was most anxious to see them as this house was celebrated for its wonderful old masters. We left the others and ascended to the floor above and while wandering through the rooms, I noticed that the gentleman beside me was of medium height and very serious-looking, pale and with rather a sad expression. I never would have placed him, in my mind, anywhere but in a library. He knew all about old masters and explained the paintings to me as we wandered about the rooms. In those days my eyes were only half open to the wonders of art. I drank in every word he said, not noticing him especially but thrilled by the paintings.

When I was getting into the carriage to go home, the kind gentleman said to me: "You are very receptive, Miss Russell, you have a keen appreciation of the beautiful. Would you like to have me show you the beauties of the Metropolitan Museum some day?" I answered: "Why, yes I would. But I have been talking with you for an hour and I don't know your name." He smiled sadly and said: "I'm just John Duncan. What do you say to Friday? You don't play a *matinée* on that day. I live out of town but I will meet you at the entrance to the museum

at three o'clock Friday afternoon." I agreed to meet him and never gave him another thought.

We sat down in a corner to rest after walking through the museum. We talked a little about the theater, and he seemed very much interested in my career. He praised some things I did and criticized others—for which I was very grateful as I felt that the criticism came from one who knew. Finally—as I was very warm—I removed my gloves and he immediately spied my ruby ring. He took my hand in his, apparently examining the stone. After gazing at the stone for a few seconds—and without looking up, he said:

"I sent you that ring."

I couldn't believe it, and I was terribly frightened. I shivered and was cold all over. I couldn't speak. I just sat and looked at him—through him—and I saw all the things he had given me as if they had been placed on a table in front of me. Each diamond, ruby and sapphire sparkled at me. Slowly I recovered myself and found that I was staring into his sad dark eyes. His face was as pale as death, and I noticed for the first time that he was dressed entirely in black. With a dry parched throat, I could only gasp "Why—but why?" He answered as if speaking but one sentence, very rapidly:

"I saw you. I admired you, oh, so much! You are so beautiful, so promising. Duncan is not my name. I sent you all the things I knew a young girl would long for, in order that you would never be tempted to go wrong for them."

He had dropped my hand at the beginning of his speech. I still stared at him. I wept just a few tears. I didn't know why then—but I do know now—for his most generous wish was granted.

He arose, took my hand and said, "You must be getting home to your dinner." We went out and he put me in a cab, gave the driver the correct address, thanked me for the most satisfactory afternoon of his life. Again I asked "Why?" He said, "Because you have fulfilled all that I expected of you." Then he bowed and I was driven away.

I was still dazed and I could only marvel at the great unselfishness of his kindness. I could not even speak of it to my mother for two days, then I told her exactly what had happened. She, with all her wisdom, did not get it all perfectly clear in her mind for a while—but finally she smiled at me in a very peculiar way and her first words were: "What a wonderful man—the only self-less man you will probably ever know. Take his words to your heart and never forget them."

Of course, after that I heard from him frequently but I never saw him again to speak to. He figured in my theatrical life in the same generous way, sending me boxes of fruit and flowers and other things, all containing his card on which was written "To D'Jemma, from her friend Duncan."

A peculiar thing to me was that he never asked me if there was anything I personally wanted. He sent what he thought I wanted. I never knew his real name—and I never wanted to. I destroyed every word of his handwriting the moment it was read. I never knew where he lived, or how to address him if I were in trouble. I would see him in the audience very often. He always sat in the second row, on the aisle. Dark eyed and pale, with his arms folded across his chest, one pure white hand on his left sleeve. He made a rather remarkable figure—a wonderful man. I have had many occasions to appreciate his kindness to me and I bless him for helping me in my career. Of course the gifts were discontinued when I married. I often wonder if he is still on this earth. I know he will forgive me for telling his story. For it may bear fruit. There is much reward for unselfish love.

We played "The Snake Charmer" until the spring of that year when Mr. McCaull changed the bill to "Olivette," with Madame Dolaro in the title rôle. I played the Princess. Olivette was followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," then "The Sorcerer" by the same authors.

Was it all work and no play? No, naturally I had many friends and many admirers. I managed to get as much pleasure out of life as any young girl could who loved the theater and loved to work. I was indefatigable in my studies, and my business always came first. I was on the first rung of the ladder of fame and nothing could draw my steps backward.

We had many "parties" but when I look back upon them they seem like Sunday School meetings compared to those described in the journals of today. Parties in hotel rooms were never considered. Ours were always at old Delmonico's or the Brunswick Hotel and, afterwards, at Sherry's, where we could enjoy the best food and, if we wanted to dance after dinner or supper, we could hire a few of the musicians and take up the rugs in



the large private dining room and dance to our heart's content.

One wonderful Saturday night party which has always remained in my memory was given by William Sanford and William Mackay, son of old John W. Mackay. Of course there were other nice boys there whose names I do not recall at the moment and several of my girl friends, among whom were Virginia Earl, May Irwin, Margaret Rose, Annie O'Keefe, Fannie Rice, Constance du Flon, my sister, Mrs. Westford, and some others. On this Saturday night we drove to Claremont on Mr. Sanford's coach. He called at the stage entrance of the theater for the party and we all piled up on top of the coach. Inside the coach were the musicians he had engaged and a large center piece of flowers for the supper table. It was early summer, just before the close of the season, and the drive through the park at eleven-thirty at night was most delightful. Thank God the memory of it thrills me as I write. We were served with a wonderful supper, then the carpets were removed from the floors, the delightful music inspired us, and we danced until the sun touched the Palisades. We drove down through Central Park in the early sunrise, the coachman blowing his horn until one of the policemen stopped us and said it was not done on Sunday mornings. I never saw the park look so glorious. We all alighted at my house in Forty-third Street. My maid served us coffee, fried eggs and ham, after which all went to their respective homes and slept the sleep of the just. I never saw anyone take too much to drink and there was no great amount served. Those were rational days, honest days, when nice girls were good girls and nice boys were as good as boys could be.

A few nights ago I met Mr. John Drew at another party given by the genial William Courtney and his delightful wife, Virginia Harned, at their beautiful home in Rye. When I was leaving I asked Mr. Drew if he had ever been to a nicer party than the Claremont one and he said, "Lillian I believe we've never met very much except at parties all during our lives." Then with an earnest appreciation he added: "Weren't those wonderful parties at Sherry's, at old Delmonico's and the old Brunswick restaurant? I look back upon those as landmarks in my life."

I said: "I am glad I lived in those old-fashioned days. They were filled with sweetness and decency and at the same time lots of fun." Today the parties we read about spell degeneracy, and drunkenness seems to be positively fashionable. And it is not the girl of the stage who sets the example of the painted faces and half-dressed, corsetless figures which seem to predominate today.

One of the greatest problems of today is the frankness, even boldness, of the very young girls in public places. The girl who parks her corset in the ladies' room of a café or restaurant and pulls out her little vanity box and paints her face and dances with strange men and

before leaving for home, replaces her corsets and removes the paint from her face—she is a new character in history.

Many people ask me: "Who is to blame—the mother or the girl?" Some say it is because mothers do not gain the confidence of their girls. As far as I am concerned, I do not blame the mothers, because the girl who would do those things would lie to her mother and deceive her as readily as she would a stranger. It is a problem that is confronting all women's clubs and societies.

After playing in "The Sorcerer" for three or four months, I fell ill with typhoid fever, and this prevented my returning to the cast until the end of the season. Mr. McCaull then released me in order that I might go to the Casino for an engagement of Offenbach's "Princess of Trebizonde."

That was my first Casino engagement. During the run at that house I signed about five contracts for the following season. I had one contract with Brooks and Dixon—although Mr. (Continued on page 126)



© PAUL. FROM THE DAVIS COLLECTION  
Two of my costumes in "The Brigands" which ran for 300 nights on Broadway—a remarkable record in those days.

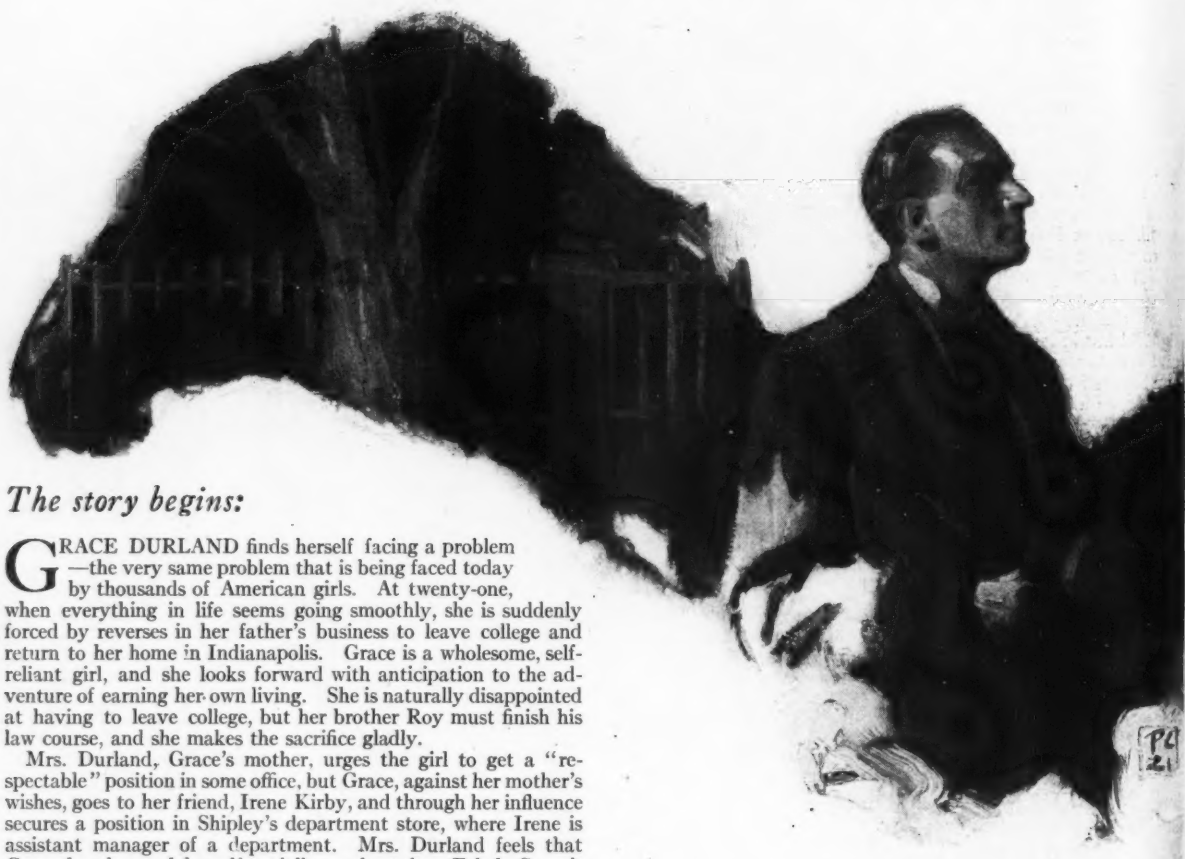


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# BROKEN BARRIERS

*A NOVEL that is stirring up thought in thousands of American homes—the story of a girl you know—*

*by MEREDITH NICHOLSON*



## *The story begins:*

GRACE DURLAND finds herself facing a problem—the very same problem that is being faced today by thousands of American girls. At twenty-one, when everything in life seems going smoothly, she is suddenly forced by reverses in her father's business to leave college and return to her home in Indianapolis. Grace is a wholesome, self-reliant girl, and she looks forward with anticipation to the adventure of earning her own living. She is naturally disappointed at having to leave college, but her brother Roy must finish his law course, and she makes the sacrifice gladly.

Mrs. Durland, Grace's mother, urges the girl to get a "respectable" position in some office, but Grace, against her mother's wishes, goes to her friend, Irene Kirby, and through her influence secures a position in Shipley's department store, where Irene is assistant manager of a department. Mrs. Durland feels that Grace has lowered herself socially, and so does Ethel, Grace's sister. Ethel is a prim, narrow-minded girl of twenty-four, a zealous church goer, and exceedingly critical of everything modern. Stephen Durland, Grace's father, who is a reticent, unaggressive inventor—recently squeezed out of the company which bore his name—is inclined to let Grace make her own decisions. In the course of her first day's work at the store, Grace makes a large sale to Beulah Reynolds, a rich spinster of social distinction, and this offends Mrs. Durland and Ethel, who feel that Grace has now become a social outcast.

Irene Kirby is both clever and worldly-wise, and believes in taking advantage of life as life may happen to present itself. She accordingly induces Grace one evening to accompany her "on a party" with two men of whom Grace knows nothing. One of them proves to be Thomas Kemp, a manufacturer, a married man with two grown children, whose relations with Irene seem to be of a rather intimate character. The other man, Ward Trenton, is a successful mining engineer, who by his breeding and impersonal attitude attracts Grace immensely. She finds that he, too, is married, but practically separated from his wife, a woman of independent mind and wealthy in her own right. Trenton's attitude toward Grace, however, is above criticism; they talk in friendly fashion about many things, and when the

party breaks up Trenton tells Grace that next time he is in Indianapolis he hopes she will let him see her again.

As Grace thinks it all over the next day she finds herself disgusted with Irene, whose relations with Kemp are fairly obvious, and she tells herself that nothing could ever make her adopt Irene's philosophy. She is genuinely glad when her old friend John Moore, a sturdy Middle-Westerner whom she knew at the university, drops into the store and persuades her to go with him to a football game that afternoon. The game and its atmosphere make her feel cleansed and wholesome again. As for herself, she determines, in the future, to keep clear of the paths of evil.

## *The story goes on:*

THE mood induced by the spectacle of the football game and John Moore's visit still lay upon Grace the next morning when she went down to the Durland's eight o'clock Sunday breakfast.

"I'm sorry you hurried," said her mother cheerily. "I don't want you girls to come into the kitchen Sunday mornings; you're both tired from your week's work and I want you to make Sunday a real day of rest."



Illustrations by  
Pruett Carter

Durland mumbled an incoherent rejection of the idea; then looked up from his reading to explain that he had some things to attend to at the shop. There was nothing surprising in the explanation. He always went to his shop on Sunday mornings. Even in the old days of his identification

with Cummings-Durland he had betaken himself every Sunday to the factory to ponder his problems.

## II

As the congregation gathered, Grace yielded herself to the spell of the organ whose strains gave wings to her imagination. Always impressionable, she felt that she had brought her soul humble and chastened into the sanctuary. The old familiar hymns touched chords in her heart that had long been silent. She joined in the singing and in the responsive reading of a selection of the Psalms. Never had she thought more intensely. She had read that the church, that Christianity indeed, was losing its hold upon the mind and the conscience of mankind. But this church was filled; many men and women must still be finding a tangible help in the precepts and example of Jesus. Absorbed in her own thoughts she missed the text; found herself studying the minister, a young man of quiet manner and pleasing voice. Then detached sentences arrested her truant thoughts, and soon she was giving his utterances her complete attention . . .

"Leaving God out of the question," he was saying, "what excuse have we to offer ourselves if we fail to do right? We must either confess to a weakness in our own fiber, or lay the burden on some one else. We must be either captain or slave . . . We hear much about the changed spirit of the time. It is said that the old barricades no longer shield us from evil; that the checks upon our moral natures are broken down; that many of the old principles of uprightness and decent living have been superseded by something new, which makes it possible for us to do very much as we please without harm to our souls. Let us not be deceived by such reasoning. There's altogether too much talk about the changes that are going on. The soul and its needs do not change; the God who ever lives and loves doesn't change. There's a limit on our capacity for self-deception. We may think we are free, but at a certain point we find that after all we are the prisoners of conscience. Let us live on good terms with ourselves first of all and with God be the rest. Let us keep in harmony with that power above us and beyond us which in all ages has made for righteousness."

The minister was uttering clearly and forcibly thoughts that had been creeping through her own mind like tired heralds crying warning to a threatened citadel. Captain or slave, that was the question. She had told Trenton that she was afraid of the answers to vexed questions of life and conduct. She saw now that this was cowardly. Her intelligence she knew to be above the average, and her conscience had within twenty-four hours

"Will you give me another evening?"  
Trenton asked. Grace thrilled.  
"Yes," she said.

"Oh, I'm for getting up when I wake up!" Grace answered. "I'm feeling fine. Let me do the toast, Ethel. I just love toasting."

She led the talk at the table, recurring to the football game, exploring the newspaper for the sport-  
ing page to clarify her impressions of certain points in the contest.  
"John simply was a scream! You might have thought he didn't want me to know what was going on at all."

John was the safest of topics; they had all liked him; and Grace related many stories illustrative of the young man's determination to refuse no task by which he could earn the dollars he needed to lodge, clothe and feed himself while gaining his education. Now that they had seen him at their own table they could the better enjoy Grace's enumeration of John's sturdy qualities.

This was the happiest breakfast the Durlands had known since Grace came home. It was in her heart to do her full share in promoting the cheer of the household. The unfortunate revelation of her duplicity of Friday night would no doubt be forgotten if she behaved herself; and she had no intention of repeating the offense. Nevertheless she was glad that she had asserted her right to independent action. She persuaded herself that her mother and sister were treating her with much more respect now that she had shown that she couldn't be frightened or cowed by their criticisms.

Before breakfast was over Ethel asked quite casually whether Grace wouldn't go to church with her, and Mrs. Durland promptly approved the invitation. Grace decided instantly that it would be good policy to go.

"I think," said Mrs. Durland, "we all need the help and inspiration of the church. Stephen, wouldn't you like to go with the girls? I don't believe you've ever heard Dr. Ridgely. He's very liberal and a stimulating speaker."



proved itself to be uncomfortably alert and vigilant. There might be breaks in the old moral barriers, but if this were really true it would be necessary for her to stumble over the debris to gain the inviting freedom of the territory beyond. No; there would be no excuse for her if she failed to fashion something fine and noble of her life.

In the vestibule Ethel introduced Grace to the minister, who greeted her warmly and praised Ethel; she was one of his standbys he said. While he and Ethel were conferring about some matter connected with the young people's society, Grace was accosted by a lady whom she identified at once as her first customer at Shipley's.

"Do I know you or not?" asked Miss Reynolds pleasantly. "Hats make such a difference, but I thought I recognized you. I've been away so many years that I look twice at everyone I meet. I was caught in England by the war and just stayed on. It gives you a queer feeling to find yourself a stranger in your native town. It was silly of me to stay away so long. Well, how are things going with you?"

"Just fine," Grace answered, noting that Miss Reynolds wore one of the suits she had sold her, and looked very well in it.

The old lady (the phrase was ridiculous in the case of one so alert and spirited) caught the glance; indeed nothing escaped the bright eyes behind Beulah Reynolds's spectacles. She bent toward Grace and whispered, "This suit's very satisfactory!" And then: "Well we've caught each other in a good place. My grandfather was one of the founders of this church so I dropped in to have a look. Haven't seen more than a dozen people I used to know. There was a good deal of sense in that sermon; best I've heard in years. They don't scatter fire and brimstone the way they used to."

One would have thought from her manner that she was enormously relieved to find that fire and brimstone had been abandoned as a stimulus to the Christian life.

"I'm not a member," said Grace. "I never heard Dr. Ridgely before. I liked his sermon; I think I needed it!"

Grace was smiling, but something a little wistful in her tone caused Miss Reynolds to look at her keenly.

"Do you know, you've come into my mind frequently since our meeting. I've thought of you—uncommercially, if that's the way to put it. I'd like to know you better."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Reynolds! I've thought of you very gratefully and have hoped you'd come into the store again."

"Oh, clothes don't interest me a particle! I may not be in Shipley's again for years. I wonder if you'd come to my house some evening for dinner—just ourselves. Would that bore you?"

"It certainly wouldn't!" Grace responded smilingly.

"The sooner the better then. Tomorrow evening, shall we say? Don't think of dressing. Come direct from your work. Here's my address on this card. I'll send my motor for you."

"Please don't trouble to do that. I can easily come out on the street car."

"Suit yourself. It's almost like kidnaping and I don't really know your name!" Her ignorance of Grace's name amused Miss Reynolds tremendously. "For all you know this might be a scheme to snare you to my house and murder you!"

"I'll cheerfully take the chance," laughed Grace, and gave her name. The minister had now finished with Ethel, and Grace introduced her sister to Miss Reynolds, who did not however include Ethel in her invitation to dinner.

"She's charmingly eccentric," Ethel remarked as Miss Reynolds turned away. "She's awfully rich—one of the largest woman taxpayers in the State."

"Yes, I understand she is," said Grace without enthusiasm. "But we needn't hold that against her." And then, recalling Ethel's complacent tone in mentioning any social recognition by her church friends, Grace remarked carelessly: "She's invited me to dine with her tomorrow night. I'm to be the only guest. She seems to have a crush on me!"

At the midday dinner Ethel disclosed Miss Reynolds's partiality for Grace with all impressiveness.

"Why, Grace!" exclaimed Mrs. Durland. "Do you fully appreciate what that means?"

"It means that a very nice lady has invited me to share her dinner," Grace answered.

"I hope you realize," said Ethel, "what a great compliment that is. Why, she can do worlds for you!"

"Here's hoping she keeps a good cook!" Grace retorted, irritated that they were attributing so much importance to what she preferred to look upon as an act of spontaneous kindness in a generous hearted woman.

"Miss Reynolds represents the old conservative element here," Mrs. Durland remarked in a tone that implied her reverence for that element of the population—"the people who always stood for the best things of life. A woman like that can make herself felt. Now that she's back I hope she'll see that she has a work to do. She has no ties and with her position and wealth she can make herself a power for good in checking the evil tendencies so apparent in our city."

"She's so quaint; so deliciously old-fashioned," added Ethel, "and you can see from her clothes that she's an independent character. I'm going to ask Dr. Ridgely to invite her to take the chairmanship of our girls' club committee."

"That would be splendid, Ethel," cried Mrs. Durland. "Perhaps you could say a word to her about it, Grace. You know better than Ethel the dangers and temptations of the girl wage earner."

"I don't know why I should," Grace retorted. "Please don't talk to me as though I had a monopoly of all the wickedness in the world."

"Grace, I didn't mean——"

"All right, mother. But I have my feelings, you know."

"Miss Reynolds has bought a new house on one of those lovely little side streets not far from where Bob Cummings built," Ethel said hastily. "The old Reynolds house on Meridian Street has been turned into a garage. It's too bad those old homes had to go."

Any mention of the Cummings, no matter how slight, always precipitated a discussion of that family from some angle. Mrs. Durland said that they didn't deserve their prosperity; she doubted very much whether they were happy.

"Bob's the best one of the family," she continued. "Tom and Merwin haven't amounted to anything and they never will. It must have been a blow to the family when Merwin married a girl who was nobody, or worse. She worked in some automobile office."

"Bob Cummings's wife is certainly pretty," continued Ethel. "And very popular. You see her name nearly every day in the society notes. Bob was always so quiet, I wonder how he likes being dragged about so much."

"I shall always think," remarked Mrs. Durland expansively, "that if the Cummings hadn't moved away when they did, Bob and Grace might—well, I always thought he liked you particularly, Grace, and you were fond of him. Of course he's four years older, but when you were still in high school and he was in Yale, Bob always came to see you and took you places when he was home."

"Oh, that didn't amount to anything, mother!" Grace replied carelessly. "He was terribly shy and I suppose he still is. It's his artistic nature; he's always loved his music. When they moved up North he didn't know the society girls out there, so he hung on to me for a while. He just used me that one summer to hide his diffidence among the strange young people at the country club dances. As soon as he got acquainted out there he didn't need me any more."

"More likely his mother told him he'd better cut his West End friends," said Mrs. Durland tartly. "It must have been in their minds when they moved away that they were going to force your father out of the business and burn all the old bridges."

"They didn't force me out," said Durland in mild protest. "There was law for all he did. It was losing my stock in the company that put me out."

"It was merciless," cried Ethel. "Cummings took advantage of you. He always knew you were not a business man. Everything he's got came through your genius."

"I guess he thought my genius was worn out. And he may be right about it," said Durland.

"Don't be so foolish, father!" exclaimed Grace. "Any day you may have an inspiration that will be worth a lot of money."

"That's always possible, of course," said Mrs. Durland, with a sigh susceptible of the interpretation that she had no great confidence in her husband's further inspirations.

### III

THE next noon Grace went to a trust company where she kept an account that represented chiefly gifts of cash she had received through a number of years at Christmas and on her birthdays. As she waited at the window for her pass book, Bob Cummings crossed the lobby on his way to the desk of one of the officers. She wondered just how he would greet her if they met, and what her attitude toward him ought to be in view of the break between her father and the senior Cummings. She found a certain mild



Grace sat lost in reverie. The familiar chords brought back the old times—their boy and girl times together.

excitement as she pondered this, her eyes occasionally turning toward Cummings as he stood, leaning against the railing that enclosed the administrative offices. Grace had always liked him and admired him; and it had hurt her more than she ever confessed that after the removal of the Cummings from the old neighborhood he had gradually ceased his attentions.

Cummings had finished his errand, and was walking quickly toward the door when he caught sight of her.

"Hello, Grace! I'm mighty glad to see you," he said cordially. "Why—" then he checked himself and the smile left his face abruptly as he remembered that their friendly status had changed since their last meeting.

Grace relieved his embarrassment promptly by smilingly putting out her hand.

"I'm very glad to see you, Bob," she said. "It's really been a long time, almost three years!"

"Just about," he answered slowly.

"Old Father Time has a way of trotting right on!" she remarked lightly.

They were in the path of customers intent upon reaching the cages and she took a step toward the door, when he said, glancing toward a long bench at the side of the room: "If you're not in a rush let's sit down a minute. There's something I'd like to say to you."



"You haven't missed me a bit," cried Miss Reynolds, appearing suddenly

"Oh, very well!" she assented, surprised but not displeased.

He was the son of a man who had dismissed her father from the concern in which the names of their two families had long been identified; but in so public a place there could be no harm in talking to him. Her old liking for him at once outweighed any feeling she had against his father. He was a big boy when she was still a small girl and he was her first hero. He was always quiet, thoughtful and studious, with a chivalrous regard for the rights and feelings of other people. They had been chums, confiding their troubles to each other. It was to her that he had revealed his succession of boyish ambitions, and she had encouraged his fondness for music when other youngsters twitted him for taking music lessons like a girl. He had never thought he would like business; he wanted to be a musician, with the leadership of an orchestra as his ultimate goal. It was because his brother Merwin had from an early age shown a refractory spirit that the parental authority had thwarted Bob's aspirations; one of the sons at least had to go into the business, and Bob was now vice-president of the reorganized Cummings Manufacturing Company.

"I've been hoping for a chance to see you, Grace. It's not easy to speak of it, but I want you to know I'm sorry things turned out as they did. About your father and the business, I mean. You must all of you feel pretty hard about it. I hope it doesn't mean any change in your plans for finishing at the university. I know how you'd counted on that."

"I've given it up. I'm home to stay," she answered. "But you needn't feel badly about it. Of course it must have been necessary—about the business, I mean."

He was embarrassed by her cheerful acceptance of the situation, and stammered, left one or two sentences unfinished before he got hold of himself.

"I want you to know I did all I could to prevent the break. It seemed a pity after your father and mine had been together

so long. But for some time the plant had needed an active superintendent; just trusting the foremen of the shops wouldn't serve any longer, and you won't mind my saying it, but your father never liked executive work. I suggested another way of handling it that would have made Mr. Durland a vice-president and free to go on with his experiments, but I couldn't put it through. I did my best—honestly I did, Grace."

There was the old boyish eagerness in this appeal. He regarded her fixedly, anxious for some assurance that she understood. She understood only too well that her father had become an encumbrance, and that in plain terms the company couldn't afford to keep him at his old salary any longer. It was unnecessary for Bob to apologize, but it was like him to seize the first possible moment to express his sympathy. She had always felt the gentleness in him, which was denoted in his eyes, and these just now shone with the reflection of his eagerness to set himself right with her. He turned his hat continually in his hands—they were finely shaped, with long supple fingers. At the base of his left thumb there was a scar, almost imperceptible, the result of a slash with a jackknife one day in the Durland yard where he had taken her dare to bring down a particularly fine spray of blossoms from an old cherry tree. In his anxiety to deliver it unbroken on the bough he had cut himself. She was twelve then, he sixteen. He saw the direction of her eyes, lifted the hand and with a smile glanced at the scar.

She colored as she realized that he had read her thoughts.

"That was a long time ago," he said. "We did have good times in your back yard! Do you remember the day you tumbled out of the swing and broke your arm? You didn't cry. You were a good little sport." And then, his eyes meeting hers, "You're still a good sport!"

"If I never have anything worse than a broken arm to cry over I'll be lucky," she answered evasively.

There was no excuse for lingering; he had expressed his regret





at the doorway. "Oh, we've just been reminiscing!" Grace explained.

at her father's elimination from Cummings-Durland, and it served no purpose to compare memories of the former friendly relationship between the young people of the two families, which were now bound to recede to the vanishing point. But he seemed in no haste to leave her. She on her side found pleasurable sensations in the encounter. He had been her first sweetheart, so recognized by the other youngsters of the neighborhood, and they had gone to the same dancing class. And he had kissed her once, shyly, on a night when the Cummings were giving a children's party. This had occurred on a dark corner of the Cummings' veranda. It had never been repeated or referred to between them, but the memory of it had its sweetness. She was ashamed of herself for remembering it now. She wondered whether he, too, remembered it. And there had been those later attentions after the Cummings had moved away that had encouraged hopes in her own breast not less than in her mother's, that Bob's early preference might survive the shock of the Cummings' translation to the fashionable district with its resulting change of social orientation.

Ethel and her mother had questioned the happiness of his marriage, and her mind played upon this as she sat beside him, feeling the charm he had always had for her, and wondering a little about the girl he had married, whom she had never seen and knew of only from the talk at home. But two years was not long enough; it was ridiculous to assume that he wasn't happy with his wife.

"We certainly had a lot of fun over there," he was saying. "I suppose the park fountain plays just the same and the boys still sail their boats in the pond."

"Yes, and go wading and fall in and have to be fished out by the policeman. But we can't be kids always, Bob."

"No—that's the worst of it," he said with a tinge of dejection.

"I'm all grown up now and have a job. I'm a working girl!"

"No!" he exclaimed incredulously. "And Roy—"

"Oh, Roy's to finish his law course! He'll be through in June."

"That's too bad, Grace!" he exclaimed. "It's you who ought to have stayed on! You're the very type of girl who ought to go to college. It would have made all the difference in the world to you! Ethel—is she at work too?"

"Yes. She's in an insurance office and I'm in Shipley's!" she went on smiling to relieve his evident discomfiture. "I'm in the ready-to-wear and I'll appreciate any customers you send my way. Call for Number Eighteen!"

"Why, Grace! You don't mean it! You have no business doing a thing like that. You could do a lot better."

"Well, I didn't just see it. I'm an unskilled laborer and haven't time to fit myself for teaching, stenography or anything like that. You get results quicker in a place like Shipley's. That is, I hope to get them if I'm as intelligent as I think I am."

"I'm terribly sorry, Grace. I feel—I feel—as though we were responsible, father and I. And we are, of course. There ought to have been some other way for you—something more—"

"Please don't. That's the way mother and Ethel talk."

She rose quickly, feeling that nothing was to be gained by continuing the discussion of matters that were irrevocably settled. And moreover his distress was so manifest in his face that she feared the scrutiny of passers-by.

"Good by, Bob," she said. "I'm awfully glad I met you. Please don't trouble at all about what can't be helped. I haven't any hard feeling—not the slightest."

"I don't like it at all," he said. He kept beside her to the entrance, where she gave him a nod and smile and hurried away.

She was troubled at once for fear she hadn't expressed cordially enough her appreciation of his kindness. Very likely they would never meet again; there was no reason why they should. He had merely done what was (Continued on page 118)

"KEEP to the safe people, little Marcia! Un-exciting people, maybe, but the safe home-building ones with old ideals and old hearthstones."

*Hattie had not kept to the safe people—and now at the end of sixteen tense years there impended the inevitable thing—the thing that will take you by the heart as you read this story—*

by

FANNIE HURST

## The Smudge

IN the bleak little graveyard of Hattie Berich's dead hopes, dead loves and dead ecstasies, more than one headstone had long since begun to sag, and the wreaths of bleeding heart to shrivel.

That was good, because the grave that is kept bubbly with tears is a tender quivering thing, almost like an amputated bit of self that still aches with threads of life.

Even over the mound of her dead ambitions, a grave she had dug with the fingers of her heart, Hattie could walk now with unsensitive feet. It had become dry clay with cracks in it like sardonic smiles.

Smiles. That was the dreadful part, because the laugh where there have been tears is not a nice laugh, and Hattie could now sit among the headstones of her dead dreams and laugh. But not horribly. Just drearily.

There was one grave, Heart's Desire's, that was still a little moist. But that, too, of late years had begun to sink in, like an old mouth with receding gums. As if the very teeth of a smiling dream had rotted. They had.

Hattie, whose heart's desire had once been to play Juliet, played maids now. Buxom negro ones, with pale palms, white eyes and the beat of kettledrums somewhere close to the cuticle of the balls of her feet.

She was irrevocably down on managers' and agents' lists as



"comedy-black." Countless the premières she had opened to the flock of a duster! Hattie came high, as maids go. One hundred and fifty dollars a week, and no road engagements. She dressed alone. Her part in "Love Me Long" had been especially written in for the sake of the peculiar kind of comedy relief she could bring to it. A light roar of recognition swept the audience at her entrance. Once in a while, a handclap. So Hattie, whose heart's desire had once been to play Juliet, played maids now. Buxomly.

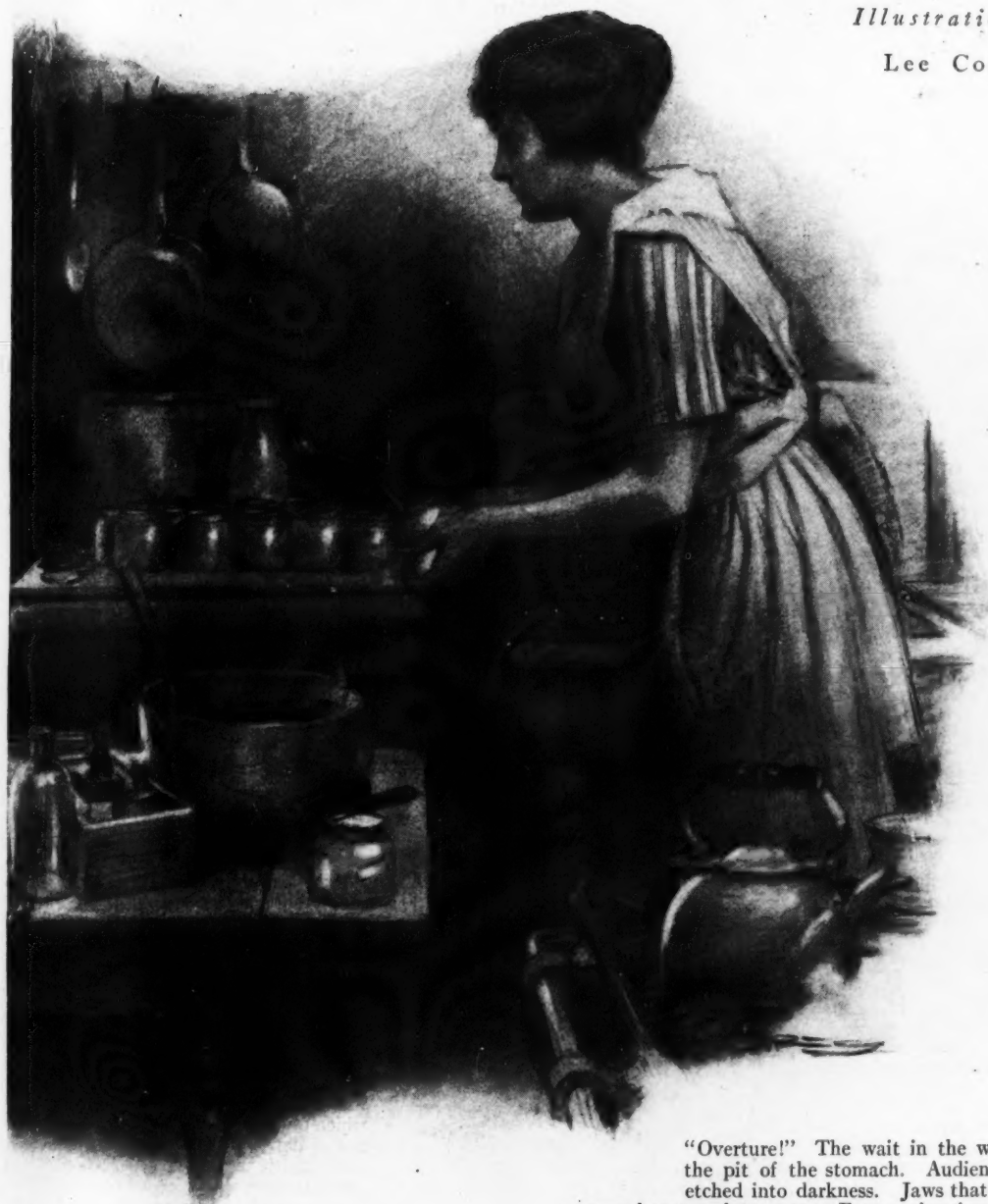
And this same Hattie, whose heart's desire had once been to kiss love, but whose lips were still a little twisted with the taste of clay, could kiss only love's offspring now. But not bitterly. Thanksgivingly.

Marcia. She was sixteen and the color and odor of an ivory fan that has lain in frangipane. And Hattie could sometimes poke her tongue into her cheek over this bit of whimsy:

It was her well paid efforts in the burnt cork that made possible, for instance, the frill of real lace that lay to the low little neck of Marcia's first party dress, as if blown there in sea spume.

Out of the profits of Hattie's justly famous Brown Cold Cream—Guaranteed Color Fast—Mulatto, Medium, Chocolate—had

Illustrations by  
Lee Conrey



"Overture!" The wait in the wings. Dizziness at the pit of the stomach. Audiences with lean jaws etched into darkness. Jaws that can smile or crack your bones and eat you. Faces swimming in the stage ozone and wolfish for cue. The purple lips—

Almost like a frieze stuck on to the border of each day. was Hattie's life in the theater. *Passementerie*.

That was how Hattie treated it. Especially during those placid years of the phenomenal New York run of "Love Me Long." The outer edge of her reality. The heart of her reality? Why, the heart of it was the long morning hours in her own fragrant kitchen over doughnuts boiled in oil and snowed under in powdered sugar! Cookies that bit with a snap. Fillet of sole boned with fingers deft at it and served with a merest fluff of tartar sauce. Marcia ate like that. Preciously. Pecksniffily. An egg at breakfast a gag to the sensibilities! So Hattie ate hers in the kitchen, standing, and tucked the shell out of sight, wrapped in a lettuce leaf. Beefsteak for instance, sickened Marcia, because there was blood in the ooze of its juices. But Hattie had a sly way of camouflage. *Fillet mignon*, (so strengthening, you see) crushed under a little millinery of mushrooms and served under glass. Then when Marcia's neat little row of neat little teeth bit in, and the munch began behind clean and careful lips, Hattie's heart, a regular old bandit for cunning, beat hoppity, skippity, jump!

come Marcia's ermine muff and tippet; the pink enamel toilet set; the grand piano; the yearly and by no means light tuition toll at Miss Harperly's Select Day School For Girls.

You get the whimsy of it? For everything fair that was Marcia, Hattie had brownly paid for. Liltingly, and with the rill of a song of thanksgiving in her heart.

That was how Hattie moved through her time. Hugging this melody of Marcia. The knife-edged nervous evenings in the theater. Bawlings. Purple lips with loose muscles crawling under the rouge. Round faces that could hook into the look of vultures when the smell of success became as the smell of red meat. All the petty soiled vanities, like the disordered boudoir of a *cocotte*. Powder on the air and caking the breathing. Open dressing room doors that should have been closed. The smelling geometry of the make-up box. Curls, Corsets. Cosmetics. Men in undershirts, grease-painting. "Gawalmighty, Tottie, them's my teddy bears you're puttin' on." Raw nerves. Raw emotions. Ego, the actors' overtone, abroad everywhere and full of strut.



## The Smudge

Those were her realities. Home. The new sandwich cutters. Heart shape. Diamond shape. Spade. The strip of hall carpet newly discovered to scour like new with brush and soap and warm water. Epstein's Meat Market throws in free suet. The lamp with the opal silk shade for Marcia's piano. White oilcloth is cleaner than shelf paper. Dotted swiss curtains. The ones in Marcia's room looped back with pink bows. Old sashes, pressed out and fringed at the edges.

And if you think that Hattie's six rooms and bath and sunny, full-sized kitchen on One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, Morningside Heights, was a trumped up one of the press agent for the Sunday supplement, look in.

Any afternoon. Tuesday say, and Marcia just home from school. On Tuesday afternoons of every other week, Hattie made her cream, in a large copper pot that hung under the sink. Six dozen half-pint jars waiting to be filled with Brown Cold Cream. One hundred and forty-four jars a month. Guaranteed color fast, mulatto, medium, chocolate. Labeled. Sealed. Sold. Demand exceeding the supply. An ingratiating, expert cream, known the black-faced world over. It slid into the skin, not sootily, but illuminating it to wink-ing African copper. For instance, Hattie's make-up cream for Linda in "Love Me Long" was labeled "Chocolate." But it worked in even a truer brown, as if it had come out of the pigment instead of gone into the pores.

Four hours of stirring it took, adding with exact minutia the mysteriously proper proportions of spermaceti, oil of sweet almonds, white wax—but never mind. Hattie's dark secret was her own.

Fourteen years of her black art as Broadway's maid de luxe had been her laboratory. It was almost her boast now—remember the sunken headstones—that she had handled spotlessly, every fair young star of the theater's last ten years.

It was as mysterious as pigment, her cream, and as true, and it netted her, with occasional extra batches, an average of two hundred dollars a month. She enjoyed making it. Singing as she stirred, or rather stirring as she sang, the plentitude of her figure enveloped in a blue and white bungalow apron with rickrack trimming.

Often Marcia, home from day school, watched. Propped up in the window frame with her pet cat, a Persian, with eyes like swimming pools with painted green bottoms, seated in a perfect circle in her quiet lap, for all the world in the attitude of a sardelle except for the toothpick through.

Sometimes it almost seemed as if Marcia did the purring. She could sit like that, motionless, her very stare seeming to sleep. To Hattie that stare was beautiful, and in a way it was. As if two blue little suns were having their high noon.

Sometimes Marcia offered to help, because toward the end, Hattie's back could ache at this process, terribly; the pain knotting itself into her face when the rotary movement of her stirring arm began to yank at her nerves.

"Momie, I'll stir for awhile."

Marcia's voice was day-schooled, as clipped, as boxed and as precise as a hedge. Neat too, as neat as the way her clear lips met and her teeth, which had a little mannerism of coming down after each word, biting them off like threads. They were appealing teeth that had never grown big or square. Very young corn. To Hattie there was something about them that re-

minded her of a little set of Marcia's doll dishes which she had saved. Little innocences.

"I don't mind stirring, dear. I'm not tired."

"But your face is all twisted."

Hattie's twisted face could induce in Marcia the same gagged pallor that the egg in the morning or the red in the beefsteak juices brought there.

"Go in and play the piano awhile, Marcy. I'll be finished soon."

"Sh-h-h, no. Pussy-kitty's asleep."

As the cream grew heavier and its swirl in the pot slower, Hattie could only keep the twist out of her face by biting her tongue. She did, and a little arch of sweat came out in a mustache.

The brown mud of the cream began to fluff. Hattie rubbed a fleck of it into her freckled forearm. Yes, Hattie's arm was freckled and so was the bridge of her nose, in a little saddle. Once there had been a prettiness to them because they whitened the skin they sprinkled and were little stars to the moon reddiness of Hattie's hair. But the red of the moon had set coldly in Hattie's hair now, and the

stars were just freckles, and there was the dreaded ridge of flesh showing above the edge of her corsets, and when she leaned forward to stir, her cheeks hung forward like a spaniel's. Not of fat, but heaviness. Hattie's arms and thighs were granite to the touch and to the scales.

Kindly freckled granite. She weighed almost twice what she looked. Marcia, whose hips were like lyres, hated the ridge above the corset line and massaged it. Mab smacking the Himalayas.

After awhile, there in the window frame, Marcia closed her eyes. There was still the illusion of a purr about her. Probably because as her kitten warmed in its circle, its coziness began to whirl mountingly. The September afternoon was full of drone. The roofs of the city, from Hattie's kitchen window which overlooked Morningside Heights, lay flat as slaps. Tranced, indoor quiet. Presently Hattie began to tiptoe. The seventy-two jars were untopped now, in a row on a board over the built-in washtub. Seventy-two yawning for content. Squunch! Her enormous spoon into the copper kettle and flop, gurgle, gooze, softly into the jars. One—two—three—at sixty-eight, Marcia without stirring or lifting her lids spoke into the sucky silence:

"Momie?"

"Yes, Marcy."

"You'll be glad."

Hattie, pausing at sixty-eight: "Why, dear?"

"I came home in Nonie Grosbeck's automobile. I'm invited to a dinner dance October the seventeenth. At their house in Gramercy Park."

The words must have gone to Hattie's knees, because dropping a spat of mulatto cold cream on the linoleum, she sat down, weakly, on the kitchen chair that she had painted blue and white to match the china cereal set on the shelf above it.

"Marcy!"

"And she likes me better than any girl in school, Momie,



"All out, or the doors will be locked on you! Fine doings!"



Yes, Marcia had danced! She had danced a hole right through the toe of that gossamer white film.

and I'm to be her chum from today on, and not another girl in school is invited except Edwina Neison because her father's on nearly all the same boards of directors with Mr. Grosbeck, and—"

"Marcia, Marcia, and you came home from school just as if nothing had happened! Child, sometimes I think you're made of ice."

"Why, I'm glad, Momie."

But that's what there were, little ice glints of congealed satisfaction, in Marcia's eyes.

"Glad!" said Hattie, the word full of tears. "Why, honey, you don't realize it, but this is the beginning! This is the meaning of my struggle to get you into Miss Harperly's school. It wasn't easy. I've never told you the—strings I had to pull. Conservative people, you see. That's what the Grosbecks are too. Home people. The kind who can afford to wear dowdy hats and who have lived in the same house for thirty years."

"Nonie's mother was born in the house they live in."

"Substantial people, who half sole their shoes and endow colleges. Tax payers. Policy holders. Church members. Oh, Marcia, those are the safe people!"

"There's a Grosbeck memorial window in the Rock Church."

"I used to be so afraid for you, Marcy. Afraid you would take to the make-believe folks, the play people, the theater. I used to fear for you! The Pullman car. The furnished room. That going to the hotel room, alone, nights after the show. You laugh at me sometimes for just throwing a veil over my face and coming home black-face. It's because I'm too tired, Marcy. Too lonesome for home. On the road, I always used to think of all the families in the audience. The husbands and wives. Brides and grooms. Sweethearts. After the performance they all went to homes. To brownstone fronts like the Grosbeck's. To cottages. To flats. With a snack to eat, in the refrigerator or laid out on the dining room table. Lamps burning and waiting. Nighties laid out and bed covers turned back. And then—me! Second rate hotels. That walk through the dark downtown streets. Men who address you through closed lips. The dingy lobby. There's no applause lasts long enough, Marcia, to

reach over that moment when you unlock your hotel room and the smell of disinfectant and unturned mattress comes out to you."

"Ugh!"

"Oh, keep to the safe people, Marcia! The unexciting people, perhaps, but the safe home-building ones with old ideals and old hearthstones."

"Nonie says they have one in their library that comes from Italy."

"Hitch your ideal to a hearthstone like that, Marcia."

"Nonie goes to riding academy."

"So shall you."

"It's six dollars an hour."

"I don't care."

"Her father's retired except for being a director in banks. And Momie—they don't mind, dear—about us. Nonie knows that my—father is—is separated and never lived at home with us. She's broad-minded. She says just so there's no scandal, a divorce or anything like that. She said it's vulgar to cultivate only rich friends. She says she'd go with me even if she's forbidden to."

"Marcy darling, why should she be forbidden?"

"Oh, Nonie's broad-minded! She says if two people are unsuited they should separate, quietly, like you and my father. She knows we're one of the first old Southern families on my father's side. I—I'm not trying to make you talk about it, dear, but—but we are—are we?"

"Yes, Marcy."

"He—he was just—irresponsible. That's not being—not nice people, is it?"

"No, Marcy."

"Nonie's not forbidden. She just meant in case, Momie. You see, with some old families like hers—the stage—but Nonie says her father couldn't even say anything to that if he wanted to. His own sister went on the stage once, and they had to hush it up in the papers."

"Did you explain to her, Marcy, that stage life at its best can be full of fine ideals and truth? Did you make her see how regular your own little life has been? How little you know about

## The Smudge

—my work? How away I've kept you? How I won't even play out of town engagements so we can always be together in our little home? You must explain all those things to your friends at Miss Harperly's. It helps—with steady people."

"I have, Momie, and she's going to bring me home every afternoon in their automobile after we've called for her brother Archie at Columbia Law School."

"Marcy, the Grosbeck automobile bringing you home every day!"

"And it's going to call for me the night of the party. Nonie's getting a lemon taffeta."

"I'll get you ivory with a bit of real lace!"

"Oh, Momie, Momie, I can scarcely wait!"

"What did she say, Marcy, when she asked—invited you?"

"She?"

"Nonie."

"Why—she—didn't invite me, Momie."

"But you just said—"

"It was her brother Archie invited me. We called for him at Columbia Law School, you see. It was he invited me. Of course Nonie wants me and said 'Yes' right after him—but it's he—who wants—Nonie and me to be chums. I—he—I thought—I—told—you—Momie."

Suddenly Marcia's eyes, almost with the perpendicular slits of her kitten's in them, seemed to swish together like portières, shutting Hattie behind them with her.

"Oh—my Marcy!" said Hattie dimly after awhile, as if from their depths.

"Marcy, dearest."

"At—at Harperly's, Momie, almost all the popular upper class girls wear—a—a boy's fraternity pin."

"Fraternity pin?"

"It's the—the beginning of being engaged."

On October seventeenth, "Love Me Long" celebrated its two hundredth performance. Souvenir programs. A few appropriate words by the management. A flashlight of the cast. A round of wine passed around in the after-the-performance gloom of the wings. Aqueous figures fading off in the orderly back-stage fashion of a well established success.

Hattie kissed the star. They liked one another with the unenvy of their divergent rôles. Miss Robinson even humored some of Hattie's laughs. She liked to feel the flame of her own fairness as she stood there, waiting for the audience to guffaw its fill of Hattie's drolleries. A narcissus swaying reedily beside a black crocodile.

She was a new star and her beauty the color of cloth of gold, and Hattie, in her lowly comedian way, not an undistinguished veteran. So they could kiss in the same sense that a cat cannot unseat a king.

But just the same, Miss Robinson's hand flew up automatically against the dark of Hattie's lips.

"I don't fade off, dearie. Your own natural skin is no more color fast. I handled Elaine Doremus in "The Snowdrop" for three seasons. Never so much as a speck or a spot on her. My cream don't fade."

"Of course not, dear. How silly of me! Kiss me again."

That was kind enough of her. Oh, yes, they got on! But sometimes Hattie, seated among her sagging headstones, would ache with the dry sob of the black crocodile who yearned to be a narcissus—



"Morton," she said, "you wouldn't tell that dear little girl—on me! You're

Quite without precedent, there was a man waiting for her in the wings.

The gloom of back-stage was as high as trees, and Hattie had not seen him in sixteen years. But she knew; with the stunned consciousness of a stabbed person that glinting instant before the blood begins to flow.

It was Morton Sebree. Marcia's father!

"Morton," she said.

"Hattie."

"Come up to my dressing room," she said, as matter of factly as if her brain were a clock ticking off the words.

They walked up an iron staircase of unreality. Fantastic stairs. Wisps of gloom. Singing pains in her climbing legs like a piano key hit very hard and held down with a pressing forefinger. She could listen to her pain. That was her thought as she climbed. How the irrelevant little ideas would slide about in her sudden chaos. She must concentrate now—terribly. Morton was back.



His hand, a smooth glabrous one, full of clutch, riding up the bannister. It could have been picked off, finger by finger. It was that kind of a hand. But after each lift, another finger would have curled back again. Morton's hand, ascending the dark like a soul on a string in a burlesque show.

Face to face. The electric bulb in her dressing room was encased in a wire like a baseball mask. A burning prison of light. Fat sticks of grease-paint with the grain of Hattie's flesh printed on the daub end. Furiously brown cheesecloth. An open jar of cream (chocolate) with the gesture of the gouge into it. A

"Home. N'Orleans. M'mother died, Hattie, God rest her bones. Know it?"

"No."

"Cancer."

It was a peculiar silence. A terrible word like that was almost slowly soluble in it. Gurgling down.

"O-oh!"

"Sort of gives a fellow the shivers, Hattie, seeing you kinda hidin' behind yourself like this. But I saw you come in the theater tonight. You looked right natural. Little heavier."

"What do you want?"

"Why, I guess a good many things in general and nothing in particular as the sayin' goes. You don't seem right glad to see me, honey."

"Glad!" said Hattie, and laughed as if her mirth were a dice shaking in a box of echoes.

"Your hair's right red yet. Looked mighty natural walkin' into the theater tonight. Take off those kinks, honey."

She reached for her cleansing cream, then stopped, her eyes full of the foment of torture.

"What's my looks to you?"

"You've filled out."

"You haven't," she said, putting down the cold cream jar. "You haven't aged an hour. Your kind lies on life like it was a wall in the sun. A wall that somebody else has built for you stone by stone."

"I reckon you're right in a way, Hattie. There's been a meanderin' streak in me somewheres. You and m'mother, God rest her bones, had a different way of scoldin' me for the same thing. Lot o' Huck Finn in me."

"Don't use bad-boy words for vicious, bad-man deeds!"

"But you liked me. Both of you liked me, honey. Only two women I ever really cared for, too. You and m'mother."

Her face might have been burning paper, curling her scorn for him.

"Don't try that, Morton! It won't work any more. What used to infatuate me, only disgusts me now. The things I thought I—loved—in you, I loathe now. The kind of cancer that killed your mother is the kind that eats out the heart. I never knew her, never even saw her except from a distance, but I know just as well as if I'd lived in that fine big house with her all those years in New Orleans, that you were the sickness that ailed her. A lying, squandering, gambling, no-count son! If she and I are the only women you ever cared for, thank God that there aren't any more of us to suffer from you! Morton, when I read that a Morris Sebree had died in Brazil, I hoped it was you! You're no good! You're no good!"

She was thumping now with the sobs she kept under her voice.



not that low!" He regarded her stolidly. "Wouldn't tell what, Hattie?" he asked.

woolly black wig on a shelf, its kinks seeming to crawl. There was a rim of Hattie *au naturel* left around her lips. It made of her mouth a comedy blubber, her own rather firm lips sliding about somewhere in the lightish swamp. That was all of Hattie that looked out. Except her eyes. They were good gray eyes with popping whites now, because of a trick of blackening the lids. But the irises were, in their pools, inviolate.

"Well, Hattie, I reckon I'd have known you, even under black."

"I thought you were in Rio."

"Got to hankering after the States, Hattie."

"I read of a Morris Sebree dead in Brazil. Sometimes I used to think maybe it might have been a misprint—and—that—you—were—the—one."

"No, no. 'Live and kickin'." Been up around here a good while."

"Where?"

"Why, Hattie," he said, his drawl not quickened, "you don't mean that?"

"I do! You're a ruiner of lives! Her life! Mine! You're a rotten apple that can speck everyone it touches."

"That's hard, Hattie, but I reckon you're not all wrong."

"Oh, that soft Southern talk won't get us anywhere, Morton! The very sound of it sickens me now. You're like a terrible sickness I once had. I'm cured now. I don't know what you want here, but whatever it is you might as well go. I'm cured!"

He sat forward in his chair, still twirling the soft brown hat. He was dressed like that. Softly. Good quality loosely woven stuffs. There was still a tan down of persistent youth on the back of his neck. But his hands were old, the veins twisted wiring, and his third finger yellowly-stained, like meerschaum, darkening.

"Grantin' everything you say, Hattie, and I'm holdin' no brief for myself, I've been the sick one, not you. Twenty years I've been down sick with hookworm."

"With devilishness!"

"No, Hattie. It's the Government's diagnosis. Hookworm. Been a sick man all my life with it. Funny thing, though, all those years in Rio knocked it out of me."

"Faugh!"

"I'm a new man since I'm well of it."

"Hookworm! That's an easy word for ingrained no-countness, devilry and deceit. It wasn't hookworm came into the New Orleans stock company where I was understudying leads and getting my chance to play big things. It wasn't hookworm put me in a position where I had to take anything I could get! So that instead of finding me playing leads you find me here—black-face! It was a devil! A liar! A spendthrift, no-count son out of a family that deserved better. I've cried more tears over you than I ever thought any woman ever had it in her to cry. Those months in that boarding house in Peach Tree Street down in New Orleans! Peach Tree Street! I remember how beautiful even the name of it was when you took me there—lying—and how horrible it became to me. Those months when I used to see your mother's carriage drive by the house twice a day, and me crying my eyes out behind the curtains. That's what I've never forgiven myself for. She was a woman who stood for the things in New Orleans. A good woman whom the whole town pitied! A no-count son squandering her fortune and dragging down the family name. If only I had known all that then! She would have helped me if I had appealed to her. She wouldn't have let things turn out secretly—the way they did. She would have helped me. I—you—why have you come here to jerk knives out of my heart after it's got healed with the points sticking in? You're nothing to me. You're skulking for a reason. You've been hanging around getting pointers about me. My life is my own! You get out!"

"The girl. She well?"

It was a quiet question, spoken in the key of being casual and Hattie, whose heart skipped a beat, tried to corral the fear in her eyes to take it casually, except that her eyelids seemed to grow old even as they drooped. Squeezed grapeskins.

"You get out, Morton!" she said. "You've got to get out!"

He made a cigarette in an old indolent way he had of wetting it with his smile. He was handsome enough, after his fashion, for those who like the rather tropical combination of dark ivory skin, and hair a lighter shade of tan. It did a curious thing to his eyes. Behind their allotment of tan lashes, they became neutralized, straw-colored.

"She's about sixteen now. Little over, I reckon."

"What's that to you?"

"Blood, Hattie. Thick."

"What thickened it, Morton—after sixteen years?"

"Used to be an artist chap down in Rio. On his uppers. One night, according to my description of what I imagined she looked like, he drew her. Yellow hair, I reckoned and sure enough—"

"You're not worthy of the resemblance. It wouldn't be there if I had the saying."

"You haven't," he said, suddenly.

"Nor you!" Something that was the whiteness of fear lightened behind her mask. She rose then, lifting her chair out of the path toward the door and flinging her arm out toward it, very much after the manner of Miss Robinson in Act II.

"You get out, Morton," she said, "before I have you put out! They're closing the theater now. Get out!"

"Hattie," his calm enormous, "don't be hasty. A man that has come to his senses has come back to you humble and sincere. A man that's been sick. Take me back, Hattie, and see if—"

"Back," she said, lifting her lips scornfully away from touch-

ing the word. "You remember that night in that little room on Peach Tree Street when I prayed on my knees and kissed—your—shoes and crawled for your mercy to stay for Marcia to be born? Well, if you were to lie on this floor and kiss my shoes and crawl for my mercy, I'd walk out on you the way you walked out on me! If you don't go, I'll call a stage hand and make you go. There's one coming down the corridor now and locking the house. You go—or I'll call!"

His eyes with their peculiar trick of solubility in his color scheme, seemed all tan.

"I'll go," he said, looking slim and Southern, his imperturbability ever so slightly unfrocked, "I'll go, but you're making a mistake, Hattie."

Fear kept clanging in her. Firebells of it.

"Oh, but that's like you, Morton! Threats! But thank God nothing you can do can harm me any more!"

"I reckon she's considerable over sixteen now. Let's see—"

Firebells. Firebells.

"Come out with what you want, Morton, like a man! You're feeling for something. Money? Now that your mother is dead and her fortune squandered, you've come to harass me? That's it! I know you like a person who has been disfigured for life by burns, knows fire. Well, I won't pay!"

"Pay? Why, Hattie—I want you—back—"

She could have cried because, as she sat there blackly, she was sick with his lie.

"I'd save a dog from you."

"Then save—her—from me."

The terrible had happened so quietly. Morton had not raised his voice; scarcely his lips.

She closed the door then and sat down once more, but that which had crouched out of their talk was unleashed now.

"That's just exactly what I intend to do."

"How?"

"By saving her sight or sound of you."

"You can't, Hattie."

"Why?"

"I've come back." There was a curve to his words that hooked into her heart like tongs about a block of ice. But she outstared him, holding her lips in the center of the comedy rim so that he could see how firm their bite.

"Not to me!"

"To her, then."

"Even you wouldn't be low enough to let her know—"

"Know what?"

"Facts."

"You mean she doesn't know?"

"Know! Know you for what you are and for what you made of me? I've kept it something decent for her. Just the separation of husband and wife—who couldn't agree—incompatibility. I haven't told her—" and suddenly could have rammed her teeth into the tongue that had betrayed her.

Simultaneously with the leap of light into his eyes had come the leap of her error into her consciousness.

"Oh!" he said and smiled, a slow smile that widened as leisurely as sorghum in the pouring.

"You made me tell you that! You came here for that. To find out!"

"Nothin' the sort, Hattie. You only verified what I kinda suspected. Naturally you've kept it from her. Admire you for it."

"But I lied! See! I know your tricks. She does know you for what you are, and what you made of me. I lied! I—" then stopped, at the curve his lips were taking, and at consciousness of the pitiableness of her device.

"Morton," she said, her hands opening into her lap into pads of great pink helplessness, "you wouldn't tell her—on me! You're not that low?"

"Wouldn't tell what?"

He was rattling her and so she fought him with her gaze, trying to fasten and fathom under the flicker of his lids. But there were no eyes there. Only the neutral, tricky tan.

"You see, Morton, she's just sixteen. The age when it's more important than anything else in the world to a young girl that's been reared like her to—to have her life regular! Like all her other little school friends. She's like that, Morton. Sensitive! Couldn't hold her head up. Don't touch her, Morton. For God's sake, don't! Some day, when she's past having to care so terribly—when she's older, you can rake it up if you must torture. I'll tell her then. But for God's sake, Morton, let us live—now!"

"Hattie, you meet me tomorrow (Continued on page 90)



*If you called her a tomboy she'd scowl. If you called her a vampire she'd laugh. If you called her what **FRANK R. ADAMS** calls her in this delightful story, she'd simply be hopping mad. But isn't Mr. Adams pretty correct? He calls her—*

## The Heart Pirate

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

**H**ER father and the Distinguished Guest did not dream that Patty was curled up in the big leather chair over by the library window. She had withdrawn to that retreat much earlier in the evening absolutely overwhelmed by a heated discussion of relativity and other incomprehensible things.

That was always the trouble with distinguished guests. You had to ask them questions about the most involved topics of the day and then sit back and pretend to listen. In this particular case Patty had not even troubled herself to meet the D. G. when he arrived after dinner. He was going to stay the week-end anyhow. She was young enough so that she could admit that she was bored and run away to some comfortable place where she could sulk because she had been made to stay at home from a University Informal and listen to this authority on psychoanalysis who probably didn't know a toddle from a troglodyte.

Patty had intended to reappear in the drawing room before the party broke up, but she must have dozed off, because her father's presence in the library meant that the others had gone to bed and that he was going to share a nightcap with the principal house guest.

They were talking when Patty first realized they were there, had probably had one and maybe two nightcaps already. Anyway the conversation was flowing free. "Hadn't they had enough gab earlier in the evening?" Patty thought crossly.

Then suddenly she pricked up her ears underneath her Egyptian-looking bobbed hair. (She had cultivated the Cleopatra resemblance the season previous and it had not entirely worn off

yet.) For the Distinguished Guest had just made a peculiar remark—peculiar at least for a distinguished guest.

"It's partly the fault of this false tomboy attitude the young women of today are adopting. I'm surprised that there aren't more cases of murder, robbery and assault."

Her father laughed tolerantly. "Here we are upon the principal topic of man's conversation—woman. I didn't know that you high-brows ever stooped to recognize the existence of so insignificant a microbe as the female of the species."

It was a surprise to Patty, too—a shock even. She knew that boys of her own age, about eighteen, and somewhat older, usually talked about girls in their private clinics, but she never dreamed that any man over, say, twenty-five ever indulged in anything so frivolous. But apparently even aged persons like her father and distinguished guests still had a lively interest in primitive problems. This was good hearing and Patty got more conceited than ever right away. Apparently she belonged to an important sex. Her egotism would doubtless have been unbounded if she could have listened in on the whispered confidences of gray-bearded septuagenarians.

"You're wrong about the tomboy thing," her father was saying. "There's nothing which preserves a comradely relationship between our boys and girls so well as their frank intermingling on terms of equality in work and play."

The Distinguished Guest laughed harshly. "Just which 'Mother's Page' do you read and memorize, Tom? Or are you the editor of one of them? According to your reputation as a fusser at college which lasted through my time, eight years later,



you didn't always have such lofty ideas of the companionship between young men and young women. You're as wrong as it's possible for a blind and forgetful husband and parent to be. If you were back in college now with the girls acting the way they do you'd be in jail before the end of the first semester. Humph! Comradely relationship? My eye! Can you make a comrade and playmate out of a man-killing tiger? All that this so called brotherly and sisterly relationship does is to let the men stumble unsuspectingly into easy range so that even the inexpert marks-woman can bag her prey without taking the trouble to aim."

Patty's father was laughing frankly now. "Go to it, Teddy. I'd rather hear you talk on this subject than on 'Relativity.'"

"It's a more vital subject. I'd rather talk on it. So would Einstein."

"You see I have a daughter myself. She's somewhere near the age you're talking about, so I know whereof I speak. Now my girl, for instance, hasn't a thought of guile in her darling little baby head."

Unexpected tears sprang to Patricia's eyes. Wasn't he a dear old daddy? It was nice to have some one appreciate how noble you were—even if he might be wrong.

"I don't say that they are all deliberate teasers," the Distinguished Guest argued. "A great deal of the machinery of the trap is operated instinctively, I suppose. Take the way they dress, for instance. Your daughter, judging from your description, probably wears corsets, hook-on garters and skirts trailing on the ground. But not most of 'em. They roll their stockings down until the tops of them always flash whitely into view when they cross their knees under their sensibly short skirts and when you put your arm around one of 'em to dance with her you realize how very tenuous are the strands of the silk-worm's cocoon which was unravelled to construct the, perhaps, two garments she is wearing. Don't tell me that is all done simply for more healthful freedom of movement and a tendency to eliminate mystery from the relationship of the sexes."

"The thing which you've overlooked," said Mr. Collins, Patricia's father's dignified name, "is that these girls you are discussing are mere babes."

"Mere babes, perhaps, but when nine out of ten of them have figures that would make Venus de Milo yell for a diet and start doing a course of reducing exercises, you don't have time to think of that. I don't believe I'm abnormal, perhaps I am, but just since this afternoon I have come to the conclusion that if you want to put down crime you've got to suppress more than just alcohol—you've got to suppress the modern flapper. They're so damnably desirable that I don't much blame the man who commits robbery and even assault to attain one of them. I don't think they are as sweet as were the girls of our generation, Tom, and I'm darn sure they'll make impossible wives and mothers, but what man ever really loved a woman for anything besides beauty and degree of sex charm? Let's go to bed."

"Let's not," insisted Patty's father, forcing him back into his seat again and fussing about with another drink. "I want to know what started all this wasteful activity in your highly expensive brain. What happened this afternoon to call your attention to so frivolous a subject? That's what I want to know."

So did Patty. For once she and her father were interested in the same subject. This was a lot more fascinating than a movie, and almost as much fun as sitting out a dance with a sophomore and finding out what was his method of getting a girl up to the



kissing point. Patty wished she dared peep over the back of the chair and take another look at the Distinguished Guest. She hadn't paid much attention to his appearance downstairs, couldn't even remember whether he had whiskers or not. Probably, although the nickname, Teddy, rather argued against that idea. The nickname, though, was probably just a survival from college days and heaven alone knew what disasters might have happened since graduation.

"It wasn't anything at all really," Teddy was saying, "but it gave me what is scientifically called a criminal impulse and it set me to wondering if some of the men in our jails are any worse than we are."

"Facts, old top—details, not theories," Mr. Collins pressed.

"The facts themselves are so silly, so trivial, that I'm sure you'll laugh when I recount them. However, as a scientist, I cannot flatly refuse to state the premises upon which I base my conclusions."

"As you know I was entertained at the home of Terry Barnes the fore part of this week. Terry is a good sort, but his wife is a restless shred of femininity and they try to do too much. She, in particular, demands that a guest be amused twenty-five hours per day. That's one reason I'm glad to be here. I trust I know you well enough to be decently dull. At any rate, I got my fill of going about with the Barneses. They must entirely wear out several motor cars per year."



She swung her riding whip twice, once to each cheek.  
"You beast!" she gasped.

"Yesterday afternoon I was whisked to the golf course to watch a match between two local champions. I don't play golf and I can imagine nothing sillier than watching others do it, even if one understood the game. So you can imagine how prepared for boredom I was.

"Well, I came away from the match just as ignorant of golf as I always have been, but I had the thrill of my life. One of the contestants, the winner, I believe, was a young woman, a mere schoolgirl—although I had always understood heretofore that the game was at the mercy of the old men—and I have never seen such a frank exposition of superb feminine grace and loveliness.

"Some one had told her that golf originated in Scotland—that's the only way I can account for the length of her skirt. It was really only a kilt. Her stockings paused just about as far below the kneecap as the kilt did above. There was absolutely no impediment to free leg action. The rest of her was a smart sleeveless shirt and a red tam o' shanter, the sort of a costume, all in all, that would have been considered slightly daring in one of the old Weber and Fields shows.

"But Weber and Fields never had a girl in their chorus quite so gloriously feminine as this creature. As you say she was only a child, seventeen or eighteen perhaps, but every movement she made—and I watched them all, from tee off to tea up—was one of the most convincing advertisements for the sex that Eve first introduced as a by-product that I have ever read. The man,

who, upon seeing her, did not want her for his own, is using embalming fluid instead of blood in his veins, that's all I can say. At tea, after the match, I sat closer to her than I am to you—at different tables though—and once when she was leaving with quite a crowd of others she accidentally brushed my arm with her knee. For that moment every damn thing in the world went black before my eyes and I had a feeling of terrible nausea. I don't know yet how I managed to keep my seat instead of getting up and knocking down everyone around her in order to throw her across my shoulder and run away to the woods with my prey."

The voice of the Distinguished Guest had risen a little as he pictured the scene. There was a clang of savage metal in his tones. Now he spoke again colorlessly. "God, how ashamed I was ten seconds later. But it made me think and ask myself a question: 'If I, who am thirty-six and a sober controlled thinker, react to her like that what must be her effect on the male tadpole somewhere near her own age who has not yet acquired inhibitions that prevent him from carrying out the sort of lawless impulse that I certainly felt? And what about the immigrant foreigner of fiery-blooded ancestry who sees our girls traveling about like that? And the American negro? What sort of hell are the women of today brewing?'"

"There, I've talked an hour on a subject I know nothing about. Tell me, Tom, am I an old, evil-minded beast, or what is the matter with me?"



There was more kindness than amusement in Patty's father's voice as he considered: "My diagnosis is, Teddy, that you've met up with the live wire that has short-circuited your dynamo for life. I don't believe you're going to be any use as a scientist again until you hunt up this piece of dry goods which you thought was so marvelous and prove to your own satisfaction that she is only an ordinary two-legged creature very much like yourself, except probably more forgiving and more tolerant."

"Oh, it isn't my problem!" Teddy affirmed positively. "I've put it behind me already. I spoke merely generically and strictly in my more or less professorial character. My life is past the stage where it is in danger of being diverted into romantic channels. Of course I shall never see that girl again."

Which goes to show how wrong a man can be.

## II

STILL, Patty, before going to bed (when she had finally escaped from the library), carefully hid a short plaid skirt and a red tam o' shanter underneath a lot of other things in her dresser drawer. There was no use wearing any badges of identification—at least not until she had made up her mind what to do for revenge. Patty felt somehow that upon her had fallen the burden of defending her sex from one of its cleverest enemies. She held an advantage over him which probably no woman would ever have again—she knew where his armor was weak and it was her duty to thrust home without mercy. Because the man was a beast, his very thoughts were a smirch upon white womanhood.

She examined herself before a mirror before she undressed. Was there anything about her appearance to warrant what he had said? To her questioning eyes the lips, cerise lips, in the mirror said, "No."

Perhaps a man would have replied differently. So also would another woman who saw her looming over her own horizon. For Patty vibrated so buoyantly with life and the cruel, relentless allure of unconscious sex that even a gray mouse gown such as she wore, quite high-necked and everything, failed to protect the impressionable observer. She was very lovely and very sweet but also—very dangerous. Patty, quite without knowing it, was a clipper ship privateer, a heart pirate, and, like all buccaneers, was destined to fight a lone fight until she was sunk, destroyed or sailed into port by a prize crew.

But no one had ever told Patty that—she would probably have been intensely flattered if some one had—so, upon examination and cross-examination of the witness in the looking-glass, she returned a verdict in favor of herself, and further added that, in the opinion of the court, men were hateful, disgusting swine and deserved all that they were going to get, especially one of them. She didn't know what the penalty was going to be, but before his three day visit was over she would think up something that would be appropriate to his crime and she would see that it was delivered to him in the original package. The brute!

Patty dreamed, that night, of being kissed by a satyr, with long, gray whiskers, who smelled slightly like a cave and who threatened her into complaisance with a golf club.

## III

THE Collins' household was an old-fashioned one in which everyone got up for breakfast. This was ordinarily a source of considerable annoyance to Patty, but on this particular morning she did not mind a bit. She had been out of bed for quite a while anyway when the breakfast bell rang. It had been necessary to hunt up an old elastic girdle which was the nearest thing to a corset Patty had ever possessed. It took time, also, to make the stockings look right hitched up high that way. Dressed that far she had to examine herself critically for some time in the mirror. The effect was a little old-fashioned but good. Patty rather liked her maligned knees in silk. It was hard to find a skirt that was any longer than her current wardrobe. Patty had been lengthening out recently herself, so the crop of several seasons back was even shorter than yesterday's kilt. But she chose one that was modestly full and dark in color, and also selected carefully a severe looking shirtwaist—with sleeves.

The disguise wasn't worth a darn though. The minute the D. G. saw her—everyone was sitting at the table when she arrived—he dropped his teaspoon into his coffee with a terrible rattle and splash as he rose and his lips framed the word "You!" even though he didn't say it.

Well, the war was on a little sooner than she had expected, that was all. She couldn't look the enemy over any longer from inside his own lines. The defenses were all up and from now on she'd

have to guess what was going on behind that contradictory face of his.

It wasn't the kind of a face she had expected—nay, feared. There wasn't a whisker on it—it would have been pretty dreadful to teach a lesson to a man with whiskers. The contradiction in his face lay between his mouth and his eyes, the former being quite capable of saying horrid things as if it meant them, but the latter never—they were too brown and gentle like a big dog's. But that mouth, ugh—a fierce determined line with a fine, coordinating jaw underneath it—perhaps it would have been better had he worn whiskers. No professor or scientist had any need for that kind of a jaw. It should have been in some place where it was liable to be hit, say attached to an ambitious heavy-weight aspiring to the world championship.

The rest of the Distinguished Guest was conventional and not impossibly old. The age limit on men is extending nowadays since even grandfathers have learned to toddle. He had some gray hair, but there was lots of it and it really made his face look more youthful. He was a tall man and his clothes were too loose. But, at least, he didn't bulge below the belt.

Patty smiled demurely over the introduction. How wonderful to have been behind the scenes in a man's mind before meeting him—to know all about him while he has to guess about you. She'd fix him!

"Who won the finals in the golf tournament yesterday?" Mr. Collins asked innocently after "Good mornings" were over.

"Patty did," Mrs. Collins replied after a pause. "Child, what are you blushing for?"

The D. G. was blushing, too, and he offered cryptically to Mr. Collins, "I didn't know she was *your* daughter, Tom," which didn't mean anything to anyone but the person to whom it was addressed—and to Patty. She, being a fair amateur actress, managed to choke on a piece of melon.

Well, it's nice to have somebody in your power, Patty mused after breakfast, even if you don't know exactly what to do with him. It was nice, also, to have your father regard you with curiosity as if you had suddenly become a stranger whom he did not understand in the least. All in all it was, so far, an entirely satisfactory adventure to a member of the sex which gets its greatest pleasure from disturbing the peace of mind of the other gender. Patty felt that she was growing up.

What next?

The D. G. showed a tendency to answer the question by running away right after breakfast. As can be easily imagined, this did not in the least match up with the plans of Patty's campaign of vengeance.

Therefore, when he suddenly remembered that he had promised to speak informally to the members of Mrs. Barnes's woman's club that morning, Patty sweetly, but maliciously, offered to drive him to the club rooms.

The D. G. sighed. You could just imagine him saying, "Oh, hell!" inside of himself. Of course he had not in the least intended to go near that meeting.

But Patty delivered him dutifully into the hands of the surprised club ladies and herself sat in the front row while he talked. It was interesting to know that while his tongue was rattling on about "fourth dimensions," "cube of a cube," etc., he was really remembering that her lips were quite red naturally and that she was neither bow-legged nor knock-kneed. Just to make sure that that was what he was thinking she crossed her knees right in the middle of a long sentence, and was intensely gratified when he stumbled and split an infinitive all to bits while a puzzled look came into his eye. Apparently he had noticed the long stockings and was wondering why. Perhaps he was disappointed. Patty hoped so.

After the talk she deftly rescued him from all manner of pouncing matrons and drove him home the long, wrong way which would make them late for lunch. But Patty did not care. If you're going to punish a man you've got to handcuff him and chain him up first, haven't you? Her mother couldn't be angry at her, not so long as she was entertaining the D. G.

So she stopped the car in a lonely spot to admire the view. "Isn't it lovely?" she asked, leaning toward him ever so slightly.

"I agree with you." His reply was academically stiff. You could tell that he had not noticed whether he was looking at the mountains or the sea.

Darn such a man. If she didn't know what she knew she would say he was a wooden prig. Did all men wear such deceitful masks as this one?

Patty had to do something to smoke him out—to make him come into the open. She couldn't punish him simply for what





"Sometimes," said Patty's companion, "sometimes you seem absolutely the baddest girl I've ever met."

she had overheard—he must show his true colors by some overt act. Then, heaven help him!

"I agree with you," she mimicked, mockingly. "You're just as enthusiastic as a salt mackerel. Does it chill all the life out of a person to become an eminent authority on something or other?"

"No, indeed," he denied rather helplessly. "I'm as enthusiastic as anything inside."

"Um," doubted Patty. "In my opinion you've got one of those artificial refrigerating machines in the place where your heart ought to be."

She put her soft warm palm over his big bony knuckles. "See

even your hands are cold!" And they were, too—like ice, and the muscles of them were tense.

Patty smiled. The brew was working. A few more raisins—!

The patient was doing as well as could be expected. She took him home to eat luncheon while she thought up the next course of sprouts.

Surf bathing! That was it. Fortunately there was an ocean near by and Patty knew what she looked like in the maroon, one-piece scandal which hampered her movements a little when she was in the water.

The D. G. did not appear at his best in a bathing suit but he went because she got everyone else to promise and rather coerced him into it.

In the water she pretended to drown and he dutifully rescued her, even if everyone laughed when he bore her dripping to the beach. Patty was the best swimmer this side of Hawaii and you couldn't sink her with a torpedo. Still she was very distracting as an Ophelia albeit a trifle too rosy of flesh and too tanned as to face and arms. And she weighed more than you'd think, just the right burden for the arms of a strong man.

The D. G. put her down without comment near her mother and strode back into the surf. Patty had a settled conviction that he was not fooled in the least. Still his heart, when she had had her ear against it, had seemed to be beating pretty fast. He couldn't have been entirely insensible to her femininity even if he was mad.

#### IV

THERE was a dance that night and as a matter of course he had to ask the daughter of his host to bear with his awkwardness for one number. But he wasn't awkward at all. He was an efficiency dancer, made a business of it, so to speak, but he didn't wreck anybody not even his partner. Still you had the impression that he was counting his steps and that if you asked him a question he'd stumble.

For that reason it was useless to flirt with him in the ballroom—he didn't know that you were doing it. So Patty sat out a dance with him on the lawn and he proved to be a lot of fun. But he never once slipped his guard and dropped into the semi-sentimental or moody, passionate vein. Patty wondered if some one had warned him about her. Either that or his defense was instinctive.

"Oh, I'm sorry you're so much fun to play with!" declared Patty when they finally went in having stayed out two more dances than they had intended.

"Why sorry?"

"Because it's out of character," she returned without explaining. "I like my heroes and my villains straight—no qualifications."

"I don't know what you are casting me for, but I assure you I am composed of about the same sort of material as most everybody else, in about the same proportions. For instance—yourself—you wouldn't say that you were all—bad—would you? And yet sometimes you seem absolutely the baddest girl I ever met."

"Do you like bad girls?" Patty, standing safely in the light from the door, dared defy him.

"I don't know but since I've seen you I have several times been tempted to find out."

Which, as Patty decided afterward, might mean any one of several things. Anyway it was a sort of a silly speech for a man as old as he was.

#### V

PATTY rather despaired of her plot to show up the D. G. in his true dreadful colors. He seemed to be remarkably successful at keeping his actual character in leash.

There was only Sunday left to work in—he was leaving Monday morning. Sunday, some way, is not propitious for plotters, everyone is either too religious or too lazy. The best Patty could think up was a horseback ride and she feared that might be a trifle strenuous for a man who was more accustomed to a padded library chair than a saddle. You can't expect to divide the attention of a person who has been spanked to a plum color.

Still, riding togs was one costume she hadn't tried out on him and she imagined she looked rather well in the white breeches, black boots and black silk shirt which she wore. So she lured him out on the bridle path regardless of whether he liked it or not.

But her doubts about his horsemanship were groundless. He trotted as if he were glued to his mount.

"I was in the cavalry," he explained briefly. "No fighting, but I learned a bit about horses."

Patty had to admit that he was right. No pace that she could set him seemed to tire him in the least and he made his mount jump obstacles that everyone had always gone around before.

They were quite a long way from home when Patty, in riding under the branches of some second growth trees, snagged her shirt and tore a big triangle of it loose from her shoulder and down her back.

"I'll have to be pinned together," she decided, "before I can go riding through town. Have you a pin?"

Strangely enough he had. They dismounted to make repairs and she showed him exactly how to do it. There was a long red welt on her white skin under the flapping silk, not a scratch but a red streak.

"Doesn't that hurt?" he asked.

"What?"

"The place where the sharp twig whipped across your shoulder."

"I hadn't noticed. Where is it?" She craned her neck to see her own back.

"Right there." He touched the spot with his finger.

Obviously he had been perfectly innocent in pointing out the welt to her. Just as evidently the actual contact changed everything between them instantly. Patty felt the electrical revolution before there was any physical manifestation that the atmosphere had suddenly become highly charged. The moment she had been waiting for was coming. If she could keep from frightening away the quarry for a few seconds longer he would be on the trap where she could punish him at her leisure.

The lightning came. He had grasped her in his lean, strong arms and drawn her to him with a muttered "Heaven help me!"

He was standing in back of her and his encircling arm lay accidentally across the tender swelling of her immature young breasts. It was that which decided her between the two overwhelming passions of desire and resentment which struggled notly for possession of her girl heart. That contact filled her with a wave of disgust that beat back the other almost overpowering one that was driving her on to the rocks. In time it made her remember the things he had said, his satyr-like appearance with the mask off, and reminded her of her determination to punish him for the eternal glorification of her sex.

He was saying, "You've been teasing me ever since I saw you and now—!"

The sentence was never finished. His lips were approaching hers when she twisted in his arms and, in spite of his strength, pushed away from him.

"You beast!" she spat at him. "You cur!"

Her white leather riding crop was dangling from her wrist. She swung it twice, once on each cheek.

The angry red slashes leaped into vivid crimson as he stood there slowly trying to comprehend.

"Why," he stammered, "wasn't that what you expected me to do?"

She raised the crop again. But she held it aloft and when she struck directed the blow, not at him, but at his horse which was standing near by.

When it bolted her own mare started to rear too but she flung herself into the saddle and calmed her down to a steady gallop toward home. She didn't even look back, all she wanted was to be safe within the walls of her father's house, safe not so much from physical danger as from an incomprehensible flood of primitive passions that seemed to be rioting about the world outside.

Patty had never felt a big emotion of any kind before and she was running from it as if it were a headless horseman.

#### VI

HER father was home—in the library entirely surrounded by Sunday papers. Patty flung herself upon him like a furious avalanche.

"Hold me tight, daddy, I'm having a bad dream," she sobbed.

"There, there, Pat, what's the trouble? Hurt yourself?" He had noticed the shoulder.

"No," she repudiated, "but I've just found out there aren't any nice men in all the world—except you."

He demanded an explanation and got it between sobs.

"Isn't he an unspeakable beast?" she demanded.

"Dear heart," her father replied, "I don't know. I think he got into a current that was stronger than he was, that's all. God, or nature, or something that we (Continued on page 127)

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**R**OSILAND FULLER is an English girl whose beauty shines in "The Greenwich Village Follies."





**E**THEL CLAYTON'S exquisite titian-hued hair and large, expressive blue eyes endear her to Paramount picture fans the world over



**LOUISE GROODY** lends vivacity and charm to "Good Morning Dearie."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL SPENCER



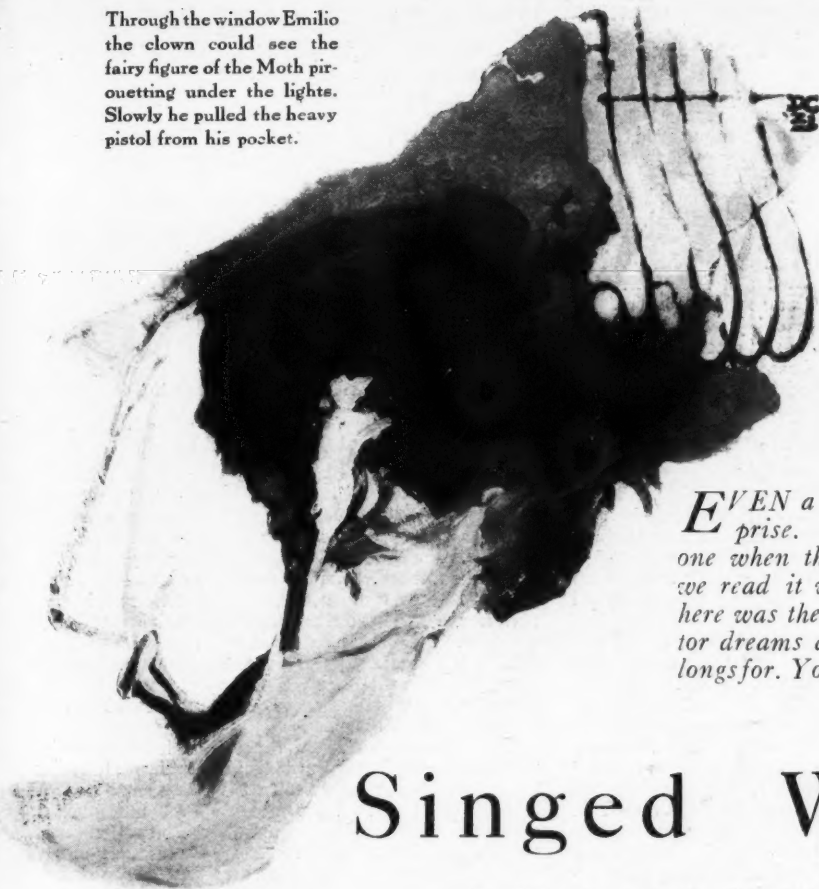


**G**YPSY O'BRIEN, a favorite on stage and screen, plays an important part in the new Cosmopolitan Production, "The Young Diana."

REPRODUCED BY HANFORD STUBBS



Through the window Emilio the clown could see the fairy figure of the Moth pirouetting under the lights. Slowly he pulled the heavy pistol from his pocket.



*EVEN a magazine can get a surprise. COSMOPOLITAN got one when this story came in. As we read it we began to realize that here was the kind of story every editor dreams about—and every reader longs for. You'll see why, as you read—*

## Singed Wings

by KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

IF anyone had asked John Peter Rodney, at the age of twenty-four, if he believed in reincarnation, he would have laughed; if anyone had asked him if he were a mystic, he would have stared. And yet, through the young man's brown, keen face and hawk eyes there looked out sometimes the soul of his Spanish grandmother, Christina della Guerda.

The first John Peter had come to California from New England, and while others dug for gold he had staked out a timber claim and had laid the fortunes of his house. His son, born of Christina della Guerda, had been named Blas, and having been educated, as the sons of the newly rich usually are, in the art of being a good for nothing, had dutifully become one and now enjoyed the hard-earned fortune and whatever flesh pots San Francisco had to offer him.

They say there are flesh pots in San Francisco. Blas knew. He had a sad wife and no children. John Peter the second was his nephew, the orphan of a married sister.

John Peter could not be persuaded to interest himself in flesh pots. He was born a lover of timber. He had run away from school to the lumber camp and learned his business from the roots up. He could swing an ax in hands as hard as stone. He wore spiked boots, woolen socks an inch thick, a flannel shirt and, for the most part, no hat at all, which was good for his thatch of red-brown hair. His uncle kept him pretty tight; in fact John Peter lived on a lumberjack's pay.

But though John Peter worshipped the god of work and cared little for the flesh pots of 'Frisco, he had his goddesses, and there were times when his Spanish blood took him by the throat. At such a time, one spring day, he went to his boss and drew his pay, claiming a promised leave of absence.

"There ain't time to catch the 'Frisco train, Peter," said his boss, watching the young man's eager eyes half enviously.

"You bet there is—if I don't change," laughed Peter.

And so it happened that a breathless lumberjack in hobnailed

boots and flannel shirt scrambled aboard the express that evening, swinging a suit case and visibly exulting. In San Francisco a taxicab hid his inappropriate get-up until he reached his uncle's door. There, having been suspiciously admitted by a new Chinaman, John Peter removed his boots out of respect for the polished floor and went, soft-socked, across the wide, richly rugged spaces to the immense staircase. John Peter took the steps four at a time, hoping to get himself dressed before dinner.

At the bottom of the second flight Peter stopped, the holiday blood choked back into his heart. Under the light, gripping the balustrade of the stair well in both hands, stood John Peter's aunt.

She wore a black velvet dinner gown, cut very low; her ink-black hair was piled up to a Spanish comb. Her face was glittering white, the upper lip drawn back. She looked as though a convulsion of pain was distorting her very heart. John Peter, after a freezing instant, sprang to her side.

"Eve!" She had always been a young aunt, not more than ten years his senior; she had been married to Blas when John Peter was fourteen. "Are you ill? Don't look like that!"

She jumped away from him, then swayed back and for a moment clenched her hands on his arm and bent her face against his shoulder. After this, she steadied herself and looked up.

"Did I look so—dreadful—as all that? When did you come? Why, you're in camp clothes! Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, I got a holiday and had to make a run for my train. Where's Uncle Blas? Have you been ill, dear?"

He saw now, however, that she was not ill. Her emotion had subsided and she looked quite her usual listless, tragic self. She was a pale woman; her eyes were of a clouded gray. Her body alone had kept its beauty—slender and round and very youthful in the black velvet gown.

"I'm sorry you saw me," she murmured. "It was a pretty horrid beginning for a holiday. I was—angry." She clenched her hands and turned aside. John Peter managed to laugh.

"Good Lord! Never be angry with me like that, Evey, will you? Let me tub and change so's I won't catch it for being late."

What hit you? Don't you like your new Chink? I thought he was more human than usual."

"It doesn't matter—your being late," Eve answered obliquely and with listlessness. "Blas has gone out. I'll wait for you."

She drooped gracefully down along the stairs out of his sight, he standing to watch her. He knew the story of her unhappiness, knew how his uncle, greedy of youth and beauty and joy, had drunk hers down in a draft and left her empty. But that was such an old story and she had always been resigned. What had happened to move her like this?

When he came down, a very sleek and clean John Peter in evening clothes, he found Eve animated and faintly flushed. She had had her first cocktail and took a second with him.

"I'm glad you came, Peter! Nice old John Peter!" She leaned over towards the end of the meal and placed her hand on his. "Let's have some fun, shall we? I need pretty badly to have a good time—that's all that's wrong with me. Tell me, Peter, am I so old and ugly that I am—absurd?"

John Peter flushed a generous scarlet.

"By God!" he said hotly, "I'd like to hear anyone but you say that! You'd be funny, Eve, if you didn't make me feel—well—like crying. When a beautiful thing like you talks about being ugly and absurd, it makes me want to hit some one."

Eve's reddened lips twisted. "Some one isn't here tonight, Peter. I can't bear being laughed at. That's like a whip to me. Blas laughed!" She quivered down into her chair and put up her hands for an instant as if she were remembering an actual blow. Then she got up quickly.

"Let's go out. I've got something to show you. If you hadn't come, I might have gone alone and that, if you like, would have been bad form and, perhaps, dangerous. Don't look at me like that, my dear boy. You think I've had too many cocktails, but the truth is you've never met me before. By the time you met me—I was dead. Now, I think I've come alive again. We'll show Blas something, shall we—you and I?"

John Peter kept his head, which was a remarkably clear and steady head for a youngster. It was, to say the least, a difficult situation for him. He had on his hands a woman evidently very nearly beside herself, worn to the breaking point, dangerous. And she was his uncle's wife. He felt a little shiver, remembering Eve's face above the empty stair well.

"Certainly I'll go out with you, Eve. Where do you want to take me?"

"That's not for you to know. You are going to obey orders, not give them. Call Stoell on the garage telephone and order my little car."

John Peter gave the order and finished his cigarette. There was something rather ugly ahead and he might need more judgment than he could well command. He might need other things besides judgment. Up in his room, while Eve changed her clothes, he got into a street suit—Eve had suggested the change—and pocketed a revolver.

"I don't want to be conspicuous," she had said, which puzzled him, for in his experience of Eve's associates it would be the absence rather than the presence of evening dress that would have made for conspicuousness. When, coming down, he found her in an almost shabby dark suit, with a nondescript small hat, round which she had draped a smothering veil, he became definitely alarmed.

"Look here, Eve, tell me what you're up to, please!"

She turned upon him a face of contempt. "If you're afraid," she said, "don't come!"

That was lash enough to four-and-twenty. John Peter started the car in silence and drove it in silence down the graded concrete roadway which led from the higher residence district to the glittering centers of traffic and amusement. After the stillness and the roughness of the camp, six months of it, he felt his blood stirred with excitement. There was adventure ahead, and adventure was welcome in any guise.

"Where do I go now?" he asked, trying to be grim.

"We'll have to ask, I'm not sure. Get down toward the harbor. A policeman can tell you probably. I want the Café Rosa d'Espagnol. It's a queer little hole, good Spanish music, strings—and a dancer." On this word Eve's voice failed and John Peter understood.

"Don't go there, Eve!"

"Oh," she murmured, "I've been there before! It's respectable enough, though rough and plain and bare—white-washed walls and very colorful people. I was there with Blas—" she said in the breathless voice, "the first time."

"You mean, when Blas—?"

"I mean, when Blas—exactly. We were on some absurd slumming party. I want to see the girl again."

"I can't take you. I won't." He turned the wheel.

He knew then that the woman beside him was really dangerous. She sprang up, thrusting her body between him and the wheel, struggling to get his hands away.

"Eve, you'll wreck us. Let go. I'll take you. Sit still, for the love of heaven. Do you want to have us arrested?"

She sat down at once and, after a minute, beckoned to a policeman. He gave her a civil answer to her question, a street and a number, but his eyes betrayed curiosity and John Peter's face flushed. He had remembered a low, lighted doorway in a basement, a narrow, tarry street. "That's down on the waterfront. I know the place very well, though I've never been inside it. I've hired a boat from a fellow down in that quarter. Eve, won't you let me take you home?"

"If I let you take me home tonight, I'll take myself down here another night. Are you really afraid?"

"Only for you. It isn't—well, it isn't the decent thing to do, is it, Eve? I mean—"

"Oh, my dear boy, I know perfectly what you mean!" Eve had at times a devastating frankness. "It isn't what you imagine between the girl and Blas. She's a little Spanish wildcat with a rose in her hair." She laughed at the figure. "She has the virtue of Saint Katharine, the manager told us, and the temper of Curst Kate. Blas told me that. I want to see her again for my own pleasure. I'm interested in dancing and she dances like a flame—no, like a moth. That's one of her costumes. And there's a jewel of a clown tumbler. Except for those two, it's a wretched performance, but those two are extraordinary and the music is excellent. Your Spanish blood will sing."

They left the car at the last respectable garage and footed it through a network of alleys. John Peter with Eve clinging to his arm entered the basement door of the Café Rosa d'Espagnol with a hard-beating heart.

The large, low-ceilinged room with its whitewashed walls, up which the shadows sprawled and danced, was full of smoke and noise. John Peter hastily steered Eve to a small table where she placed herself so that her face was hidden from most of the occupants of the café. In a wandering spotlight a thin girl, painted and less than half dressed, was singing an outrageous song. The faces of Portuguese seamen, of Spanish immigrants, of American sailors, of waifs and strays, the sweepings of a harbor city, brooded upon her.

John Peter's eyes turned desperately to his companion. "Please, Eve, let's get out!"

"I'm going to stay, I tell you," she muttered through her teeth. "Sit down. Don't make a scene. Blas is here."

John Peter sat down abruptly and bent his face over a menu. There was, beyond the smoke and the shoulders of a party of sailors, a table occupied by four men in evening dress. They were not noisy but they were obviously merry with drink. Blas, however, amongst them, was sipping at his glass and looking bored. He was turned sideways in his chair so that John Peter could see part of his face. It was a handsome pale face with high cheek bones and a close, thin-lipped mouth. It was not the face of a sensualist, it had an almost ascetic look; even the soft, heavily lashed eyes were somber and cold. John Peter felt a sudden hatred for him.

"I told you," said Eve, "the music was good. There's the clown!"

There were, in fact, two clowns; a big, stout master clown with a whip, and a tumbler, whom he put through tricks like a dog. The tumbler was a thin and meager creature who leaped and danced and grimaced with a weird unearthly grace. Eve watched him, keeping her face turned from Blas's profile.

"Isn't he wonderful, the thin one?" she asked. She was smiling nervously.

"Horrible. There's something mad about him. He doesn't look human. He's not funny, he's grotesque."

With a final contortion, the clown threw himself backward so that his forehead touched the ground, then leaped his own height into the air, made himself into a living hoop, revolved dizzily, head to heels, from one end of the room to the other and, in a frenzy of motion, spun back and out of sight.

"Look at Blas," Eve whispered. "She's coming next."

Blas was weaving to and fro in his chair like an impatient snake, nudging the man beside him, clapping, calling out, "Bonita!"

The violins struck up a gay and pirouetting air of ballet, there was a little commotion, and out to the spot of light flashed a small dancer in white, with huge, black-spotted wings.

"The Moth! The Moth!" shouted one of the sailors and there was a general clapping and stamping, a pushing forward of chairs, a craning of necks.



As the Moth left the café she was stopped by the saturnine figure of Emilio the clown. "Who was that young man in there?" he demanded.

And the girl danced as though life tossed her in its arms; round and slim and dark, sweet-lipped, teeth like gems for laughter, flame in her veins under a skin like a magnolia petal, smooth and of a rich pure density. The natural blood came and went, hot and carmine in her face. Her eyelashes were long black rays, her brows, inverted black crescents drawn to fine points, and her hair

shot out blue sparks. She might have been sixteen, a child for slenderness.

At sight of her John Peter's heart plunged and hurt. He watched her and a dizziness afflicted him. He lost consciousness of the place, the crowd; he seemed to smell the redwoods, to hear the empty night. He put up his hand to his eyes, and Eve asked:



"What do you think of her? Why do you hide your eyes?"

Blas prevented the answer. He rose from his place, a tall, slim, supple figure, astonishingly young for his forty years of self-indulgence, and lifted his hand.

"Your rose, Bonita! Throw me your rose!"

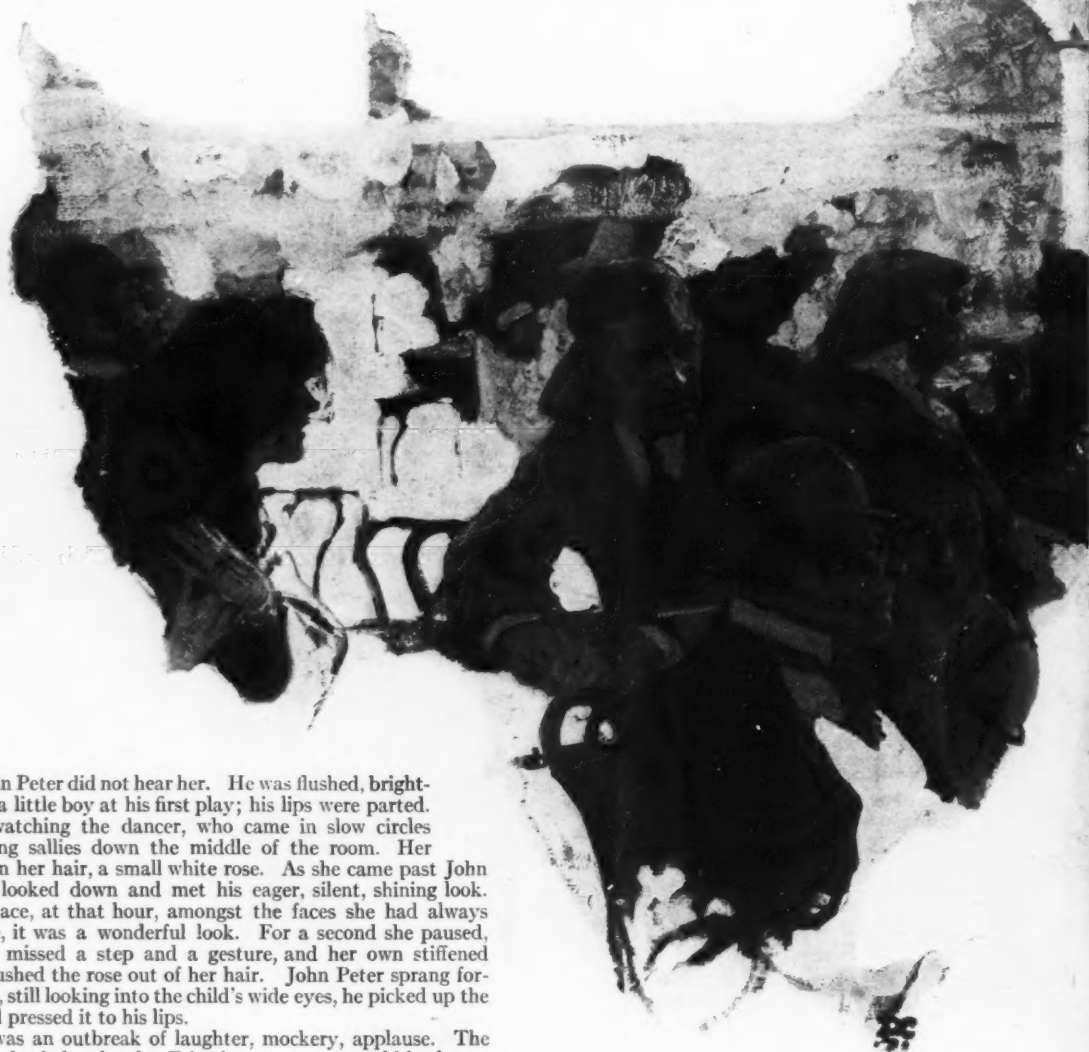
She answered instantly, in a voice like a tumbling golden coin, still dancing, hands on hips, head thrown back, in the manner of a *carmencita* but with an extraordinary air of graceful innocence: "No, *señor*, that is only for the man who earns it. That cannot be bought, my flower!"

And at this, the sailors and the wharf-rats and the women clapped and shouted. These rich fools that condescended to their playground in order to buy their roses! But here was a rose beyond their price!

Eve shrank a little. She had had enough. She felt faint. She put out her hand to John Peter. "Perhaps we'd better go home now," she said.

At three o'clock of a spring morning, the Café Rosa d'Espagnol was possessed by its habitués, nearly all the strangers and the transients and the casual revelers having gone about their sleep or their matinal business. It was then that Bonita danced her best and that Blas Gordon, who liked to drive a slow long bargain in his amours, stepped smiling out into the circle of light and picked up Bonita into his arms. He ran and placed her on his table and, bowing, asked her to dance there for him and for his friends. The loiterers stood up on their chairs to see her better.

"You'd better dance your prettiest, now," whispered Blas into her ear, "for I'm putting you through your paces. I can make you famous, Bonita, and rich. You shall have engagements to dance at



But John Peter did not hear her. He was flushed, bright-eyed like a little boy at his first play; his lips were parted. He was watching the dancer, who came in slow circles and darting sallies down the middle of the room. Her rose was in her hair, a small white rose. As she came past John Peter she looked down and met his eager, silent, shining look. In that place, at that hour, amongst the faces she had always seen there, it was a wonderful look. For a second she paused, gracefully missed a step and a gesture, and her own stiffened fingers brushed the rose out of her hair. John Peter sprang forward, and, still looking into the child's wide eyes, he picked up the flower and pressed it to his lips.

There was an outbreak of laughter, mockery, applause. The girl threw back her head. Friends, strangers, would-be lovers were laughing at her. She had lost the flower, of whose sanctity she had so often boasted, the symbol of her romanticism, of her honest peasant pride. She sprang at Peter like a panther, snatched the rose from him, stamped her foot. A stream of eloquent Spanish burst from her lips. John Peter, dizzy with shame, embarrassment and some other indeterminate emotion, saw, through a mist, Blas's startled, tightened face.

Eve pulled his sleeve. "Come out. Quick!" she said, "Blas has seen you!"

He noticed that she had pulled down her veil, and he felt that she was shaking.

Once safe in the car, she leaned back. "I was a fool, John Peter," she said over and over, excitedly. "I was a fool to take you there." And she kept looking at him out of the corners of her eyes.

the best houses, the gayest parties." He clapped his hands. "Dance, little Moth!"

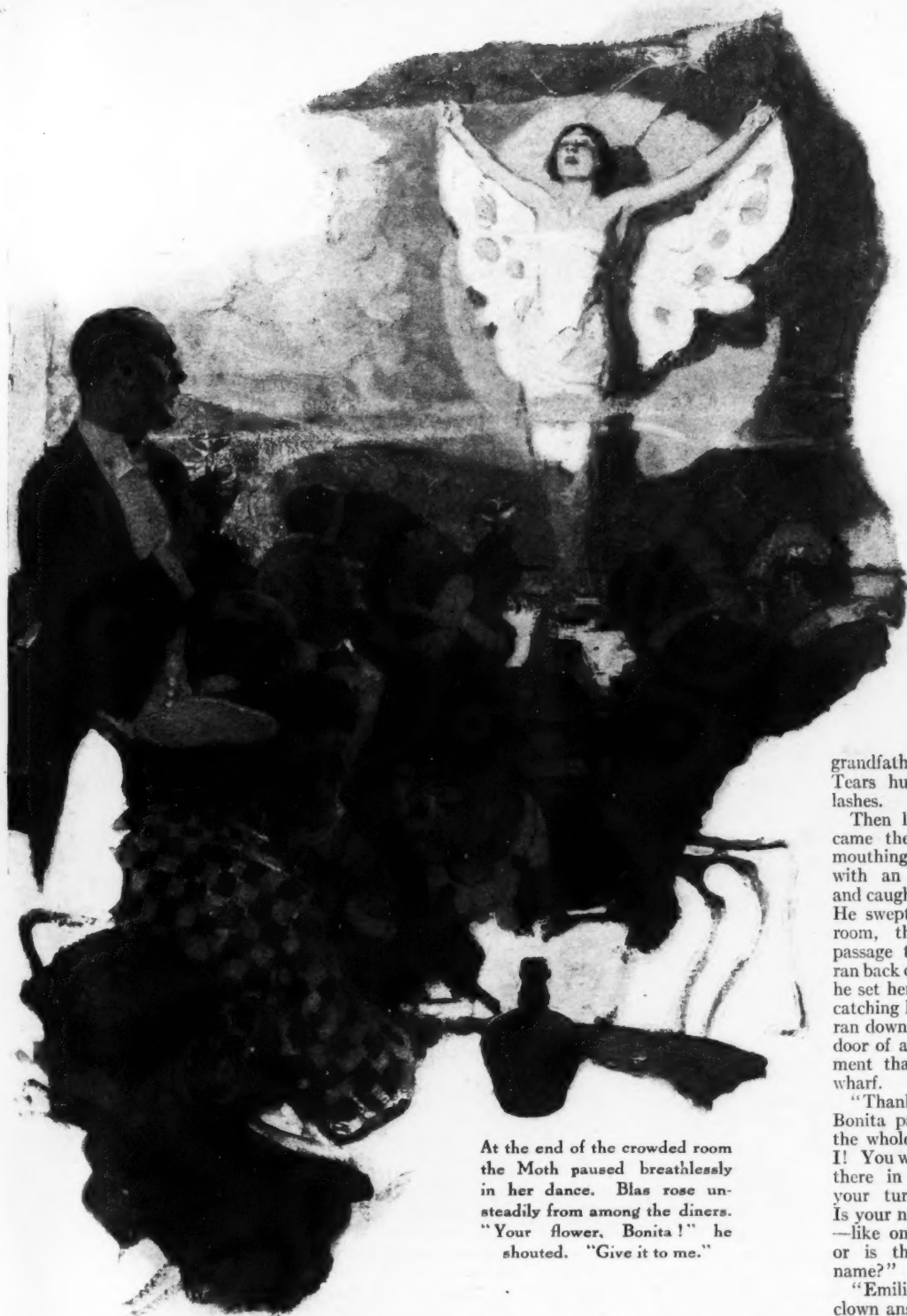
Bonita stood with her slim waist and her slim neck drawn up, held her rose in her teeth and looked down at him and at the three other gentlemen through her pointed eyelashes. Then, her mysterious young eyes on Blas, she began to dance. It was a slow weaving dance, growing faster. Suddenly she stopped. Her face changed from the face of a sphinx to the face of a tired and angry child.

"I want to go home," she said, "I'm tired."

Blas scowled, his friends protested, there were shouts of "No, no!" from the smoky, turgid room.

"Listen," cried Bonita, lifting her golden young voice, "I have

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At the end of the crowded room the Moth paused breathlessly in her dance. Blas rose unsteadily from among the diners. "Your flower, Bonita!" he shouted. "Give it to me."

grandfather and his soup? Tears hung on her eyelashes.

Then like a wild wind came the clown, leaping, mouthing, forcing his way with an inhuman grace, and caught her in his arms. He swept her out of the room, through a dingy passage to the alley that ran back of the café. There he set her down, when she, catching him by the hand, ran down the street to the door of an old adobe tenement that hung over the wharf.

"Thank you, clown," Bonita panted. "We are the whole show—you and I! You were drinking back there in the room after your turn, weren't you? Is your name really Emilio—like on the programs—or is that your playing name?"

"Emilio, *señorita*," the clown answered one of the questions, and bowed. He

was fantastically thin in his shabby black coat and trousers, a scarecrow in the faint illumination of a dimmed street light at the alley's end. "Emilio and nothing more." He twisted his face into a bitter mask of mockery. "My father did me the discourtesy of remaining absent from the christening."

"Ah," sighed Bonita, pitiful and above all a woman of the world, "that makes a bad start, not to be fathered!" She talked a sort of jargon, English-Spanish, which he seemed to understand. "My father died on the voyage to California. Alas! Grandfather and I are now alone. Come up and meet him. We have rooms here on the second floor. I will give you some broth."

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a grandfather. He is so old that he grows weak and then the fire goes out because it is so hard for him to leave his chair, and he gets cold and cries for me." She put her head on one side and begged prettily. "Please let me go!"

Blas said, standing and leaning toward her, "You're a poor business woman, Bonita," and the room, surging closer, clapped and begged, roughly, boisterously, in selfish, hard voices and tipsy shrill ones, speaking the argot of wharf and alley, of cellar and of deck. Bonita pleaded and stormed, while they laughed and clapped and teased her, poking fun at her grandfather and his needs, suggesting that it was not a grandfather—who cares for a

He stared at her, hollow-eyed; life seemed to die out of his face. Bonita felt a chill but ran past him up the shallow flight of the adobe steps.

"I always sing before I come to the door," she threw back over her shoulder, "because he shouldn't be startled from his sleep, he is so old."

She burst into song, as a bird might wake suddenly and sing at night, a love song, naturally, passionate and tragic, but she threw laughter into it. She thrilled into the room which, with one other, she and Grandfather Jose called home. It was a bare, long, narrow adobe cell and it was lighted by an arched patch of moonlight, falling through a single small high window and lying like a white paper silhouette on the bare floor. There was, besides, a faint small glow of coals from a brazier which Bonita had purchased at some small Latin shop. Above it were stretched two knotted tremulous old hands. The grandfather's big chair was pulled up close to the heat and he bent over it and mumbled.

"Why, my poor ancient baby—all in the dark!" Bonita's voice was as tender as a young mother's. She lighted a candle, for there was neither gas nor electricity in this adobe derelict, smothered away here, with one foot in the water, clinging to the edge of a wharf, damp with water smells and alley smells, a nest for rats. Bonita performed an introduction.

"Emilio, grandpapa. He acts at the café. His turn is just before mine. He was a very good friend to me tonight. And to you, too, grandfather," this reproachfully, for the old man was giving her new acquaintance an unsmiling, merciless scrutiny, "for, if it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be here to bring you your broth."

At this, the pantaloons allowed Emilio a niggard smile and the café artist seated himself on the bench along the wall. He watched Bonita bring the soup. She gave him a bowlful and stood to see him drink it. She was motherly and simple and kind, a Bonita the frequenters of the Café Rosa d'Espagnol might not have recognized, until, over the rim of his bowl, the clown's eyes lighted up foolishly.

"Get home now, Emilio," she said imperiously; "I am tired and the old man here must get to bed. Otherwise he will fall asleep in his chair. Come now—out with you, my friend!"

Emilio set down his bowl and slunk off to the door. She followed him a step into the hall. She held out her hand and he dropped to both his knees and put his bony hands together extravagantly, as though it had been a scene in a pantomime, and prayed:

"Give me your flower, for thanks!"

She shook her head and laughed, teasing him. Then, as though pity for that strange and hollow face moved her irresistibly, she bent her dainty red mouth and put a feather's kiss on his shaven brow.

Up jumped the clown, clapped his hands to his face and fled down the stairs.

Bonita went slowly back into her room. She pulled the rose out of her hair. It was wilted and its curling edges looked soiled.

Bonita pulled it through her small hand and looked at it with dreamy, heavy eyes. Three times that night had her rose been wooed. One would have bought it, he of the white waxy face and somber eyes; one would have begged for it, the clown with hollow cheeks and joined palms; and one had snatched it up and put it to his lips. She had looked deep into that one's eyes: the eyes of a boy in a man's clean-cut face, the eyes of a mystic, the eyes of a Spanish hidalgo, the eyes of a lover. Bonita pressed her rose against her cheek.

### III

ACROSS a luncheon table from which Eve was mercifully absent, Blas looked at his nephew with a cold and flickering eye.

"The adventures of Haroun el Raschid about the city of Bagdad," he said, "usually began and ended with a veiled lady."

John Peter delicately removed the bones from his sand dab and grew slowly red. Blas had an excellent talent for sarcastic mockery.

"But," his uncle continued, "they did not often include the capture and recapture of a rose. Do you understand Spanish, John Peter?"

"Very little—a few words."

"Do you want to know what the little dancer said to you last night?"

"That her rose was no more for highway robbery than it was for sale—perhaps?"

"No—she told you in excellent Spanish slang that you were a fresh kid and would get your face slapped if you weren't careful."

John Peter turned inscrutably and dropped his eyes.

Blas began a dissertation on the lives of Spanish dancers, especially such Spanish dancers as came to earn a livelihood in San Francisco. He spoke of the cold, calculating spirit of the Latin peasant. He asked John Peter what pay he was drawing now and suggested that it was time he earned a raise.

"Well, sir, why don't you put in a good word for me? You've never been guilty of nepotism. You own the timber, don't you?"

"I'm the largest shareholder, certainly. Yes, I could have you made foreman. Would you like that?"

John Peter looked up, startled and deeply flushed.

"Or," his uncle added, smiling, "I could have you fired."

John Peter shrugged, but it cost him an effort.

"I hope you'll give Eve a good time," said Blas casually.

"The poor girl's been moping. She counts on you, John Peter, you've always been her pal. You know how to please her." Blas affected a wistfulness and pulled up a big sigh from somewhere in his chest. He had a store of such sighs when he spoke of his wife.

"I've never seen her look so lovely," said John Peter.

"Eh? Oh, yes, she does! She's been taking dancing lessons and looks fit. Exercise is what a woman of her age needs. Suppling and better circulation. She was a beauty once."

"Well, you were a handsome fellow yourself, in your day, Uncle Blas," said Peter demurely.

His uncle winced and John Peter repressed a smile.

"I take an interest in that child Bonita," Blas said, "she has a real genius, which should not be wasted in a third rate café. I mean to make a career for her. She has a hard road to tread, and her poor little feet are set about with every sort of pitfall. As long as the grandfather lives, Bonita will have an anchor, but afterwards—! You mustn't make trouble for the child, John Peter. You could, you know, easily enough. She's only sixteen and when it comes to Spanish love—you've your grandmother's blood in your grandfather's body—which means passion and the will to acquire."

John Peter rose abruptly, frowning. "The sort of thing you mean is not in my line, Uncle Blas."

Blas looked up at him. He would keep an eye on this boy.

"How about a bridge game at the club this afternoon?" he asked in the friendliest fashion, one man of the world to another.

"No, thanks," answered John Peter with a quaint bow. "I'm going out on the bay this afternoon."

For an instant, the two men standing opposite each other, son and grandson of Christina della Guerda, measured each other thoughtfully with hard, appraising eyes. Then John Peter turned and walked quickly out of the room.

When as a boy he had saved up enough pennies—pennies had been scarce in the life of this millionaire's grandson—he had managed to hire a sail boat from an old crippled Portuguese whom he had fallen in with on one of his youthful wanderings about the city. This boat had eventually become John Peter's property. He left it in the care and in the use of Roderigo.

Today he spent half an hour going over it and chatting to his friend, and then slipped out into the rippling bay where a fresh wind smote him and blew the vapors from his brain. He sat in the stern, his hand on the tiller, and stared out to the horizon, the beckoning horizon of the Pacific which sings of gold and palms.

The adventure of last night had left a heat of discomfort upon the young man's heart. Bonita's rose seemed to lie withered and soiled across his lips. It was not possible that she should be as chaste as Saint Katharine, not when those eyes, bleared and glittering, feasted upon her night after night through the smoke which he still tasted acrid and heavy on his tongue. Besides, hadn't Blas warned him off—and John Peter, hot-faced, knew well enough that Blas Gordon of many adventures was not capable of the sort of paternal interest he had feigned in a beautiful young dancer with the eyes and lips of Bonita and the slim round grace. He would take the warning, John Peter decided, pressing his Yankee lips tight, and he would forget. He would go back to the lumber camp and swing his ax. His holiday was already spoiled. The ugliness of his uncle's life, of Eve's unhappiness, had taken the joy out of his blood.

He sat up abruptly and reefed his sail. An hour later he drove in before a flying breeze and came about beside the wharf. Roderigo did not answer his call so he began to take down his sail. He whistled in a hard, gay fashion.

"Who is whistling my dance—of the Moth?" a voice called, and John Peter, starting violently, flung up his head.

An adobe wall, a low, stained adobe wall overhanging the wharf, not many paces from his landing place; in it was cut a small





"You will have to pay for that kiss, *senor*," Bonita called down from her window.

arched window, and framed by this, there laughed down upon him a wonderful young face. Bonita, with a fresh white rosebud in her hair! The sunlight of late afternoon shone broadly across her eyes and cheeks and mouth and throat, flawless in line and tint. She glowed, her black hair sparkled, her eyes were as soft as a deer's. John Peter pushed forward his boat until it rocked under her, and he stood up and smiled.

"Have you forgiven me," he asked, "for borrowing your rose, for just one kiss?"

She drew up her head quickly on a long round throat. "Oh, it is you! I didn't know you again!" She frowned a little.

"This is strange. Do you often sail from here?"

"I sail from here," John Peter invented slowly, "every afternoon, every evening, at dusk when the stars come out, at sunrise

when little dancers come back to bed. Have you forgiven me?"

"No. You will have to pay for that kiss, *senor*."

"With my heart's blood, if that will win forgiveness, *señorita*. You speak English well."

"No. Very badly."

"I can speak a little Spanish," he said. "I had a Spanish grandmother. Her name was della Guerda."

The girl's face flushed brightly and she opened her eyes. "But—he told me himself—that was the name of Mr. Gordon's mother. Are you—no, it's not possible—his son?"

"I am his nephew," said John Peter unwillingly and saw her face harden and her eyes grow cold.

"Good afternoon, *señor*," she said and withdrew from the window, having bowed her head.

(Continued on page 103)



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

# The Breath of Scandal

## *The story begins:*

**T**HE first real problem of her life is facing pretty Marjorie Hale. Scandal hangs over her head. Her father, an upstanding, clean-cut head of a big business, has gone outside his home for the love he has not found within its walls, and his name has been connected with a Mrs. Sybil Russell, of Clearedge Street. But neither Marjorie nor her mother dreams of this.

The story comes to Gregg Mowbry, an alert, likable young Chicagoan, that Mrs. Russell's divorced husband, a despicable individual, intends to "get" Mr. Hale. Gregg's roommate, Bill Whittaker, is in love with Marjorie, but Gregg dares not tell Bill, for Bill is both serious-minded and puritanical, and the news would stagger him. Yet Gregg must warn Mr. Hale of his danger.

Bill and Gregg go out to Evanston to take Marjorie to a dance. Mr. Hale is leaving that evening "for St. Louis," but Gregg knows he is going to Mrs. Russell, and warns him. Later, at the dance, a telephone call suddenly comes for the girl. A

strange voice tells her that her father has been seriously injured. Mrs. Hale cannot be reached; so Marjorie insists on going with Bill and Gregg to the address given her—which Gregg knows is Mrs. Russell's apartment.

Gregg's mind works fast. Trying to shield Marjorie, he enters the apartment alone, meets Mrs. Russell, a quiet, well-bred woman of genuine charm, and learns the truth—that her former husband has shot Mr. Hale, who is being attended by Dr. Grantham, the Hales' physician. As Marjorie enters the apartment she sees a photograph of her father, and instinctively guesses the truth. Bill is outraged; but Marjorie is merely numbed.

Mr. Hale is rushed to a private hospital and Gregg waits to meet Felix Rinderfeld, a lawyer who specializes in the covering up of scandal. Rinderfeld suggests that the news be quietly circulated that Mr. Hale, facing an acute organic complication, has agreed to undergo a secret operation in order not to worry his wife and business associates. Even Mrs. Hale believes this story. She has never been close to her husband, for her interests are centered in various "movements."



*WHAT happens to a girl when  
her ideals go crashing down?  
What comes to take their place?  
What can a nice girl do—what  
does she do?—when suddenly she  
finds her life scorched by the breath  
of scandal?*

*Illustrations by  
James Montgomery Flagg*

Marjorie with his own hands, resolves to give the man a beating he will never forget. Gregg is almost killed in the fight that ensues, but finally breaks his opponent's nerve and whips him. Gregg knows Russell will never return to Chicago.

Marjorie has received an anonymous letter, which is followed shortly by a call from the suave Stanway, her father's enemy. The girl tells him, to his consternation, that her mother knows everything. Bill is thunderstruck at the lie. They quarrel, and she orders him from the house; and Bill, never dreaming that Gregg is in love with Marjorie too, pours out his woes on his friend's shoulder.

Gregg now arranges a meeting with Mrs. Russell. She has only two things to say—first, that Mr. Hale has never given her a cent of money; that she has always earned her own living and paid her own way; second, that Mr. Hale came to her solely because he loved her, and that she intends to keep him. Gregg cannot help admiring her; for she, too, wishes to protect Marjorie. He drives out to Evanston to see Marjorie that evening, but before he goes into the house, a car, with Rinderfeld in it, slides quietly by and stops just around the corner. Then the Hales' front door opens and a feminine figure appears, looks hastily about, and slips out into the darkness. It is Marjorie.

*The story goes on:*

"MARJORIE!" Gregg called carefully and he stepped from the shadow.

She started back and in the dim light he saw that she was quivering—she who had never known what it was to possess an unsteady nerve. She did not recognize him at once. She seemed slow even to put her mind to the process of recognition, so intent was she in her errand from the house. Then she said, with an audible expiration, "Oh, you're Gregg!"

This was something of relief; but he could not feel that she was glad to see him. He realized that at first she could not think about him personally at all but only in relation to whether he would interfere with her.

"Where're you going?" he asked, advancing.

"Not far. You've come to see me, Gregg?"

"Yes."

"I want to see you—after a while. I want awfully to see you. You've been away doing something for me, Billy said. He hasn't told me what. I've not seen him—just telephoned. We've had trouble, Gregg."

"I know," Gregg said. Still he could not feel that she was really thinking about him; she seemed to be speaking to put him off so that she could proceed about her errand. He seemed to mean nothing to her at the moment he desired her, with his passion born from the night he last saw her following the men who carried her father down the stairs from the flat on Clearedge Street; from his hours alone in his rooms that next morning while he waited for Billy to bring him word of what had happened with her; from his days of watching Bill set out to her; from his waiting in service of her, for Russell, and his bloody, sickening fight with Russell; and from his return to find how Bill had failed her.

61

Gregg stepped away, but he heard Marjorie gasp: "Mr. Rinderfeld, I can't bear it. I just had to see you."

by **EDWIN BALMER**

*Author of "Resurrection Rock"*

Marjorie, terribly upset by the prospect of scandal, goes to Rinderfeld's office where he urges her at all cost to save her father's reputation, in order that he may be elected to the presidency of his corporation. He warns Marjorie that Stanway, her father's ancient enemy in business, has probably had something to do with Russell's suddenly renewed "interest" in his former wife. If Stanway can get Mrs. Hale to drag her husband's name into court, then Mr. Hale's business future becomes a dead thing.

Rinderfeld tells Marjorie that the only way to fight Stanway is to pretend that her mother knows the entire truth. Bill Whittaker, upon being told this by Marjorie, becomes incensed. He believes Marjorie should tell her mother the truth, and that her father should be punished, even to the ruination of his business career. Also, Bill has become jealous of Rinderfeld's influence over Marjorie; and he even communicates this jealousy to Gregg.

But Gregg, in the meantime, has learned that Russell is in Chicago and tracks him to a saloon, where he finds him announcing to his cronies that he is going to blackmail Mr. Hale. Russell is a giant of a man, but Gregg, determined to do something for



Here he had her again beside him, Marjorie! And, as always, she surprised in him a wilder impulse than he had expected to feel, wilder even than he had hoped he might feel. Hers, hers he was; whatever would help her, he would do. He had not known how she had been hurt. Bill, having seen it come upon her day after day, could not have appreciated. "How they've hurt you!" Gregg agonized with himself. "My darling, how they've hurt you!" But his dry lips uttered only the words, "I know."

"Wait for me, please, Gregg," she asked him. "I'll be back in a few minutes. Just wait outside, please; don't go into the house."

She had come out with a sleeved cape over her dress and without a hat. She looked littler than usual in that big, loose cape. She was littler, Gregg thought, the buoyancy gone from her and, in its place, fear! Not fear alone; she had taken on, too, a nobler quality he could not describe, something he had never felt in her before.

"Rinderfeld was just here in his car; he stopped before the house," Gregg said. "You knew that?"

"Yes; I sent for him."

At last Gregg let himself touch her, grasping her arm under the clumsy cape.

"I'll go with you to him. I think he's around the corner."

She looked up at him, but not yet was she thinking about him but of how he could aid her purpose. "Come to the door with me first," she asked. "Speak to mother and tell her we're going out together."

He acceded and went with her into the house. "Mother!" Marjorie called.

Gregg stood just inside the door gazing at her under the hall light which showed him pitilessly the change in this Marjorie from her who, a little time ago, kissed her father fondly here when he started "to St. Louis" and who so gaily and lightly set out between Bill and himself for Lovell's dance. Her face was thinner—no doubt of it—her skin paler.

Her mother came down and how little was she changed. Emerging from her husband's room, she was calm and composed as ever. Over her dress she wore an apron—a perfectly fitted, linen apron with a tiny red cross embroidered in silk, undoubtedly one of the aprons she wore when managing a room full of women rolling bandages during the war. It was the chief sign by which she showed that something had happened; but on sight of Marjorie, she stirred to uneasiness about her daughter and she was almost demonstrative in her greeting of Gregg.

"I'm very glad you came tonight, especially since Billy is not here," she said, giving her cool, formal hand. "Mr. Hale is very much better. He really has been in no danger for several days; but I am beginning to be worried over Marjorie. I've never seen a child feel a parent's illness so. Of course she adores her father and the sudden discovery of his serious condition was a severe shock. But now she should realize his danger is over, and she must go out more among people."

When Gregg said he was taking her for a walk, Mrs. Hale urged him to do it.

Around the corner they found Rinderfeld's car with hood lifted and with Rinderfeld on the curb and leaning over the motor, wrench in hand, as though making an adjustment. He glanced about when they approached but again addressed himself to the motor until they left the walk and crossed the grass strip to him; then he straightened and turned as though they might be strangers stopping curiously or to offer him advice.

"Mowbry?" he questioned in a low voice.

"Yes," said Gregg.

"What has happened?" Rinderfeld immediately questioned Marjorie.

Gregg drew back a step and it was Rinderfeld who detained him. "There's no need of Mowbry going, is there?" he quickly asked Marjorie.

"No," she said, but it was plain to Gregg that she was scarcely thinking about him.

"Stay, please," Rinderfeld requested. "She telephoned me less than an hour ago. Obviously I would not have chosen these circumstances for a conference, but she said it was necessary now. What is it that has happened?" he asked Marjorie again, turning to her.

"Father's home!" she uttered in a whisper.

"Yes; of course," Rinderfeld replied instantly and, it seemed to Gregg, even with deliberate chilliness. "I know that."

"Mr. Rinderfeld, I can't bear it! He's back in his room with mother reading beside him as though nothing had happened—nothing had happened—"

"Stop!" said Rinderfeld with amazing force in his scarcely audible word. "That is all you sent for me for?"

"All?" Marjorie gasped.

"Whenever anything occurs which I may not know, please inform me at once; if necessary, send for me. When what is happening is merely in accordance with my direction," Rinderfeld continued in his cold tone, yet with a flourish, "do me the honor, please, to believe that I have taken into account the contingencies. He, as you say, is again home; but he is still a sick man. One or the other of my nurses is constantly in attendance and will remain until, a week from tomorrow, you and your mother leave Chicago for New York on your way to Europe."

He turned about, with a gesture of the dramatic, and lowered the hood of his car, flung his wrench into the tool box on the running board, and opened the door to his seat.

"I'm not going to Europe next week nor any other time, Mr. Rinderfeld!" Marjorie whispered in protest to him, grasping his sleeve as he started to get into his car.

"No?" he rejoined, freeing himself from her quietly. "You understand that, when I have to object to your suggestions, it is not for regard for my own convenience but your own protection. Good night," he said to her, starting his engine. Then, when he had the car going, "Good night, Mowbry."

Gregg returned the parting word, the first he had spoken—the first, indeed, which he had opportunity to speak—since he acknowledged Rinderfeld's recognition of him. What would have passed between Marjorie and Rinderfeld, if he had not been present, Gregg wondered; what differently would have been said, if he had not surprised Rinderfeld in that off-guard moment before the Hales' home? "Smooth!" Gregg said to himself. "The smoothest proposition I ever saw. He has her coming to him; he's going to keep her coming to him! Europe! He knows she's not going to Europe; but she thinks he wants to send her away; thinks he doesn't want to see her, except when necessary on business. And he's all her affairs right in his hand—well, that was my big idea; I got him for her because I knew he was the smoothest proposition in Chicago."

He looked down at Marjorie who, thus deserted by Rinderfeld, seemed at a loss what to do.

"You want to go home?" Gregg asked her, expressionlessly.

"No."

"You really want to walk?"

"Please!"

He hesitated and then he clasped her arm as they started. "You've no idea what a relief it is to have you come, Gregg," she said, as though just now able to appreciate his arrival. "Being with other people is like—well, suppose you and Billy and I had been to the war a few years ago and come back to people who hadn't heard of it and didn't even know anything had happened. That's what being with other people is like for me these days, Gregg. I can't talk to them about anything which seems real or get anything from them which means a snap of the fingers to me."

Her voice wavered up and down in her difficulty of controlling it and the wretchedness in it struck him weak and ashamed of taking offense for having felt himself ignored by her.

"I'd have come long ago, Marjorie, if I'd had any idea you'd have any use for me."

"Perhaps you couldn't have helped, Gregg. Billy didn't. Oh, he's been perfectly fine to me! He's tried to help me in his best way; but he has the most prodigious principles. And having principles, Gregg, isn't much help in a fix like mine. I suppose, if you have them, you're bound to apply them, yet you can't—more than one thing at a time. They simply won't work with each other."

"I'm glad I haven't any then," Gregg said, attempting to laugh.

She attempted it too, but failed, and as they walked on and he kept his clasp of her, he felt her shivering, though, under her cape, she could not be cold. It was barely cool that night; for since the evening that Billy and Gregg had driven from Chicago on a snow-covered road, spring had established itself. And with darkness, even the brisk April breeze which during the day had blown from the lake, had given way to a warm, limpid wind from the west, smelling of the damp, fresh-ploughed loam of the farmlands and of green budding bush and tree. That damp odor in the air suddenly returned Gregg in feeling to the freight car in which he had fought Russell. Then his thought jumped to Mrs. Russell and he wondered how two women, dwelling not seven miles apart and not seven years separated in years, could take a fact of life as differently as this girl quivering beside him and she who so coolly and steadily had sat opposite him at lunch and asserted her "what I have, I hold."



"Some hair you have, dearie!" said Clara with professional admiration. "And some skin, too!"

"It's queer how you come to like things that happen to you, isn't it, Gregg?" she asked suddenly. "Last week it seemed I would give everything I had to be back where I was before the Lovell's dance. Now I wouldn't be back there, even if I could. I wouldn't be ignorant of what was; would you?"

"Not now," said Gregg, watching her face as they came into the light of a street lamp.

"I never dreamed until I got into this that there could be an affair in which you simply couldn't figure out the right and wrong. But back there at home is my father who's committed what people call the unforgivable sin. And there in his room near mine, Gregg—his room where I used to run in the mornings from my bed when I was a little girl and jump into bed with him—there's my father, the best and finest man I ever knew. And he is a fine man, generous, kind and considerate of everybody and honorable—in every possible respect but one. Oh, I loved him so! And mother cares for him and admires him so much now because he's been a great and useful man in the world and will keep on being so—if I don't disgrace him or let others ruin him."

What a distortion of this girl's wrestle with herself to say that she was not trying to do right, Gregg thought.

"Here we were, Gregg, just about ideally happy, anyone

would say," she went on. "Why, if I'd been a boy, I'd have been sure that the way to make my life a success was to follow in father's footsteps. Being a girl, I supposed my mother's ways were just about right. I hadn't meant to follow her particular tastes, of course. I had my own; but I had meant to become a woman—a wife—in much the way she had. Why she—he—we three seemed to have absolutely everything. And then came that telephone call and it's gone, Gregg; it's all gone, just like that."

"All what?" demanded Gregg.

"Your confidence in the ideals you'd had held before you and which you came to suppose were the biggest and most attractive in life; for another sort of attraction has beaten them. Of course I'd heard about that. I'd read newspapers full of how men, who had everything, ruined themselves for it; but I always believed there was something held back in those stories and something not told about the men. Anyway, I never dreamed it could appeal to a man like my father. I simply couldn't imagine him setting that above everything else; and now that I've seen it with my own eyes, I understand it less than ever. It seems so actually impossible for my father to put that woman we found in that flat above honor and decency and mother—and me and everyone else, Gregg. But he has!"



"No, he hasn't!" Gregg denied so suddenly that his voice was louder than he intended; and he looked about in alarm to see if he had been heard by people passing. Marjorie looked too, and though they gave no sign, she asked in a whisper which was almost a gasp, "How hasn't he?"

Gregg gazed down at her and she, glancing up and seeing his face, cried in a whisper, "You look at me like Mr. Rinderfeld when he said I couldn't know about father because no man has ever told me so much as half the truth about—men!" And Gregg, in that flash, caught the power of Rinderfeld over her. He realized that, while Billy had been trying to lead her back through the break in the barrier about the tree of knowledge, Rinderfeld, finding her within it, had set himself to guide her in the way she was bound to go, with him or without. For return to innocence is, of course, impossible. No longer was she to be satisfied with pretty fictions and child's tales of what lay within the wall. She had seen something of it for herself; and if, when she demanded understanding, her friends merely told her to bind up her eyes and forget, why they simply played her into Rinderfeld's hand.

"The half of the truth about men which you don't know, Marjorie," Gregg said, as they both halted, staring at each other, "isn't what men *do*. Every woman knows what men *do*; the half you don't realize is how little we *think* of it. You've just shown this when you claimed that your father, in doing what he did, put Mrs. Russell above everyone and everything else. You think that, because a woman—most any woman—to do it, would have to take the point of view you've expressed. A man doesn't. Good God, Marjorie, I'm not going to be any use to you putting up a bluff about things! I've seriously considered going in for that sort of thing—whether I have or not. Every man I know either has gone in for it or at least has considered the pros and cons of it. You don't know a girl who ever has even thought about it the same way or who ever could. For it's an overwhelming matter to your sort of girl, make or break to her character; likely enough it's life or death for her. But it's not to a man if he goes in for it; it's not even the biggest thing in his life, if he's much of a man, as your father was. It's just something else in his life along with all the other things in it. That's all Clearedge Street meant to him. And he never set Mrs. Russell in his mind above your mother and you."

"How frightful!" Marjorie breathed. "How much, much more awful!" And she started to walk again, more rapidly and nervously than before. He accompanied her, of course, and not consciously choosing direction but merely following the street they came to the lake near the campus of Northwestern University and proceeded upon the path in the campus and along the edge of the bluff above the water and the little strip of sandy shore.

"The three of us are separated forever, I know—papa and mamma and I," Marjorie suddenly ended the long silence in which she had walked beside Gregg almost as in a dream. "My family, we've come to the end of that. There's no use for anyone



"You told Rinderfeld you weren't going to Europe with your mother," Gregg stated.

to figure how we can keep together. The best anyone can do is help us to go apart and each of us keep something—something of what we used to think of each other and feel back there in that house on—on birthdays, Christmases . . . most every day, Gregg. It seemed so perfect and so happy. It was happy, Gregg! Father was happy! He couldn't have made me so happy without being happy himself. And he didn't lack anything. He couldn't have wanted anything else!"

Gregg clutched her arm and held it tight as he felt her convulse in her effort for self-control. He did not try to answer her. Reply would be surplusage when her father so certainly *had* wanted and gone out to gain something else. She had stopped and he stood with her in the dark of the path and patted her gently as she felt in her coat pocket for a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Gregg," she apologized.

"Don't say a word of that to me!" he forbade her with queer





"What do you intend to do?" Marjorie remained motionless. "I won't tell you," she said.

gruffness in his voice. "You've been wonderful, Marjorie. No one like you ever in the world. Oh, my God, I wish I could do something!"

"No one can, Gregg. What a humpty-dumpty thing honor is; and love and—what holds a family together! It's up there on the wall and you think it solid and safe as the wall; then something tips it; and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't do a thing for you."

She turned and as she gazed to the south down the long, dark stretch of the lake toward Chicago, she was caught by the mighty, yellow night aurora spread across the southern sky over the city. It always is there, of course, but upon certain nights it glows brighter and seems so tremendous that you think it cannot be the mere irradiation of millions of man-kindled lights; it appears too fundamental, too spontaneous and uncompelled. This was such a night and the sight of it struck Marjorie almost with awe for the city which cast this aura.

"One family isn't very much, is it," she said slowly, "when you see that? But we can't help being awfully important to ourselves."

"You're important to everybody," Gregg assented quickly.

"Yes, maybe. Our trouble means another broken family and the family, they say, is the unit of civilization. Break up families and where would anyone be? Where would that be?" She stared at the glow.

Gregg hesitated and then decided to object. "That's mostly smashed families, Marjorie; at least, families which aren't what they used to be. There I go; and whenever anybody else carries on like that, I mention the remark they say Lincoln made; or maybe it was George Washington—or George Cohan. Anyway, it was in answer to the lamentation that 'I'm afraid Bill Brown ain't the man he used to be!' 'No,' said George, 'and I'm afraid he never was.' I guess that if families aren't now what they used to be, the chief trouble is that they never were. We're all working out something there, Marjorie, I guess."

"Something right?"

"Right?" said Gregg, almost impatiently. "What in the devil is right? Cities are all right, Marjorie; they have to be; they're happening everywhere. And the way we're beginning to live in them must be right for we're most of us coming to live that way. But I know a little how you feel; I felt some of it myself that night down at Clearedge Street."

"It seemed to me for a while that everything about there was rotten—married people and all, Marjorie. It seemed to me they were all rotters and quitters and clodgers, any amount lower and less worth while than—people who lived in Evanston or Muskegon and the old-fashioned parts we know. Then I came to."

"To what, Gregg?"

"That they're working out things down there—especially in relations between men and women—on a little better and sounder basis, after all, than in most other places. Don't bother about the bright lights down there, Marjorie; they're all right in general."

"You mean the people down there are right?"

"In general."

"You don't mean Mrs. Russell's right, I hope."

"In more ways than she's wrong. Now wait a minute, Marjorie. You've seen that your father has other qualities besides the one he's weak in. Mrs. Russell's got other qualities, too. She—"

"I want to know nothing about her!"

"You have to know about her," Gregg said quietly. "For you're not through with Mrs. Russell. She's only begun to do things to you which she'll keep on doing to you until you understand her. You said you used to believe the best thing you could do was to become a wife in the way your mother had. That meant you thought your mother was right. Do you think so now?"

Marjorie gasped. "Why, what wrong's she done, Gregg?"

"I didn't say she'd done wrong; but without doing wrong, you can be wrong, Marjorie. And it certainly looks like she's

wrong in at least some of the things in which Mrs. Russell's been right."

"What?"

"Well, for one, Mrs. Russell works. That flat down there, you ought to know, wasn't entirely paid for by your father. Mrs. Russell supported herself."

"Do you mean my mother ought to have worked? Why it would have been so absurd, it was so unnecessary."

"To buy bread for the family, yes; but not for other reasons. You simply can't ignore Mrs. Russell, Marjorie; for she not only took away your father but she has no idea of giving him up. She's going to use everything she has to hold him."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so today in plain English."

"What? You talked with her, about father, today?"

"Yes; we had lunch together."

"What?"

Gregg repeated it; but Marjorie seemed yet unable to believe. "You and she!"

"Yes," said Gregg.

For an instant she stood stark, staring up at him in the dark; then, without a word, she turned from him and started down the path they had walked together. For a few moments, he watched after and then he followed, slowly overtaking her but never coming quite beside her until they reached the walk at the end of the path; then side by side but without a word, they continued to her home.

How he had bungled it, Gregg accused himself in his dismay, as he realized he had spent his chance with her and had failed her—failed, in his way, as abjectly as Billy had failed in his, and by what he had done and said shut himself off from power further to influence her as finally as Billy had.

Reaching the house, Gregg followed Marjorie upon the porch where, at the door, she turned and spoke to him, at last. "Good night, Gregg," she said quietly, without offering her hand.

He was shaking now and his lips trembled so that he had to make an effort to speak. "I'm going in with you," he said and himself turned the knob and opened the door.

When she preceded him into the hall, he witnessed a spasmodic tightening of tension in her which caught him up with more piteous yearning to serve her.

Very gently Gregg took her cape from her; he dropped his own overcoat. "Come in here." He led her into the drawing room which was empty but lighted and at the farther end of which a fire was burning on the hearth. There was a lounge before the fire and Marjorie, taken to it, sat down, but Gregg remained standing.

"You said to Rinderfeld you're not going to Europe with your mother; what do you mean to do?"

She refused him answer; so he demanded, "You'll stay here with your father?"

She looked up at that. "No."

"Why not?"

"I was here with father when he found—Cleardge Street." And she turned from him and from the fire also and stared off.

"Where are you going?" he asked and, still refused answer, repeated it twice. Then he said:

"You can keep from telling me, but you can't keep me from finding out. And you can't prevent whatever you do from affecting my life more than anything else that could happen. Of course you know you own Bill, too. There's lots of girls that are pleasant and good-looking who can do whatever they want without it stirring other people much; but you're not one of them. You're a girl that a man, whoever's had a chance to know you, can never forget. Who will know where you are? Bill?"

"No."

"Your father?"

"No."

"Who? You can't drop entirely out, you know; that is, I don't think you want to be out of reach if—"

"No," she said again and this time interrupting him.

"Who will have your address?"

"Mr. Rinderfeld's office."

That shot a start through Gregg although, in a certain sense, he should have expected it. Yet it confused him so that he almost aggravated his bungling of a few minutes ago by speaking of Rinderfeld; but he saved himself from that.

"Thank you," he said; then, "Good night." And he departed.

## XII

MARJORIE set out for Cleardge Street before nine the next morning and, determined to make this expedition wholly as a

free agent, she left home on foot and took the elevated train cityward from Evanston. For five or six miles she gazed from the car window down upon pleasant, rectangular backyards with fresh, green grass and occasional spots of yellow crocus and with budding lilac and bridal wreath bushes set against the rear and sides of seven and eight and nine room houses of brick and frame and stucco, with garages associated. Now and then there came into sight larger, and usually older, dwellings of ten or twelve rooms, with wider lawns and gardens.

Red and yellow and dun flat buildings loomed here and there. Even in Evanston were blocks of apartments, but the flat did not prevail and most of the Evanston apartments, and most of those in the northern fringe of Chicago, were of six rooms or larger and they offered sufficient space physically to permit, if they could not be said to foster, an approximation of the home life which Marjorie considered normal. But soon, not only the green backyards and the lilac-girt houses disappeared but also the six room, six flat semi-detached structures ran into solid blocks of smaller, residential suites side by side in uniform strata.

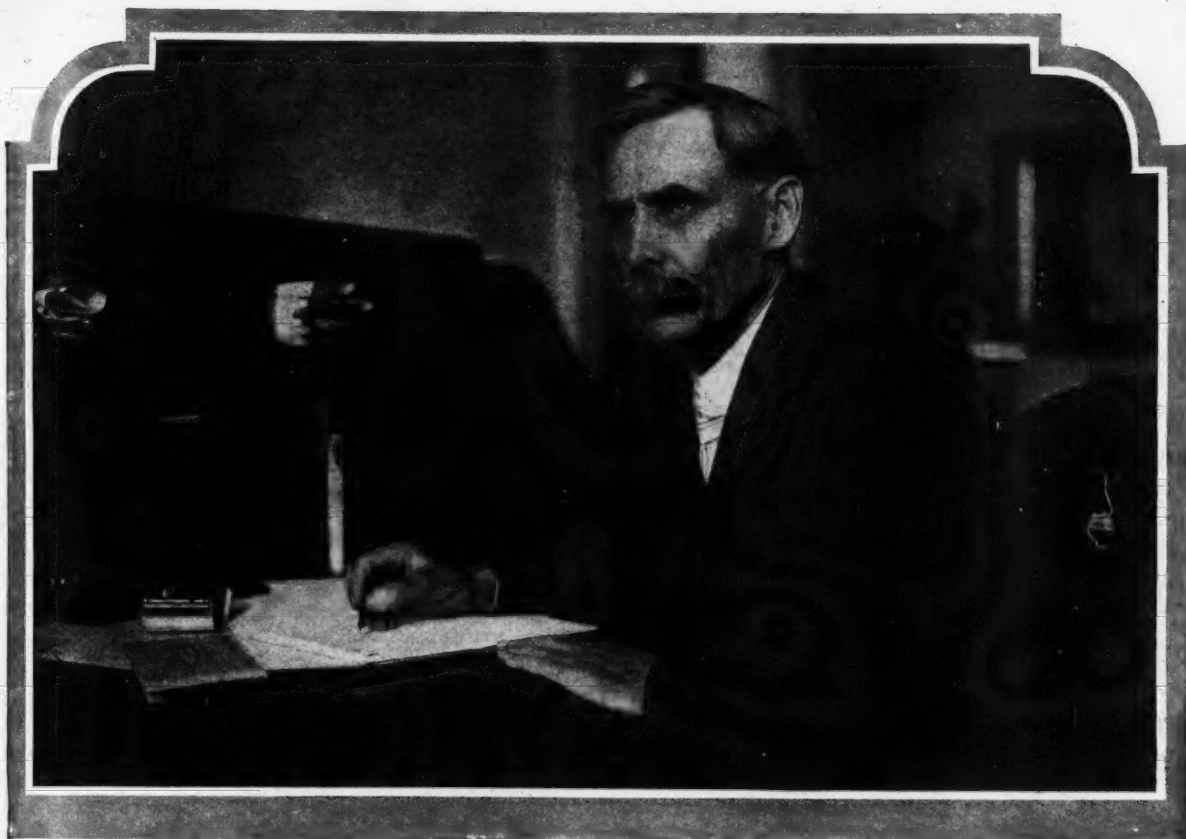
"Wilson Avenue!" the guard called when the train next slowed; and, in a minute, Marjorie was down on the street in the midst of the most ultra-modern and challenging, the most ominous or the most hopeful—according to your point of view—at any rate, by far the most prophetic section of Chicago, and that one with which Marjorie Hale, by her birth and upbringing, was least equipped to cope.

Almost within her own memory there had been, here, only a small, suburban settlement of old American families transplanted from Massachusetts and Connecticut and New York State—people still feeling the impulse of the pioneer and to whom the blood of the Puritan descended. Marjorie's mother had been of such. Barely a mile north of here had been the home where she, Corinna Winfield, had grown up in a neighborhood of separated, independent, Anglo-Saxon homes built by men and women thinking in terms of American families of English descent in Chicago and Boston and New York. It was the age when Mrs. Potter Palmer reigned in Chicago society and triumphed in England; when Chicago newspapers boasted of marriages of Chicago girls to London nobility and of "presentations" at Court. This all supplied to girls like Corinna Winfield, on the fringe of Chicago "society," a perfectly definite scheme of social advancement, starting from where you were and progressing through acquaintanceship in Newport and New York and on to England. She was simply following this scheme when, after her marriage to Charles Hale, she moved to Evanston when the section where stood her father's home was being "ruined."

The trouble was that the new people crowding Chicago—the vigorous, vital, enterprising peoples of other races who a generation ago had kept themselves conveniently and picturesquely in foreign colonies, "slums" and ghettos, were forgetting their proper "place." For their children, grown up, and fitted in American schools for trades, businesses and professions never aspired to by their fathers, were striking out for the wide, comfortable "American" community which lay along the lake north of the city.

To accommodate them, the elevated railroad extended to Wilson Avenue, and upon the old American families in their wide-lawned homes, the Chicago melting pot began to pour. To the end of these rails also traveled boys and girls and husbands and wives from the thousand little cities and villages of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and the surrounding States. Probably these actually predominate in the present population of the neighborhood but, in so far as their tradition is that of the American pioneer in his isolated, independent home, they have exchanged it for the more delightful custom of the new Americans, bred in the city. And their inherited instinct is a composite not of Anglo-Saxon frontier rigors but of continental reflexes from centuries in European walled towns. Thus they make their dwelling place the exaltation not of the kitchen and the sitting room but of the inn and the street; not of the sewing room and the meeting house but of the shop and the theater.

Marjorie Hale could thrill to the gayness, the lilt and *élan* of such life when she met it in Paris on the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard des Italiens, in Brussels on Boulevard Adolph Max and when she found it in Milan, in Prague and Rome. The continental abroad pleased and exhilarated her. But here in Chicago, where people were so aptly learning the art of living in a city, it offended her, for her Chicago should be a sort of transplanted New England. And these people, seizing on a section which satisfactorily had been progressing before, were transforming it into new-almost-anything-else. They disregarded all her conceptions of social advancement. They (Continued on page 91)



Congressman Andrew J. Volstead, of Minnesota, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, which hurriedly "patched up" a law that was named the Volstead Act.

Here, in the last and most emphatic of his notable articles on the truth and the drama of Prohibition enforcement, WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD tells—straight from the shoulder—

## Why America *Isn't* Dry

**M**R. VOLSTEAD, how did you come to write the so-called Volstead law? How did you put it together?" The slender, clear-eyed, rangy Congressman from Minnesota sat in his office in the House Office Building in Washington when I asked him this question.

He laughed and then he grew serious. "It was like this," he answered. "During the war, you remember, it was necessary for the country to have a Prohibition law. The government wanted such a law and it was the duty of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives to draft it. I was on the Judiciary Committee. Well, we put the emergency law together as best we could, and some one in the committee room suggested that Congressman Carlin present it to the House. Carlin was sitting next to me in the committee room that day.

"He tossed the paper over to me and said: 'I don't want to present it. Let Volstead do it.'

"It didn't seem like a momentous thing to me. I had never been a rabid Prohibitionist, though I had always been against the saloon system, as most Americans were. So I presented the war Prohibition bill. That was before the war

was over, you remember; before the Eighteenth Amendment had been ratified."

"Yes," I said. "We remember the war time Prohibition bill."

"And then," continued Volstead, "came the Eighteenth Amendment. After a sufficient number of States had ratified the amendment, it became the duty of the Judiciary Committee to create an enforcement law."

The Congressman stopped in his conversation a full minute.

"It was your next move?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "It was the duty of the Judiciary Committee to act. And, within the previous year, I had been made chairman of the Judiciary Committee. It was my turn, by the rules of the House, to be chairman."

"Well, how did you go about making the new law?"

"It's very hard to create a new law to cover all the ground in such a big matter as Prohibition. We couldn't foresee all the questions that would arise. We couldn't attempt to stop all the leak holes. We didn't even know where the leak holes would break out. We had to do the best we could."

"But somebody sat down with a pen or a lead pencil and wrote out that law," I insisted.



## Why America Isn't Dry

"Somebody put down the paragraphs and sentences and words. Who did that?"

"We all did," answered the Congressman. "As soon as we saw that a law had to be framed for the enforcement of the new amendment we sent out everywhere over the United States and got together all the plans we could find for Prohibition laws—county laws, State laws and drafts of National laws. You see," he repeated, "you can't create such a law covering such a vast subject right out of the clear sky. We couldn't sit in Washington and foresee all the problems that would arise. We had to have some material to work with, and these drafts of various Prohibition laws gave us our start. We worked over these laws and talked with representatives of various interests and finally put together the law which is in force today."

"Did you think it would work?" I asked.

"Well, we had to try it. We knew it wouldn't be perfect. For instance, as we created the law, I had in mind the sort of men who would enforce it. I foresaw that the first Prohibition agents of the country might not all be high grade men. Wages were very high in the United States at the time, and the wages of the Prohibition agents were going to be low. I knew that the government couldn't always get the very best men as Prohibition agents with wages as they were.

"The Civil Service Commission sent over

"Well, it's the custom in Congress to name a bill after the chairman of the committee which proposes the bill. The Judiciary Committee of the House prepared the bill. I was the chairman of the committee; the committee had adopted the bill and it was my duty to go on the floor of the House and recommend that the bill be passed. That's how the bill got my name."

"Yes," laughed another Congressman who was chatting with us. "That's how the name Volstead became famous. Don't you think he could go into vaudeville?"

"I think he's in vaudeville already," I suggested. "I never go to a vaudeville show without hearing the name mentioned by some comedian."

A sense of human frailty pervaded the talk I had with Congressman Andrew J. Volstead. As he spoke, I thought of the millions of Americans who have an abiding eternal faith in the power of law. Let us Americans read a newspaper report that a law has been passed and we heave a sigh of relief and say, "Well, that's settled at last." And here, before me, was a man, as human as the rest of us, as frail as the rest of us, who was telling me about the creation of the law—the lack of knowledge of himself and his associates in preparing the law, his foresight telling him that even after the law had been passed it would be impossible to secure agents who would be capable of enforcing it.

In this very room where we were talking the committee had prepared the law. These chairs on which they had sat were chairs like any other chairs; this table was only an ordinary table; these walls only ordinary walls. The men who had sat in these chairs at

this table had been ordinary men, like ourselves. They were, indeed, trying to do a big thing; trying to put into law the expressed wish and hope of millions of American citizens; of a majority, I am sure, of American citizens.

On the floor of the House of Representatives, one day, arose their chairman, Volstead. He put the bill into the hopper of the mill which grinds out the laws of our Republic. The mill turned augustly, and with a few revolutions it turned out the law against the use of alcohol as a beverage. And the American people, with their blind faith in Law, immediately believed that Prohibition had come. To the American people, the new law, set down in all its ponderous sections in the newspapers, looked like a mighty and awesome thing; they expected it to solve the problem of Prohibition. They did not doubt its power. The country, within a few days, went dry with a bang. Drunkenness ceased. Drunkards died for lack of drink. Sanitariums and psychopathic wards were closed, because of empty beds. The country went dry, because it believed in the power of a Federal law.

And now, in the United States, we are drinking again. We have discovered that, in the main, the Volstead law is no supernatural device; that no Moses went into the mountain to bring it down to us on tablets of stone, but that it is a frail human attempt to put into legal form the wishes of millions of American men and the heart-deep prayers of millions and millions of American women.

The statement that I am going to set down in this paragraph is one that I would not have made a third of a year ago when I began a country-wide investigation of Prohibition. At that time



Mabel E. Willebrandt serves as the final hurdle for convicted millionaire bootleggers. She is an assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States.

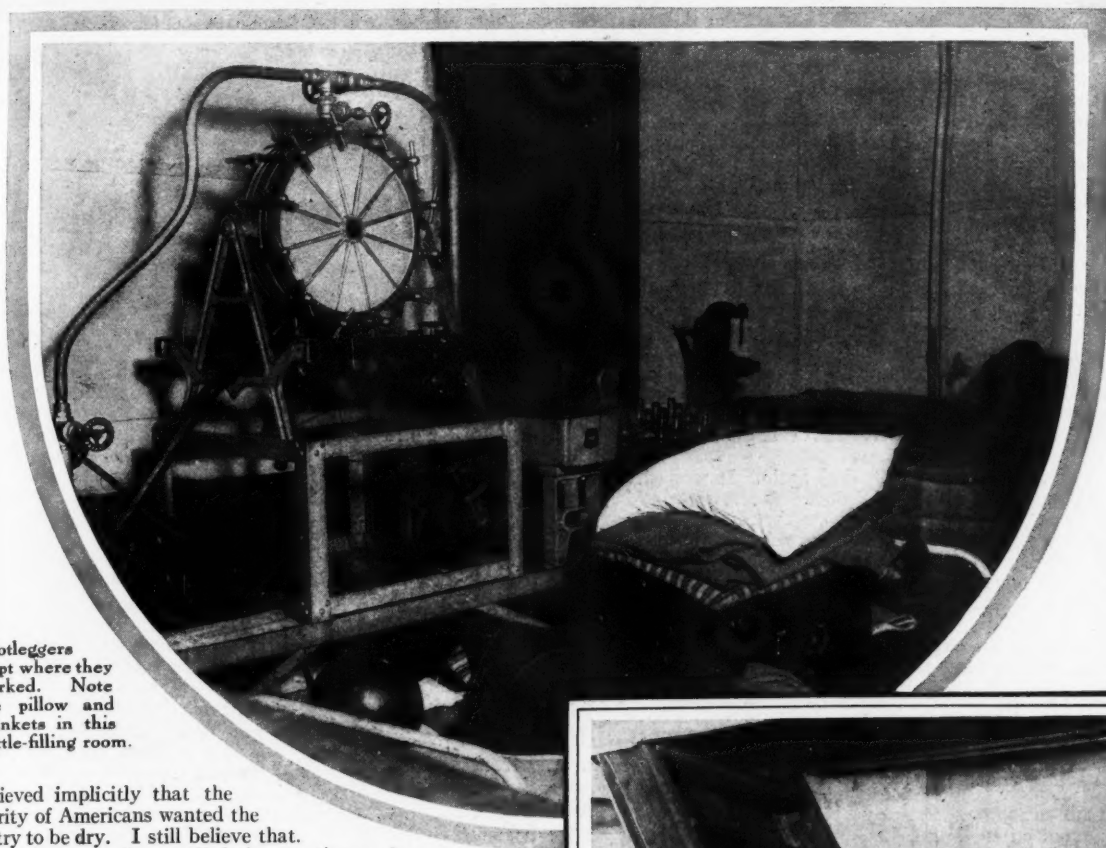
to us, in committee, a plan for putting all the agents under the Civil Service. They wanted to blanket the whole thing under the Service. Wouldn't that have been awful? Think of having that first batch of Prohibition agents that joined the first Prohibition forces saddled on us, under the Civil Service system, so that we never could get rid of them.

"I fought the Civil Service plan with all my might and it didn't go through."

"Why do they call the act the Volstead Act?" I asked. "You say you didn't write it all?"



This battered little black bag, twenty-five years ago, was the only office of the Anti-Saloon League. The bearer is Howard Russell, founder of the League.



**Bootleggers** slept where they worked. Note the pillow and blankets in this bottle-filling room.

I believed implicitly that the majority of Americans wanted the country to be dry. I still believe that. No American who has studied the question as I have can escape this conclusion. A majority of American voters—choose them from the big cities, the small towns, the rural districts—want the United States dry. But—the United States has gone off half-cocked on Prohibition. Like the members of the Volstead committee who could not pull down a perfect law from the blue sky, the rest of us have found ourselves imperfectly prepared to rise to the emergency.

I know this statement will bring disappointment to many Americans, to millions of them. But it is an inescapable truth. It is a truth that the millionaire bootleggers and the Prohibition law evaders have known for some time—America went off half-cocked. It is a truth that is known also by the Prohibition leaders of the United States—America went off half-cocked. With the liquor leaders and the Prohibition leaders knowing this to be a truth—and the judges and lawmakers knowing it—it is time that American citizens who have been asking in every corner of the country, "Why don't we have Prohibition?" should know it, too. Prohibition hasn't been working because we haven't had general Prohibition. And we haven't had general Prohibition because we weren't ready for it. Some day we will be ready—and then it will come.

First: We went off half-cocked with inadequate laws.

Second: We went off half-cocked with inadequate machinery for enforcing these laws.

Third: We went off half-cocked with public opinion not fully formed; too much Prohibition public opinion has been based on wishes rather than on convictions.



She wouldn't stand it. Mrs. Emily Pettelkow, of Chicago, put on her husband's clothes, bought a pint of whisky as evidence, and caused the arraignment of the seller.



These steps swing down from a false ceiling in a raided room in Baltimore. The Prohibition agents climbed them and found themselves in the room shown above. The apparatus is a bottle-filling machine.

About the laws—they are full of leak holes. About a year ago a wise individual went to a Prohibition official in an interior State and got a permit to import 60,000 bottles of Scotch whisky for medical purposes.

"Just give me the permit to import the whisky," he said in gist. "I'll guarantee that the liquor won't come

into your district to make trouble. You'll never hear from it again."

In some way he got the permit. Straightway he ordered a Scotch whisky firm to send him 60,000 bottles of whisky. The whisky arrived and was put in the customs warehouse in New York. The man with the permit arrived at the warehouse in New York, paid the duty on the whisky and took it away. The customs men didn't try to prevent him from doing so. The law was all on the side of the permit holder.

Now, ostensibly, the motor trucks which carried that whisky up lower Broadway were headed for the distant State where the owner had secured his permit. But, in reality, they didn't get much further than Forty-second Street and Broadway. That night hundreds of thirsty gullets in New York restaurants were soothed by the imported Scotch.

All this time, remember, the Prohibition officers in New York City, a mile distant from the customs office, knew nothing of the deal. The man, by the law, was not supposed to deal with the New York Prohibition office. His dealings had all been with the office in the far distant State.

The wise individual tried his deal again. It worked. This time he brought in two lots of Scotch. There was nothing in the law to stop him. While the New York Prohibition agents were running around wildly from café to café, cabaret to cabaret, restaurant to restaurant, trying to stem the tide of Scotch whisky, and while the price was going down from \$20 to \$6, the business of importing Scotch whisky increased.

Finally, when the Prohibition office in Washington—and remember it is a brother branch of the Treasury Department, with the Customs Department—discovered what was going on, and stopped it, there were 30,000 cases of Scotch whisky in the New York customs office, ready to be poured on to the market.

This loophole in the law and in the regulations of the departments was stopped up. Hereafter no whisky will be removed from customs warehouses without permit from the Prohibition Department. This new ruling stops a Niagara of Scotch which had poured in for over a year.

Newspaper readers are continually learning that some new "ruling" has been made by the Prohibition Department. Many of these rulings were regulations that should have been put into the Volstead law. What Congress failed to do, Prohibition officials have been forced to do, by the system of making "rulings."

One of the newest rulings is to put the enforcement of Prohibition in the hands of State organizations. We started off Prohibition by having the country divided into districts. In each State there was an official who granted withdrawal permits. Several States formed a district, and the chief of this district was supposed to handle a squad of men who would prevent the use of alcohol as a beverage. The State official issued whisky; the district official controlled its public use. By a new "ruling," the district official is abolished. The State official, at present, not only issues whisky and alcohol but is supposed to keep it from drinkers.

The new scheme is worse than the old. It throws the whole Prohibition business into the hands of State political organizations. Today, under the new system, Republican or Democratic State committees, as the case may be, have full local control of the liquor question.

Ninety-six politicians have in their hands, in a large part, the question of whether this country shall be wet or dry. They consist of forty-eight members of the Democratic National Committee, and forty-eight members of the Republican National Committee. Any one of them will go wet if the voters in his

district want him to. A wet National Committeeman, if his party is in power, can have a dry or wet State just as he pleases; the county chairmen under him can have the same choice in their lesser districts. So much for the effect of a "ruling" which distorted the purpose of the Prohibition law.

Now add to our half-baked laws our half-prepared enforcement machinery.

The bitterest, most nauseating cocktail that American citizens will ever have to swallow, God grant, is this enforcement machinery. It is the wood alcohol of government departments.

I have waded through some deep mire to get my information about Prohibition, but the mire always came nearest to my knees when I was working with Prohibition enforcement officials. Of all the government departments of which I have knowledge during a long experience in Washington, the morale of the Prohibition unit, throughout the entire country, has been the lowest I have ever seen. If you, Mr. Citizen, or Mrs. Citizen, don't understand what I mean, go to the nearest government Prohibition office in your district and look at it. The evil and crookedness that abides in the Prohibition problem in the United States comes to the surface in most of these offices.

In the waiting rooms are men with hard and wicked faces, the faces of men ready to give bribes; mad with greed, to break laws.

"It's nothing for a man to offer you a bribe of a thousand dollars or five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars," E. C. Yellowley, head of the Flying Squad in Washington, told me, after he had spent six weeks in trying to clean up the city of New York.

"That's the way they do their work." Under Yellowley over one hundred Prohibition agents in New York were discharged during a period of two months. Incidentally not a one of these men has been arrested up to this writing.

I have been in only a few enforcement offices where I have found a decent atmosphere, one of cleanliness and courtesy and frankness. In one of the biggest cities of the United States I found a Prohibition enforcement officer practically unapproachable. It was difficult even to find his room. When I did make that discovery I found the door locked. I had made up my mind that I would see him and when finally I was shown to his room through a side door, leading from an inner office, I found him with two revolvers on his desk. There was suspicion in his every move, his every word. The knowledge that I was a magazine writer, seeking material, did not in any way seem to lessen his caution. He was a rough man, uneducated and full of oaths.

"I always keep that door locked," he half apologized. "I don't want them coming in to see me." And yet, in that very city,

there were decent men who needed alcohol in the conduct of their business and were entitled to it under the law, and who were dependent upon this man with the guns for securing it.

As far as that city was concerned, that office was not a government office, operating under the law which Mr. Volstead and his associates had so laboriously pieced together; it was a stronghold of a suspicious man who seemed to have taken the whole world to be his enemy.

"See that girl?" asked a Prohibition official to me in one of the larger offices in the country. "She's pounding a typewriter now. She used to be in the permit division but she went crooked. We found her mixing up with crooks. They had her 'sugared.' We just shifted her to the stenographer's desk where she can't do any harm."

I happened to know that the girl had attempted to aid one of the most powerful bootleggers in the (Continued on page 135)

## What One Cosmopolitan Reader Thinks About Prohibition

**WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD'S** Prohibition articles are causing a stir from one side of the United States to the other. **COSMOPOLITAN** has received hundreds of letters about them. America is beginning to sit up and think.

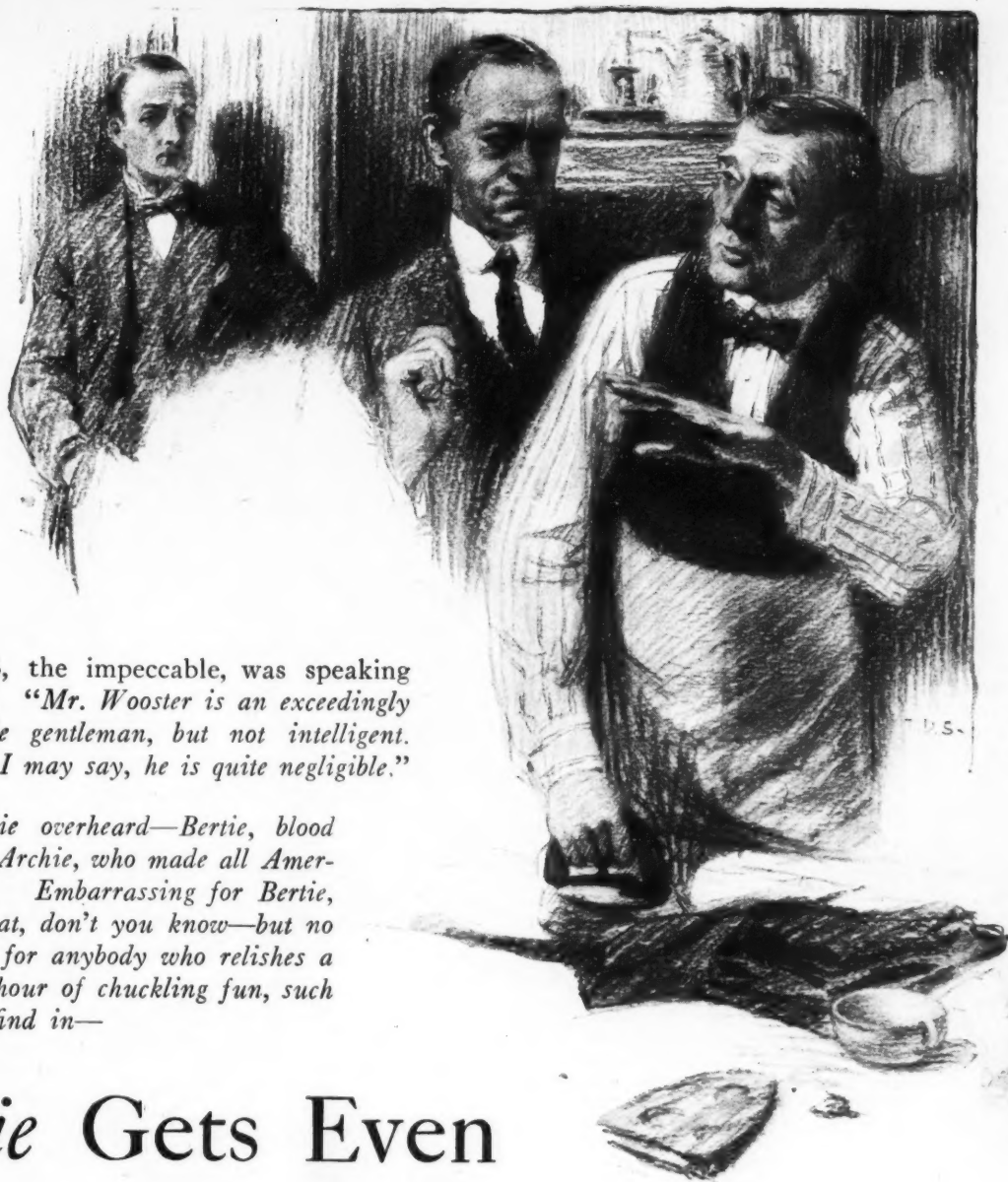
Mr. Jack F. Cremer of Detroit, is one of those who feel they have something to add to Mr. Shepherd's findings. Here is what he writes:

"Drinking is not confined to the rich and well-to-do. The number of working people who are drinking is just as large in proportion. But God only knows what they are drinking!

"According to official reports, there is more moonshine liquor being made in this city today than ever was produced in the Southern mountains. And it is the plain people who drink it. A hardware man recently told me that in the past three years more than 150,000 copper boilers, easily converted into stills, have been sold in Detroit; while the normal demand would have been only a few gross. One former brewery here produces about 25,000 gallons of six per cent beer. There are about 500 stores in this vicinity selling 'home materials'; one such proprietor told me ninety per cent of his business was with workingmen.

"**COSMOPOLITAN** is performing a real public service in the Shepherd articles, but it will do its full duty only by making clear that illicit drinking is not confined to any one class."





**J**EEVES, the impeccable, was speaking freely. "Mr. Wooster is an exceedingly amiable gentleman, but not intelligent. Mentally, I may say, he is quite negligible."

And Bertie overheard—Bertie, blood brother of Archie, who made all America laugh! Embarrassing for Bertie, and all that, don't you know—but no end lucky for anybody who relishes a good half-hour of chuckling fun, such as you'll find in—

## Bertie Gets Even

by P. G. WODEHOUSE

Creator of "Archie"

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

**I**T gave me a nasty jar, I can tell you. You see, what happened was this. Once a year Jeeves takes a couple of weeks' vacation and biffs off to the sea or somewhere to restore his tissues. Pretty rotten for me, of course, while he's away; but it has to be stuck, so I stick it; and I must admit that he usually manages to get hold of a fairly decent fellow to look after me in his absence.

Well, the time had come round again, and Jeeves was in the kitchen giving the understudy a few tips about his duties. I happened to want a stamp or something or a bit of string or something, and I toddled down the passage to ask him for it. The silly ass had left the kitchen door open, and I hadn't gone two steps when his voice caught me squarely in the eardrum.

"You will find Mr. Wooster," he was saying to the substitute chappie, "an exceedingly pleasant and amiable young gentleman, but not intelligent. By no means intelligent. Mentally he is negligible, quite negligible."

Well, I mean to say, what!

I suppose, strictly speaking, I ought to have charged in and ticked the blighter off properly in no uncertain voice. But I doubt whether it's humanly possible to tick Jeeves off. Personally, I didn't even have a dash at it. I merely called for my hat and stick in a marked manner and legged it. But the memory rankled, if you know what I mean. We Woosters do not lightly forget. At least we do—some things—appointments and people's birthdays and letters to post and all that—but not an absolute bally insult like the above. I brooded like the dickens.

I was still brooding when I dropped in at the oyster bar at Buck's for a quick bracer. I needed a bracer rather particularly at the moment, because I was on my way to lunch with my aunt Agatha. A pretty frightful ordeal, believe me or believe me not. Practically the nearest thing to being disemboweled. I had just had one quick and another rather slower and was feeling about as cheerio as was possible under the circumstances, when a muffled voice hailed me from the northeast, and, turning round, I saw young Bingo Little propped up in a corner, wrapping himself round a sizable chunk of bread and cheese.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" I said. "Haven't seen you for ages. You've not been in here lately, have you?"

"No. I've been living out in the country."

"Eh?" I said, for Bingo's loathing for the country was well known. "Whereabouts?"

"Down in Hampshire at a place called Ditteredge."

"No, really? I know some people who've got a house there. The Glossops. Have you met them?"

"Why, that's where I'm staying," said young Bingo. "I'm tutoring the Glossop kid."

"What for?" I said. "I couldn't seem to see young Bingo as a tutor. Though, of-course, he did get a degree of sorts at Oxford."

"What for? For money, of course. An absolute sitter came unstitched in the second race at Haydock Park," said young Bingo with some bitterness, "and I dropped my entire month's allowance. I hadn't the nerve to touch my uncle for any more, so it was a case of buzzing round to the agents and getting a job. I've been down there three weeks."

"I haven't met the Glossop kid."

"Don't," advised Bingo briefly.

"The only one of the family I really know is the girl."

I had hardly spoken these words when the most extraordinary change came over young Bingo's face. His eyes bulged, his cheeks flushed, and his Adam's apple hopped about like one of those India rubber balls on the top of the fountain in a shooting gallery.

"Oh, Bertie!" he said in a strangled sort of voice.

I looked at the poor fish anxiously. I knew that he was always falling in love with some one, but it didn't seem possible that even he could have fallen in love with Honoria Glossop. To me the girl was simply nothing more nor less than a pot of poison. One of those dashed large, brainy, strenuous, dynamic girls you see so many of these days. She had been at Girton, where, in addition to enlarging her brain to the most frightful extent, she had gone in for every kind of sport and developed the physique of a middle-weight catch-as-catch-can wrestler. I'm not sure she didn't box for the varsity while she was up. The effect she had on me whenever she appeared was to make me want to slide into a cellar and lie low till they blew the all-clear.

Yet here was young Bingo obviously all for her. There was no mistaking it. The love light was in the blighter's eyes.

"I worship her, Bertie! I worship the very ground she treads on!" continued the patient in a loud, penetrating voice. One or two fellows had come in, and McGarry, the chappie behind the bar, was listening with his ears flapping; but there's no reticence about Bingo.

"Have you told her?"

"No. I haven't had the nerve. But we walk together in the garden most evenings, and it sometimes seems to me that there is a look in her eyes."

"I know that look. Like a sergeant-major."

"Nothing of the kind! Like a tender goddess."

"Half a second, old thing," I said. "Are you sure we're talking about the same girl? The one I mean is Honoria. Perhaps there's a younger sister or something I've not heard of."

"Her name is Honoria," bawled Bingo reverently.

"And she strikes you as a tender goddess?"

"She does."

"God bless you!" I said.

"She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies; and all that's best of dark and bright meet in her aspect and her eyes. Another bit of bread and cheese," he said to the lad behind the bar.

"You're keeping your strength up," I said.

"This is my lunch. I've got to meet Oswald at Waterloo at one-fifteen, to catch the train back. I brought him up to town to see the dentist."

"Oswald? Is that the kid?"

"Yes. Pestilential to a degree."

"Pestilential! That reminds me I'm lunching with my aunt Agatha. I'll have to pop off now or I'll be late."

In society circles, I believe, my aunt Agatha has a fairly fruity reputation as a hostess. But then I take it she doesn't ballyrag her other guests the way she does me. I don't think I can remember a single meal with her since I was a kid of tender years at which she didn't turn the conversation sooner or later to the subject of my frightfulness. Today she started in on me with the fish.

"Bertie," she said—in part and chattily, "it is young men like you who make the person with the future of the race at heart despair!"

"What ho!" I said.

"Cursed with too much money, you fritter away in selfish



idleness a life which might have been made useful, helpful, and profitable. You do nothing but waste your time on frivolous pleasures. You are simply an anti-social animal, a drone . . ."

"No, dash it all!"

"Yes! You should be breeding children too . . ."

"No, really, I say, please!" I said, blushing richly. Aunt Agatha belongs to two or three of these women's clubs, and she keeps forgetting she isn't in the smoking room.

"You want somebody strong, self-reliant, and sensible, to counterbalance the deficiencies and weaknesses of your own



It was one of those things that want doing quickly or not at all. I shut my eyes and pushed him.

character. And by great good luck I have found the very girl. She is of excellent family . . . plenty of money, though that does not matter in your case . . . She has met you; and, while there is naturally much in you of which she disapproves, she does not dislike you. I know this, for I have sounded her—guardedly, of course,—and I am sure that you have only to make the first advances . . .

"Who is it?" I would have said it long before, but the shock had made me swallow a bit of roll the wrong way, and I had only just finished turning purple and trying to get a bit of air back into the old windpipe. "Who is it?"

"Sir Roderick Glossop's daughter, Honoria."

"No, no!" I cried, paling beneath the tan.

"Don't be silly, Bertie. She is just the wife for you."

"Yes, but look here . . ."

"She will mold you."

"But I don't want to be molded."

Aunt Agatha gave me the kind of look she used to give me when I was a kid and had been found in the jam cupboard.

"Bertie! I hope you are not going to be troublesome."

"Well, but I mean . . ."

"Lady Glossop has very kindly invited you to Ditteredge Hall for a few days. I told her you would be delighted to come down tomorrow."

"I'm sorry, but I've got a dashed important engagement tomorrow."

"What engagement?"

"Well . . . er . . ."

"You have no engagement. And, even if you had, you must put it off. I shall be very seriously annoyed, Bertie, if you do not go to Ditteredge Hall tomorrow."

"Oh, right ho!" I said.

A man may be down, but he is never out. It wasn't two minutes after I had parted from Aunt Agatha before the old fighting spirit of the Woosters reasserted itself. Ghastly as the peril was which loomed before me, I was conscious of a rummy sort of exhilaration. It was a tight corner, but the tighter the corner, I felt, the more juicily should I score off Jeeves when I got myself out of it without a bit of help from him. Ordinarily, of course, I should have consulted him and trusted to him to solve the difficulty; but after what I had heard him saying in the kitchen I was dashed if I was going to demean myself. When I got home, I addressed the man with light abandon.

"Jeeves," I said, "I'm in a bit of a difficulty."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

"Yes, quite a bad hole. In fact, you might say on the brink of a precipice and faced by an awful doom."

"If I could be of any assistance, sir . . .?"

"Oh, no! No, no. Thanks very much, but no, no. I won't trouble you. I've no doubt I shall be able to get out of it all right by myself."

"Very good, sir."

So that was that. I'm bound to say I'd have welcomed a bit more curiosity from the fellow, but that is Jeeves all over. Cloaks his emotions, if you know what I mean. Wears the mask and what not.

Honoria was away when I got to Ditteredge on the following afternoon. Her mother told me that she was staying with some people named Braythwayt in the neighborhood and would be back

next day, bringing the daughter of the house with her for a visit. She said I would find Oswald out on the grounds, and such is a mother's love that she spoke as if that were a bit of a boost for the grounds and an inducement to go there.

Rather decent, the grounds at Ditteredge. A couple of terraces; a bit of lawn with a cedar on it; a bit of shrubbery; and finally a small but goodish lake with a stone bridge running across it. Directly I'd worked my way round the shrubbery, I spotted young Bingo leaning against the bridge smoking a cigarette. Sitting on the stonework, fishing, was a species of kid whom I took to be Oswald the Plague Spot.

Bingo was both surprised and delighted to see me, and introduced me to the kid. If the latter was surprised and delighted, too, he concealed it like a diplomat. He just looked at me, raised his eyebrows slightly, and went on fishing. He was one of those supercilious striplings who give you the impression that you went to the wrong school and that your clothes don't fit.

"This is Oswald," said Bingo.

"What," I replied cordially, "could be sweeter? How are you?"

"Oh, all right!" said the kid.

"Nice place, this."

"Oh, all right!" said the kid.

"Having a good time fishing?"

"Oh, all right!" said the kid.

Young Bingo led me off to commune apart.

"Doesn't jolly old Oswald's incessant flow of prattle make your head ache sometimes?" I asked.

Bingo sighed.

"It's a hard job."

"What's a hard job?"

"Loving him."

"Do you love him?" I asked, surprised. I shouldn't have thought it could be done.

"I try to," said young Bingo, "for Her sake. She's coming back tomorrow, Bertie."

"So I heard."



## Bertie Gets Even

"She is coming, my love, my own . . ."

"Absolutely," I said. "But touching on young Oswald once more. Do you have to be with him all day? How do you manage to stick it?"

"Oh, he doesn't give much trouble! When we aren't working, he sits on that bridge all the time, trying to catch tiddlers."

"Why don't you shove him in?"

"Shove him in?"

"It seems to me distinctly the thing to do," I said, regarding the stripling's back with a good deal of dislike. "It would wake him up a bit and make him take an interest in things."

Bingo shook his head a bit wistfully.

"Your proposition attracts me," he said, "but I'm afraid it can't be done. You see, She would never forgive me. She is devoted to the little brute."

"Great Scott!" I cried. "I've got it!"

I don't know if you know that feeling when you get an inspiration and tingle all down your spine from the soft collar, as now worn, to the very soles of the old Waukeesis? Jeeves, I suppose, feels that way more or less all the time, but it isn't often it comes to me. But now all nature seemed to be shouting at me, "You've clicked!" and I grabbed young Bingo by the arm in a way that must have made him feel as if a horse had bitten him. His finely-chiseled features were twisted with agony and what not, and he asked me what the dickens I thought I was playing at.

"Bingo," I said, "what would Jeeves have done?"

"How do you mean, what would Jeeves have done?"

"I mean what would he have advised in a case like yours? I mean, your wanting to make a hit with Honoria Glossop and all that. Why, take it from me, laddie, he would have shoved you behind that clump of bushes over there; he would have got me to lure Honoria on to the bridge somehow; then at the proper time he would have told me to give the kid a pretty hefty jab in the small of the back so as to shoot him into the water; and then you would have dived in and hauled him out. How about it?"

"You didn't think that out by yourself, Bertie?" said young Bingo in a hushed sort of voice.

"Yes, I did. Jeeves isn't the only fellow with ideas."

"But it's absolutely wonderful."

"Just a suggestion."

"The only objection I can see is that it would be so dashed awkward for you. I mean to say, suppose the kid turned round and said you had shoved him in, that would make you frightfully unpopular with Her."

"I don't mind risking that."

The man was deeply moved.

"Bertie, this is noble."

"No, no."

He clasped my hand silently, then chuckled like the last bit of water going down the waste pipe in a bath.

"Now what?" I said.

"I was only thinking," said young Bingo, "how fearfully wet Oswald will get. Oh, happy day!"

I don't know if you've noticed it, but it's rummy how nothing in this world ever seems to be absolutely perfect. The drawback to this otherwise singularly fruity binge was, of course, the fact that Jeeves wouldn't be on the spot to watch me in action. Still, apart from that there wasn't a flaw. The beauty of the thing was, you see, that nothing could possibly go wrong. You know how it is as a rule when you want to get Chappie A. on Spot B. at exactly the same moment when Chappie C. is on Spot D. There's always a chance of a hitch. But in this case nothing could happen, because Oswald and Bingo would be on the spot right along, so that all I had to worry about was getting Honoria there in due season. And I managed that all right, first shot, by asking her if she would come for a stroll in the grounds with me, as I had something particular to say to her.

She had arrived shortly after lunch in the car with the Braythway girl. I was introduced to the latter, a tallish girl with blue eyes and fair hair. I rather took to her—she was so unlike Honoria—and, if I had been able to spare the time, I shouldn't have minded talking to her for a bit. But business was business. I had fixed it up with Bingo to be behind the bushes at three sharp; so I got hold of Honoria and steered her out through the grounds in the direction of the lake.

"You're very quiet, Mr. Wooster," she said.

Made me jump a bit. I was concentrating pretty tensely at the moment. We had just come in sight of the lake, and I was casting a keen eye over the ground to see that everything was in order. Everything appeared to be as arranged. The kid Oswald was hunched up on the bridge; and, as Bingo wasn't visible, I

took it that he had got into position. My watch made it two minutes after the hour.

"Eh?" I said. "Oh, ah, yes! I was just thinking."

"You said you had something important to say to me."

"Absolutely!" I had decided to open the proceedings by sort of paving the way for young Bingo. I mean to say, without actually mentioning his name, I wanted to prepare the girl's mind for the fact that, surprising as it might seem, there was some one who had long loved her from afar and all that sort of rot. "It's like this," I said. "It may sound rummy and all that, but there's somebody who's frightfully in love with you and so forth . . . a friend of mine, you know."

"Oh, a friend of yours?"

"Yes."

She gave a kind of a laugh.

"Well, why doesn't he tell me so?"

"Well, you see, that's the sort of chap he is. Kind of shrinking, diffident kind of fellow. Hasn't got the nerve. Thinks you so much above him, don't you know. Looks on you as a sort of goddess. Worships the ground you tread on, but can't whack up the finger to tell you so."

"This is very interesting."

"Yes. He's not a bad chap, you know, in his way. Rather an ass, perhaps, but well-meaning. . . . Well, that's the posish. You might just bear it in mind, what?"

"How funny you are!"

She chuckled back her head and laughed with considerable vim. She had a penetrating sort of laugh. Rather like a train going into a tunnel. It didn't sound over-musical to me, and on the kid Oswald it appeared to jar not a little. He gazed at us with a good deal of dislike.

"I wish the dickens you wouldn't make that row," he said.

"Scaring all the fish away."

It broke the spell a bit. Honoria changed the subject.

"I do wish Oswald wouldn't sit on the bridge like that," she said. "I'm sure it isn't safe. He might easily fall in."

"I'll go and tell him," I said.

I suppose the distance between the kid and me at this juncture was about five yards, but I got the impression that it was nearer a hundred. I had a kind of dry gulping in my throat, and the more I walked the farther away the kid seemed to get, till suddenly I found myself standing just behind him without quite knowing how I'd got there.

"Hullo!" I said with a sickly sort of grin—wasted on the kid, because he didn't bother to turn round and look at me. He merely wiggled his left ear in a peevish manner. I don't know when I've met anybody in whose life I appeared to mean so little.

"Hullo!" I said. "Fishing?"

I laid my hand in a sort of elder-brotherly way on his shoulder.

"Here, look out!" said the kid, wobbling on his foundations.

It was one of those things that want doing quickly or not at all. I shut my eyes and pushed. Something seemed to give. There was a scrabbling sound, a kind of yelp, a scream in the offing, and a splash. And so the long day wore on, so to speak.

I opened my eyes. The kid was just coming to the surface.

"Help!" I shouted, cocking an eye on the bush from which young Bingo was scheduled to emerge.

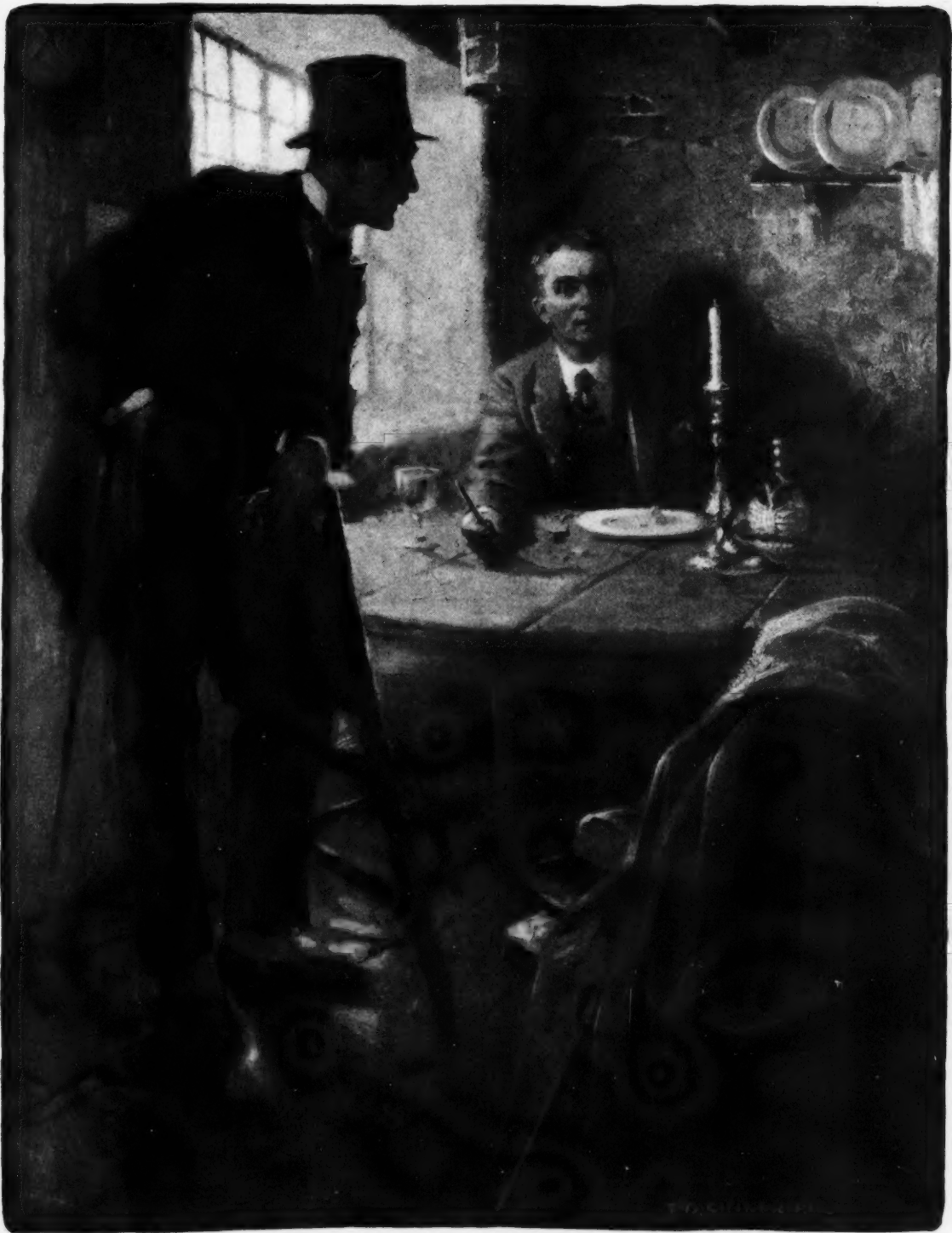
Nothing happened. Young Bingo didn't emerge to the slightest extent whatever.

"I say! Help!" I shouted again.

Meanwhile, the kid Oswald was presumably being cut off in his prime, and it began to seem to me that some sort of steps ought to be taken about it. What I had seen of the lad hadn't particularly endeared him to me, but it was undoubtedly a bit thick to let him pass away. I don't know when I have seen anything more grubby and unpleasant than the lake as viewed from the bridge; but the thing apparently had to be done. I chucked off my coat and vaulted over.

It seems rummy that water should be so much wetter when you go into it with your clothes on than when you're just bathing, but take it from me that it does. I was only under about three seconds, I suppose, but I came up feeling like the bodies you read of in the paper which "had evidently been in the water several days." I felt clammy and bloated.

At this point the scenario struck another snag. I had assumed that directly I came to the surface I should get hold of the kid and steer him courageously to shore. But he hadn't waited to be steered. When I had finished getting the water out of my eyes and had time to take a look round, I saw him about ten yards away, going strongly and using, I think, the Australian crawl. The spectacle took all the heart out of me. I mean to say, the whole essence of a rescue, if you know what I mean, is



"I worship her, Bertie," he said. I looked at the poor fish anxiously. To me the girl was simply nothing more or less than a pot of poison.

that the party of the second part shall keep fairly still and in one spot. If he starts swimming off on his own account and can obviously give you at least forty yards in the hundred, where are you? The whole thing falls through. It didn't seem to me that there was much to be done except get ashore, so I got ashore. By the time I had landed, the kid was halfway to the house. Look at it from whatever angle you like, the thing was a washout.

I was interrupted in my meditations by a noise like the Scotch express going under a bridge. It was Honoria Glossop laughing. She was standing at my elbow, looking at me in a rummy manner.

"Oh, Bertie, you are funny!" she said. And even in that

moment there seemed to me something sinister in the words. She had never called me anything except "Mr. Wooster" before.

"How wet you are!"

"Yes, I am wet."

"You had better hurry into the house and change."

"Yes."

I wrung a gallon or two of water out of my clothes.

"You are funny!" she said again. "First proposing in that extraordinary roundabout way, and then pushing poor little Oswald into the lake so as to impress me by saving him."

I managed to get the water out of my (Concluded on page 92)

# *A powerful, daring novel that asks— and answers—two questions:*

*Is it really possible for a young  
and attractive girl to find her-  
self jealous of a woman  
more than twice her age?*

*Do advancing years and  
gray hair sound the knell  
of every woman's  
yearning for romance  
and young love?*

## *The story opens:*

**A**T the age of fifty, Lady Sellingworth suddenly withdrew from society and surrendered to old age. She was a famous beauty and a leader in London's social life. Her retirement was supposed to have had some connection with a trip to Paris and the disappearance of her famous jewels—and with a mysterious brown man. To no one, however, has she ever confided the truth of the matter.

Now, ten years later, she meets Alick Craven, a promising young man in the Foreign Office, and a warm friendship develops between them. Beryl Van Tuyn, a rich young American girl, a friend of both Lady Sellingworth and Craven, also likes Craven—just how much she has not seriously considered; but this growing intimacy between Craven and Lady Sellingworth she views with some misgivings.

At Dick Garstin's studio Beryl meets a tall, dark man who had piqued her interest one day as she was dining in a restaurant. She describes him to Garstin as "a living bronze." Garstin scrapes up an acquaintance with him and, intrigued by the mysterious foreigner and admiring his handsome head, arranges to do a portrait of him, with the understanding that after it has been exhibited it shall belong to this man who, beyond telling that his name is Nicholas Arabian, has imparted no information about himself.

Francis Braybrooke, who had introduced Craven to Lady Sellingworth, invites her, Miss Van Tuyn and Craven to dinner and the theater. He is concerned about the growing intimacy between Craven and Lady Sellingworth. He can understand how Lady Sellingworth, in her loneliness, could welcome Craven's frank admiration and loyalty, but he realizes that a strong friendship between Lady Sellingworth and Craven is quite incompatible with a love affair between Craven and Beryl Van Tuyn. And in his self-appointed capacity as matchmaker his mind is pleased with the thought of the suitability of a marriage between these two young friends of his.

At the theater two famous members of the Old Guard of London society, Lady Wrackley and Mrs. Ackroyde, call on Braybrooke's party in their box; and Craven becomes aware that his friendship for Lady Sellingworth has "got about," and that the Old Guard are beginning to talk about Lady Sellingworth's "new man." Although Craven is charming to Beryl that evening, and almost makes love to her at dinner, she nevertheless feels that it is all acting on his part. She believes there is a secret understanding between Craven and Lady Sellingworth and that he prefers Lady Sellingworth to her. She begins to wonder about him intensely.



As she  
reached the  
door she turned  
her smart, impu-  
dent head, and covered Miss  
Van Tuyn with an appraising  
look—cold, keen, vicious.

Meanwhile Garstin is studying Arabian, trying to make him out, but with little success. The portrait goes badly and Garstin urges Beryl to help him discover the riddle of this mysterious, reserved man whom Garstin has conjectured to be a king of the underworld. Beryl confesses that there is something indefinably attractive about him, but that she cannot understand him. Garstin suggests that she leave the studio with Arabian after the sitting. Goaded by Garstin's assertion that she is afraid of Arabian, Beryl agrees to do this.

Lady Sellingworth knows herself to be in love with Craven and she is a woman tormented; for she knows how great the difference is between her feeling for Craven and his feeling for her. And so she prays that she may feel old, so old that she may cease being attracted by youth, from longing after youth. She thinks



# DECEMBER LOVE

by Robert Hichens

Author of "The Garden of Allah,"  
"Bella Donna" and "Barbary Sheep"

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



perament it would be impossible to continue her friendship with Craven if she was going to marry Sir Seymour. She knew that. But she did not know how frigid, how almost brusque her note to Craven was.

When he read it he felt as if he had received a cold douche. It startled him and hurt him, hurt his youthful sensitiveness and pride. And he wondered very much why Lady Sellingworth had written it and what had happened to make her write to him like that.

Craven was severely disappointed. He even felt rather angry and hurt. Something in him was up in arms, but something else was distressed and anxious. Owing to the great difference in their ages he felt that he could talk to Lady Sellingworth as he could talk to nobody else. For he was in no intimate relation with any other woman so much older than himself. And to young women somehow, one can never talk so freely, so companionably. Even in these modern days sex gets in the way.

The bell sounded in Berkeley Square, and a footman let in Sir Seymour Portman, who was entirely unconscious that fate had been working apparently with a view to the satisfaction of his greatest desire.

As he passed through the doorway of the drawing room his eyes turned at once toward the sofa near the big fireplace, seeking for the tall figure of the woman who so mysteriously had captured his heart in the long ago and who had never been able to let it out of her keeping.

But there was no one by the fire, and the butler said:

"I will tell her ladyship you are here, sir."

"Thank you, Murgatroyd," said Sir Seymour.

And he went up to the fireplace, turned round, and began to warm his flat back.

Meanwhile upstairs, in a big bedroom just overhead, Lady Sellingworth was having a battle with herself, of which her friend was totally unconscious. She didn't come down at once because she wanted definitely and finally to finish that battle before she saw the man by the fire. But something said to her: "Don't decide till you have seen him again. Look at him once more and then decide."

She stood still near the window. She must go down. Seymour had already been waiting some time, ten minutes or more. He must be wondering why she didn't come. She thought of his marvelous happiness, his wonderful surprise, if she did what she meant—or did she mean it?—to do. Surely it would be a splendid

of Sir Seymour Portman, that lonely old man who has loved her so faithfully these many years, and who has never quite given up hope that some day she might accept him. He is strong, he is true—a gentleman to the core. She knows that in accepting him she will shut a door of steel between herself and her past with its sins and its follies. This would be a way out; would bring her peace and security. Shall she do it?

## The story goes on:

LADY SELLINGWORTH did not pray the next morning. But she telephoned to Seymour Portman and said she would be at home about five in the afternoon if he cared for an hour's talk.

After telephoning to Seymour Portman she wrote a little note to Craven and sent it round to the Foreign Office. In the note she explained briefly that she was not able to see him that afternoon as had been arranged between them. The wording of the note was cold. She could not help that. She wrote it under the influence of what she thought of just then as a decision. If she did what she believed she intended to do that afternoon she would have to be cold to Craven in the future. With her tem-

thing to bring such a flash of radiance into a life of twilight. She must go down.

"I will do it!" she said to herself. "Merely his happiness will be enough reward."

Sir Seymour had left the fire and was sitting in an armchair with a book in his hand reading when she came in. His thin figure looked stiff even in an armchair. His big, brown-red hands held the book up. His legs were crossed, and his feet were strongly defined by the snowy white spats which partially concealed his varnished black boots. He looked a distinguished old man as he sat here—but he looked old.

"Is it possible that I look at all that sort of age?" was Lady Sellsworth's thought as, for a brief instant, she contemplated him, with an intensity, a sort of almost fierce sharpness.

He looked up, made a twitching movement; his *pince-nez* fell to his black coat and he got up alertly.

"Adela!"

She sat down on the sofa.

"What have you been doing, my dear? The old dog wants to know. There is something on your mind, isn't there?"

As he spoke he gently took her hand, and she thought, "If Allick Craven were taking my hand!"

The touch of his skin was warm and very dry. It gave her a woman's thoughts, not to be told of.

"What is it?" he asked.

Very gently she released her hand.

"Why?" she said. "Do I look unhappy—or what? Sit down, Seymour dear."

She seemed to add the last word with a sort of pressure, with almost self-conscious intention.

"I don't think you often look happy, Adela. No; it isn't that. But you look as if you had been going through something which had tired your nerves—some crisis."

He paused. She remained silent and looked at his hands and then at his eyelids and eyebrows. And there was a terrible coldness in her scrutiny which she did not show him but of which she was painfully aware.

"Perhaps I think too much," she said. "Living alone one thinks—and thinks."

"But what is the matter, my dear?"

"Life—life!" she said, and there was a fierce exasperation in her voice. "I cannot understand the unfairness of life, the cruel injustices."

"Are you specially suffering from them today?" he asked, and for a moment his eyes were less soft, more penetrating, as they looked at her.

"Yes!" she said. "Some people have such happy lives, years and years of happiness, and others are tortured and tormented, and all their efforts to be happy, or even to be at peace, without any real happiness, are in vain. It is of no use rebelling, of course, and rebellion only reacts on the rebel and makes everything worse, but still—"

Her face suddenly twisted. In all her life she thought she had never felt so utterly hopeless before.

Sir Seymour stretched out a hand to put it on hers, but she drew away.

"No, no—don't! I'm not—you can't do anything, Seymour. It's no use!"

She got up from the sofa and walked away down the long drawing room, trying to struggle with herself, to get back self-control.

Sir Seymour had got up and was standing by the fire. She saw him in the distance, that faithful old man, and she wished she could love him. She clenched her hands, trying to will herself to love him and to want to take him into her intimate life. But she could not bring herself to go back to him just then, and she did not know what she was going to do. Perhaps she would have left the room had not an interruption occurred. She heard the door open and saw Murgatroyd and the footman bringing in tea.

When the servants were gone she said:

"You must think me half crazy, Seymour."

"No; but I don't understand what has happened."

"I have happened, I and my miserable disgusting mind and brain and temperament. That's all!"

"You are very severe on yourself."

"I suppose you have often disapproved of things I have done?"

"Sometimes I have."

"Tell me, if—if things had been different, and you and I had come together, what would you have done if you had disapproved of my conduct?"

"What is the good of entering upon that?"

"Yes, do tell me! I want to know."

"I hope I should find the way to hold a woman who was mine," he said, with a sort of decisive calmness, but with a great temperateness.

"But if you married an ungovernable creature?"

"I doubt if anybody is absolutely ungovernable. In the army I have had to deal with some stiff propositions; but there is always a way."

"Is there? But in the army you deal with men. And we are so utterly different."

"I think I should have found the way."

"Could he find the way now?" she thought. "Shall I do it? Shall I risk it?"

"Why do you look at me like that," he asked, "almost as if you were looking at me for the first time and were trying to make me out?"

But again she was silent. If Seymour only knew how near he perhaps was to his greatest desire's fulfillment! If he only knew the conflict which was raging in her! At one moment she was on the edge of giving in, and flinging herself into prison and safety. At another she recoiled. How much did Seymour know of her? How well did he understand her?

"I must often have disgusted you very much before ten years ago. I expect you have often wondered very much about me, Seymour?"

"It is difficult to understand the great differences between your own temperament and another's, of course."

"Yes. How can faithfulness be expected to understand its opposite? You have lived like a monk almost and I—I have lived like a courtesan."

"Adela!"

His thin clear voice sounded terribly hurt.

"Oh, Seymour, you and I—we have always lived in the world! We know all its humbug by heart. We are both old—old now, and why should we pretend to each other? You know how lots of us have lived, no one better. And I suppose I have been one of the worst. But for ten years now I have behaved myself."

She stopped. She longed to say, "And, my God, Seymour, I am sick of behaving myself!" That would have been the naked truth. But even to him, after what she had just said, she could not utter it. Instead she added, after a moment:

"A great many lies have been lifted up as guiding lamps to men in the darkness. One of them is the saying, Virtue is its own reward. I have behaved for ten years and I know it is a lie."

"Adela, what is exasperating you today? Can't you tell me?"

Once more she looked at him with a sharp and intense scrutiny. She knew his worth. She knew the value of the dweller in his temple and had no need to debate about that. But she was one of those to whom the temple means much. She could not dissociate dweller from dwelling. The outside had always had a tremendous influence upon her and time had not lessened that influence. And she looked, and took in every physical detail as only a woman can when she looks at a man whom she is considering in a certain way.

The silence seemed long. At last he broke it; for he had seen an expression of despair come into her face.

"My dear, what is it? You must tell me!"

But suddenly the look of despair gave place to a mocking look, which he knew very well.

"It's only boredom, Seymour. I have had too much of Berkeley Square. I think I shall go away for a little."

"To Cap Martin?"

"Perhaps. Where does one go when one wants to run away from oneself?"

And then she changed the conversation and talked, as she generally talked to Sir Seymour, of the life they both knew, of the doings at Court, of politics, people, the state of the country, what was likely to come to old England.

She had decided against Seymour. But she had not decided for Craven. After the moment of despair, of feeling herself lost, she had suddenly said to herself, or a voice had said in her—a voice coming from she knew not where:

"I will remain free, but henceforth I will be my own mistress in freedom, not the slave of myself."

And then mentally she had dismissed both Seymour and Craven out of her life, the one as a husband, the other as a friend.

If she could not bring herself to take the one then she would not keep the other. She must seek for peace in loneliness. Evidently that was her destiny. She gave herself to it with mocking eyes and despair in her heart.

Three days later, soon after four o'clock, Craven rang the bell at Lady Sellsworth's. The door was opened by a footman.

"Is her ladyship at home?"



"Do you think it possible to love some one who inspires you at moments with unreasoning dread?" Beryl asked.

"Her ladyship has gone out of town, sir."

"When will she be back?"

"I couldn't say, sir. Her ladyship has gone abroad."

Craven stood for a moment without speaking. He was amazed and felt as if he had received a blow. Finally he said:

"Do you think she will be long away?"

"Her ladyship has gone for some time, sir, I believe."

Craven hesitated, then said:

"Do you know where her ladyship has gone? I—I wish to write a note to her."

"I believe it's some place near Monte Carlo, sir. Her lady-

ship gave orders that no letters were to be forwarded for the present."

"Thank you."

Craven turned away and walked slowly towards Mayfair. He felt startled and hurt, even angry. So this was friendship! And he had been foolish enough to think that Lady Sellingworth was beginning to value his company, that she was a lonely woman and that perhaps his visits, his sympathy, meant something, even a good deal to her. What a young fool he had been! And what a humbug she must be! Suddenly London seemed empty.

He felt that this short episode in his life was quite over. It



had ended abruptly, undramatically. It had seemed to mean a good deal and it had really meant nothing. What a boy he had been through it all! He felt at that moment acute hostility to women. They were treacherous, unreliable, even the best of them.

Miss Van Tuyn believed that things were coming her way after all. Young Craven was suddenly released and another very strong interest was dawning in her life. She had fulfilled her promise to Dick Garstin, driven to fulfillment by his taunt. No one should say with truth that she was afraid of anyone, man or woman. She would prove to Garstin that she was not afraid of the man he was trying to paint. So, on the day of their conversation in the studio, she had left Glebe Place with Arabian. For the first time she had been alone with him for more than a few minutes.

She had gone both eagerly and reluctantly, reluctantly because there was really something in Arabian which woke in her a sort of frail and quivering anxiety such as she had never felt before in any man's company, eagerly because Garstin had put into words what had till then been only a suspicion in her mind. He had told her that Arabian was in love with her. What he asserted about anyone was usually the fact. He could hardly be mistaken. Yet how could a woman be in doubt about such a thing? And she was still, in spite of her vanity, in doubt.

When Arabian had come into the studio that day, and had seen the sketch of him ripped up by the palette knife, he had looked almost fierce for a moment. He had turned towards Garstin with a sort of hauteur like one demanding, and having the right to demand, an explanation.

"What's the row?" Garstin had said, with almost insolent defiance. "I destroyed it because it's damned bad. I hadn't got you."

And then he had taken the canvas from the easel and had thrown it contemptuously into a corner of the studio.

Arabian had said nothing. But there had been a cloud on his face, and Miss Van Tuyn had known that he was angry and she had remembered her words to Arabian, that the least sketch by Garstin was worth a good deal of money.

No work had been done in the studio that morning. They had sat and talked for a while. Garstin had said most. He had been more agreeable than usual and had explained to Arabian, rather as one explains to a child, that a worker in an art is sometimes baffled for a time, a writer by his theme, a musician by his floating and perhaps half nebulous conception, a painter by his subject. And Arabian had listened politely, had looked as if he were trying to understand.

"I'll try again!" Garstin had said. "You must give me time, my boy. You're not in a hurry to leave London, are you?"

And then Miss Van Tuyn had seen Arabian's eyes turn to her as he said, but rather doubtfully:

"I don't know whether I am."

Garstin's eyes had said to her with sharp imperativeness:

"Keep him! You're not to let him go!"

And she had kept her promise; she had gone away from the studio with Arabian, leaving Garstin smiling at the door. And at that moment she had almost hated Garstin.

Arabian had asked her to lunch with him. She had consented. He had suggested a cab, and the Savoy, or the Carlton, or the Ritz if she preferred it. But she had quickly replied that she



At that moment Beryl realized why Arabian was dangerous to her. Charm, suppleness of temperament, heat and desire were his.

knew of a small restaurant close to Sloane Square station where the food was very good. They had gone there and had lunched in a quiet corner, and she had left him about three o'clock.

A few days later she had been with Arabian again. Garstin had begun another picture and had worked on through the lunch hour. Later they had had some food, a sort of picnic, in the studio, and then she had walked away with Arabian. Garstin had not allowed either her or Arabian to look at what he had done. He had, Miss Van Tuyn thought, seemed unusually nervous and diffident about his work. She did not know how he had got on and was curious. But she was going to dine with him that night. Perhaps he would tell her then, or perhaps he had only asked her to dinner that she might tell him about Arabian.

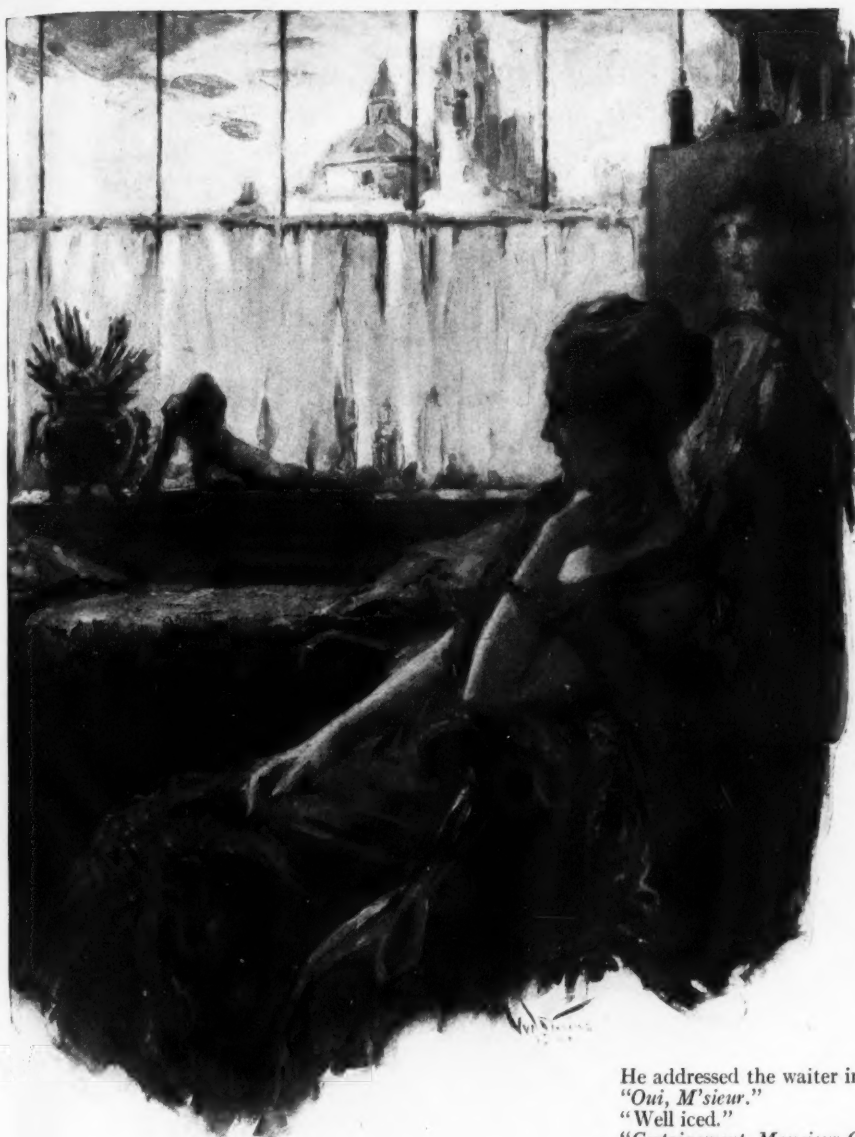
Her understanding of Craven underlined her ignorance about Arabian. The confidence she felt in Craven—a confidence quite independent of his liking, or not liking, her—marked for her the fact that she had no confidence in Arabian.

Arabian had not attempted to make love to her on either of the two occasions when she had been with him alone. Only his eyes had seemed to tell her that he admired her very much, that he wanted something of her. His manner had been non-committal. He had seemed to be on his guard.

There was something in Arabian which suggested to Miss Van Tuyn suspicion. He was surely a man who, despite his "open" look, his bold features, his enormously self-possessed manner, was suspicious of others. He had little confidence in others. She was almost certain of that.

He was not very easy to get on with somehow, although there was a great deal of charm in his manner, and although he was full of self-confidence and evidently accustomed to women. But to what women was he accustomed?

Miss Van Tuyn could see him with smart *cocottes*. He would surely be very much at ease with them. And many of them would be ready to adore such a man. For there was probably



she knew that in her, too, lurked the horrible primitive. And that troubled, and at the same time fascinated her. She was strangely excited. Craven attracted her, too, but in such a different way!

Suddenly London was interesting!

And she went away to dress for her dinner with Dick Garstin.

She met him at a tiny and very French restaurant in Conduit Street, where the cooking was absolutely first rate, where there was no sound of music, and where very few English people went. There were only some eight or ten tables in the cozy, warm little room, and when Miss Van Tuyn entered it there were not a dozen people dining. Dick Garstin was not there. It was just like him to be late and to keep a woman waiting. But he had engaged a table in the corner of the room on the right, away from the window. And Miss Van Tuyn was shown to it by a waiter. On the way she had bought "The Westminster Gazette." She opened it, lighted a cigarette and began to glance at the news. When Garstin came up and laid a hand on her arm, she started violently.

"Why did you do that?"

"What's the matter?"

"I forbid you to touch me like that! I hate being pawed and you know it."

"Let us dine. You've kept me waiting for ages."

Garstin sent a look to his waiter and sat down opposite to Miss Van Tuyn with his back to the room.

"Bortsch! Bring a bottle of the Lanson, Raoul."

He addressed the waiter in French.

"Oui, M'sieur."

"Well iced."

"Certainement, Monsieur Garstin."

"Better tempered now, Beryl?"

"You always make out that I have the temper of a fiend. I hate being startled. That's all. Why were you so late?"

"To give you time to study the evening paper."

"Were you working?"

"No—cursing."

"Why?"

"This damned portrait's going to be no good either!"

"Then you'd better give it up."

He shot a piercing glance at her.

"It isn't my way to give things up once I've put my hand to them," he observed dryly. "And you seem to forget that you put me up to it."

"I am not sure that I can stay over here very much longer. Dick. Paris is my home, and I can't waste my money at Claridge's forever."

"If you like I'll pay the bill."

She reddened.

"Do you really think that if I were to go, he—Arabian——"

"He'd follow you by the next boat."

"I'm sure he wouldn't."

"You're not half so vain as I thought you were."

"When we are alone he never attempts to make love to me. We talk platitudes. I know him no better than I did before."

"He's a wary bird. But the dawn must come and with it his crow."

"Well, Dick, I tell you frankly that I may go back to Paris any day."

"I knew you were nervy tonight. I wish I could find a woman who was a match for a man (Continued on page 129)

a strain of brutality somewhere under his charm. And they would love that. She could even see him, or fancied that she could, with street women. For there was surely a touch of the street in him. He must have been bred up in cities. He didn't belong to any fields or any woods that she knew or knew of. And—other women? Well, she was numbered among those other women. And how was he with her so far? Charming, easy, bold—yes; but also reserved, absolutely non-committal. She was not at all sure whether she was going to be of much use to Dick Garstin, except perhaps in her own person. Instead of delivering to him the man he wanted to come at, perhaps she would end by delivering a woman worth painting—herself.

Something in her shrank from Arabian as she had never yet shrunk from a human being. But something else was fascinated by him. Hitherto she had been inclined to believe that she was essentially complex, cerebral, free from any trace of sentimentality, quiveringly responsive to the appealing voices of the arts, healthily responsive to the joys of athleticism, almost in the way of a Greek youth in the early days of the world, but that she was free from all taint of animalism. Men had told her that in spite of her charm, and the fascination they felt in her, she lacked one thing—what they chose to call temperament.

She had supposed that she represented the ultra modern type of woman, the woman who without being cold—she would not acknowledge that she was cold—was free from the slavish instinct which makes all the ordinary women sisters in the vulgar bosom of nature.

But since she had seen Arabian she felt less highly civilized;

*HE was the only man who had ever been able to laugh at the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. But no man could laugh at the thing that inspired the supreme sacrifice of—*

# Jolly Roger's *Last* Quest

*Illustrations by*  
Walt Louderback

WHERE at one time there had been a paradise for him, in the glorious days when this land south of the shining Kaministiquia was a place of blue skies and green forests, with life softly whispering and mating birds rejoicing in song, Jolly Roger McKay—the hunted man—stood looking out upon a dead and blasted world.

The moon, big and full over his head, softened with a gold and silver glow the bier of earthly desolation where the fire had swept, until in the outlaw's fancy there was green grass underfoot again, with blue violets and red strawberries hiding in the lush sweetness of it; and there were deep, cool forests reaching away and the soft flutter of night birds between him and the moon—and in the cabin, standing silent and empty where the fire had almost crept to its doors, he visioned Nada sitting up in her bed, gathering the moonglow into her slim white arms, and thinking of him.

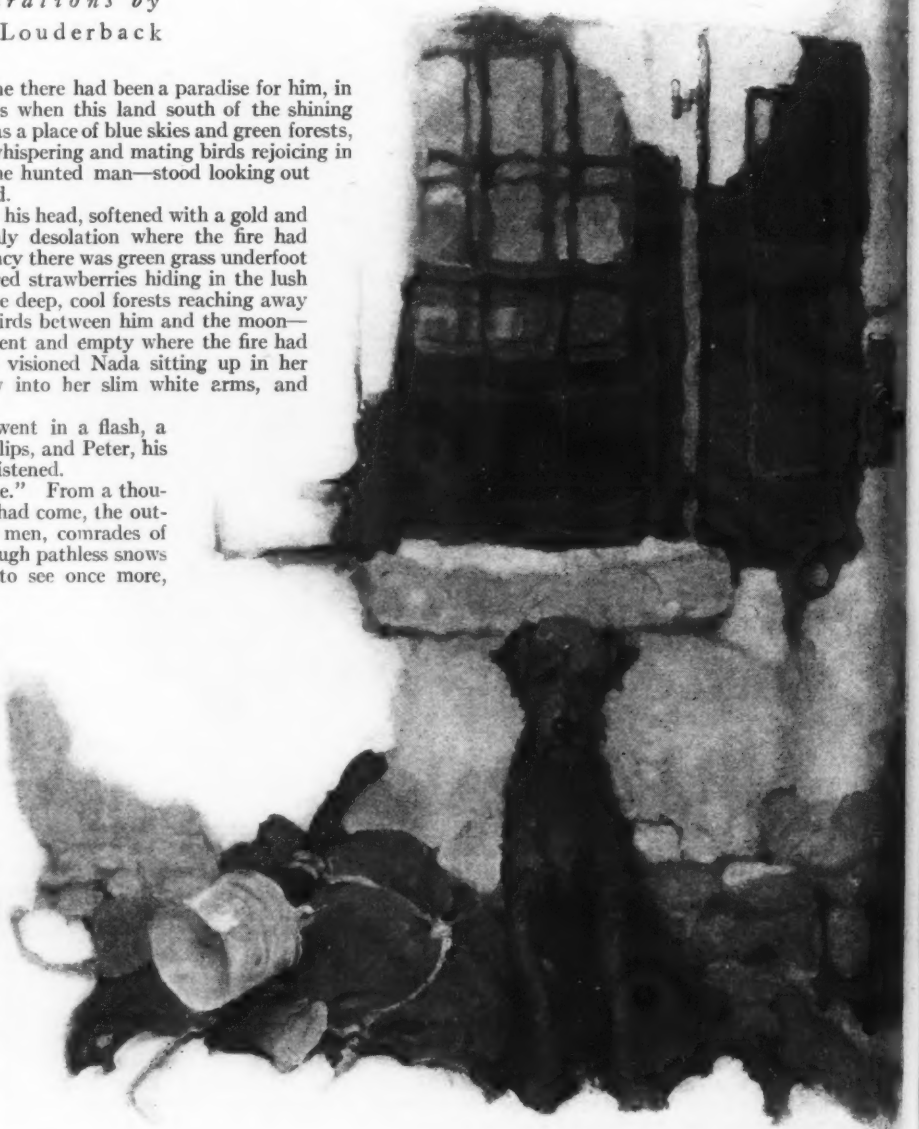
As the picture came and went in a flash, a strange sound came from his lips, and Peter, his dog, pricked up his ears and listened.

Today they had come "home." From a thousand miles farther north they had come, the outlaw and his dog—hunted by men, comrades of cold and hunger, fighting through pathless snows and unmapped wildernesses to see once more, before the end came, the one who waited and prayed for them and had faith in them, and who loved them in the face of all the world and of that law whose vengeance would be won only when Jolly Roger McKay was hanged by the neck until dead.

They stood on a great rock that jutted from the broken shoulder of Cragg's Ridge, and for a time all the hope in Jolly Roger's heart died out. It seemed to him that at last the big game of life and death was coming to an end and this black and lifeless world to which his heart had driven him was its final warning. He was not afraid of the law. He was not afraid of death. In that approaching hour when he would pay the price for killing Jed Hawkins, the man-brute, his optimism would not quite desert him. For the price after all was a reasonable one. It was worth that price to know Jed Hawkins was dead. But when his own God of the wilderness turned against him, as He seemed to have turned against him now, there was a heavy chill in his heart like the weight of cold lead. For he had expected to find Nada, and Nada was gone. Everything he had known was gone, swept away in an inundation of flame. Everything but the cabin, standing there still and dead in the moonglow, as if fate had left it in grim mockery of him—and not far from the cabin the charred cross of saplings that rose in sinister gloom above the rock cairn of Jed Hawkins's grave.

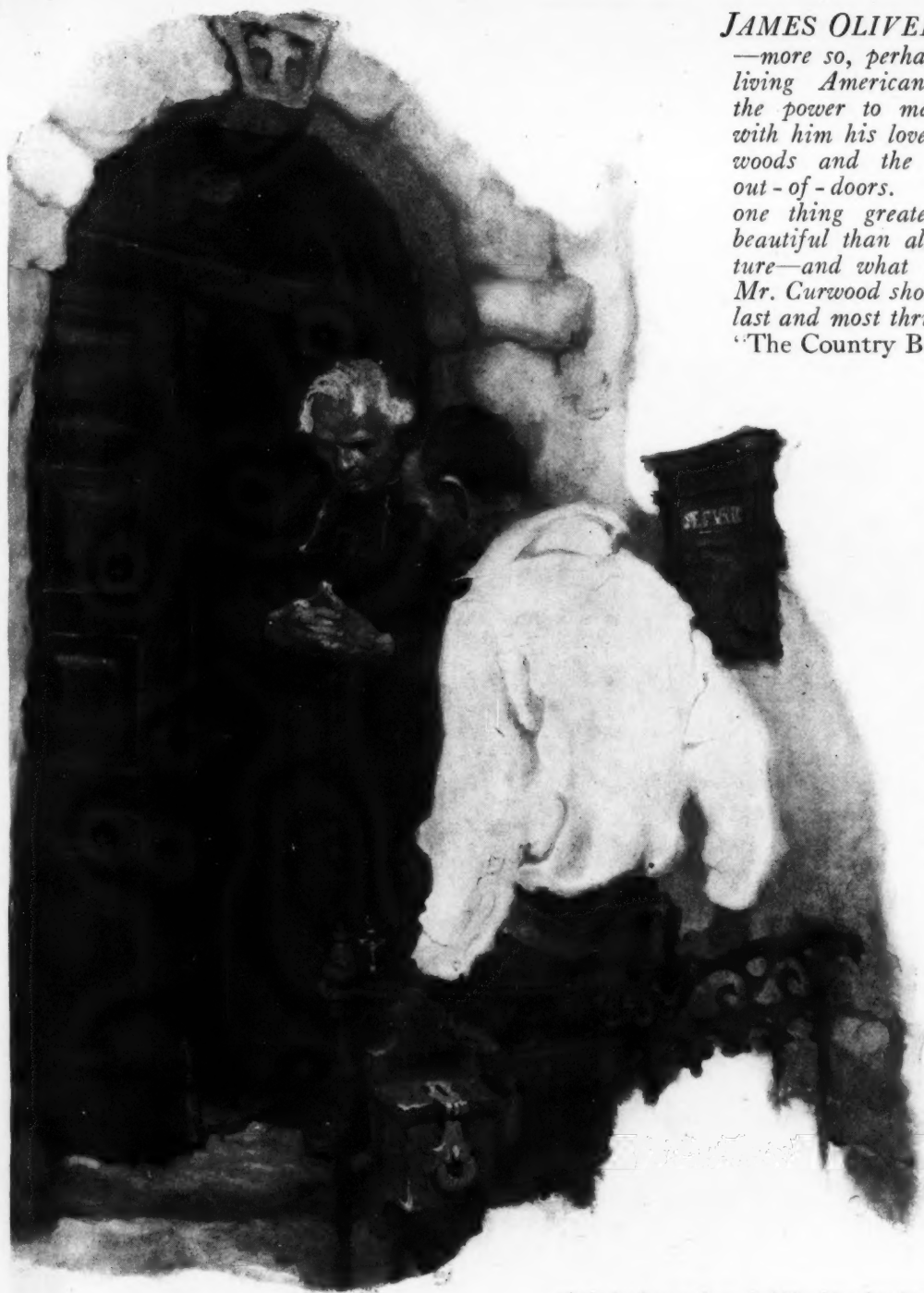
Again Peter heard the strange something that was like a laugh, and yet was not a laugh, on his master's lips. But this time his scraggly face, with its mat of airedale whiskers, did not look up. There was an answering whimper in his throat. He had been slow

in sensing the significance of the mysterious thing that had changed his old home since months ago, when he had followed his master on the long flight into the Northland. During the hours of afternoon, and these moonlit hours that followed, he tried to understand. He knew this was home. Yet the green grass was gone, and a million trees had changed into blackened stubs. The world was no longer shut in by deep forests. And where Indian Tom's swamp had been, out of which had come the wolf-howl at night, there was no longer a swamp; and Cragg's Ridge was naked where he and Nada had romped in sunshine and flowers, and out of it all rose the mucky death-smell of the flame-swept earth. These things he understood, in his dog way. But what he could not understand clearly was why Nada was not in the cabin, and why they did not find her, even though the world was changed.





police.



## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

—more so, perhaps, than any living American writer—has the power to make us share with him his love for the deep woods and the great, clean out-of-doors. But there is one thing greater and more beautiful than all else in nature—and what that thing is Mr. Curwood shows us in this last and most thrilling story of "The Country Beyond."

The Missioner looked down. "Father John escaped," he mumbled, "but he traveled alone."

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He sat back on his haunches, and Jolly Roger heard again the whimpering grief in his throat. It comforted the man to know that Peter remembered, and he was not alone in his desolation. Gently he placed a soot-grimed hand on his comrade's head.

"Peter, it was from this rock—right where we're standing now—that I first saw you and the girl, a long time ago," he said, a bit of forced cheer breaking through the huskiness of his voice. "Remember the little jackpine clump down there? She had you in her lap, a little know-nothing thing, and you were pawing in her loose curls, and growling so fiercely I could hear you. And when I made a noise, and she looked up, I thought she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen—just a kid, with those eyes like the flowers, and her hair shining in the sun, an' tear stains on her cheeks. Tear stains, Pied-Bot—because of that snake

who's dead over there, Jed Hawkins, her foster-father. Remember how you growled at me when I came down, Peter?"

Peter wriggled an answer.

"That was the beginning," said Jolly Roger, "and this—looks like the end. But—"

He clenched his fists, and there was a sudden fierceness in the grotesque movement of his shadow on the rock.

"We're going to find her before that end comes," he added defiantly. "We're going to find her, Pied-Bot, even if it takes us to the settlements—right up into the face of the law."

He set out over the rocks, his boots making hollow sounds in the deadness of the world about them. Again he followed where once had been the trail that led to Mooney's shack, over on the wobbly line of rail that rambled for eighty miles into the wilderness from Fort William. The P. D. & W. it was named—Port Arthur, Duluth & Western; but it had never reached Duluth, and there were those who had nicknamed it Poverty, Destruction & Want. Many times Jolly Roger had laughed at the queer stories Nada



In the edge of the clearing the girl had stopped singing, and stood like one carven of wood.

told him about it; how a wrecking outfit was always carried behind on the twice-a-week train, and how the crew picked berries in season, and had their trapping line, and once chased a bear halfway to Whitefish Lake while the train waited for hours. She called it the "Cannon Ball," because once upon a time it had made sixty-nine miles in twenty-four hours. But there was nothing of humor about it as Jolly Roger and Peter came out upon it tonight. It stretched out both ways from them, a thin, grim line of tragedy in the moonlight, and from where they stood it appeared to reach into a black and abysmal sea.

Once more man and dog paused, and looked back at what had been. And the whine came in Peter's throat again and something tugged inside him, urging him to bark up into the face of the moon, as he had often barked for Nada in the days of his puppyhood, and afterward.

But his master went on and Peter followed him, stepping the uneven ties one by one. And with the black chaos of the world under and about them, and the glorious light of the moon filling the sky over their heads, the journey they made seemed weirdly unreal. For the silver and gold of the moon and the black muck of the fire refused to mingle, and while over their heads they could see the tiniest clouds and beyond to the farthest stars, all was black emptiness when they looked about them upon what once

had been a living earth. Only the two lines of steel caught the moonlight and the charred ends of the fire-shriven stubs that rose up out of the earth shroud and silhouetted themselves against the sky.

To Peter it was not what he failed to see, but what he did not hear or smell that oppressed him and stirred him to wide-eyed watchfulness against impending evil. Under many moons he had traveled with his master in their never ending flight from the law, and many other nights with neither moon nor stars had they felt out their trails together. But always, under him and over him and on all sides of him there had been *life*. And tonight there was no life, nor smell of life. There was no chirp of night bird, or flutter of owl's wing, no plash of duck or cry of loon. He listened in vain for the crinkling snap of twig, and the whisper of wind in tree tops. And there was no smell—no musk of mink that had crossed his path, no taste in the air of the strong scented fox, no subtle breath of partridge and rabbit and fleshy porcupine. And even from the far distances there came no sound, no howl of wolf, no castanet clatter of stout moose horns against bending saplings—not even the howl of a trapper's dog.

The stillness was of the earth, and yet unearthly. It was even as if some fearsome thing was smothering the sound of his master's feet. To Jolly Roger McKay, sensing these same things that

Peter sensed, came understanding that brought with it an uneasiness which changed swiftly into the chill of a growing fear. The utter lifelessness told him how vast the destruction of the fire had been. Its obliteration was so great no life had adventured back into the desolated country, though the conflagration must have passed in the preceding autumn, many months ago. The burned country was a grave and the nearest edge of it, judged from the sepulchral stillness of the night, was many miles away.

For the first time came the horror of the thought that in such a fire as this people must have died. It had swept upon them like a tidal wave, galloping the forests with the speed of a race horse, with only this thin line of rail leading to the freedom of life outside. In places only a miracle could have made escape possible. And here, where Nada had lived, with the pitchwood forests crowding close, the fire must have burned most fiercely. In this moment, when fear of the unspeakable set his heart trembling, his faith fastened itself grimly to the little old gray Missioner, Father John, in whose cabin Nada had taken refuge many months ago, when Jed Hawkins lay dead in the trail with his one-eyed face turned up to the thunder and lightning in the sky. Father John, on that stormy night when he fled north, had promised to care for Nada, and in silence he breathed a prayer that the Missioner had saved her from the red death that had swept like an avalanche upon them. He told himself it must be so. He cried out the words aloud, and Peter heard him, and followed closer, so that his head touched his master's leg as he walked.

But the fear was there. From a spark it grew into a red-hot spot in Jolly Roger's heart. Twice in his own life he had raced against death in a forest fire. But never had he seen a fire like this must have been. All at once he seemed to hear the roar of it in his ears, the rolling thunder of the earth as it twisted in the cataclysm of flame, the hissing shriek of the flaming pitch tops as they leapt in lightning fires against the smoke-smothered sky. A few hours ago he had stood where Father John's cabin had been and the place was a ruin of char and ash. If the fire had hemmed them in and they had not escaped—

His voice cried out in sudden protest:

"It can't be, Peter. It can't be! They made the rail—or the lake—and we'll find them in the settlements. It couldn't happen. God wouldn't let her die like that!"

He stopped, and stared into the moon-broken gloom on his left. Something was there, fifty feet away, that drew him down through the muck which lay knee deep in the right-of-way ditch. It was what was left of the cutter's cabin, a clutter of burned logs, a wind-scattered heap of ash. Even there, within arm's reach of the railroad, there had been no salvation from the fire.

He waded again through the muck of the ditch, and went on. Mentally and physically he was fighting the ogre that was striving to achieve possession of his brain. Over and over he repeated his faith that Nada and the Missioner had escaped and he would find them in the settlements. Less than ever he thought of the law in these hours. What happened to himself was of small importance now, if he could find Nada alive before the menace caught up with him from behind, or ambushed him ahead. Yet the necessity of caution impinged itself upon him even in the recklessness of his determination to find her if he had to walk into the arms of the law that was hunting him. Within him was the ever present conviction that Breault, the Ferret, was close on his trail. There could be no escaping the Ferret, whose man hunting instinct was like the scent of a bloodhound; nor could he get away from the fact that everywhere, from Hudson's Bay to the mountains and from the Height of Land

to the farthest wilderness, watchful eyes were questing and waiting for him.

For an hour they went on, and as the moon sank westward it seemed to turn its face to look at them; and behind them, when they looked back, the world was transformed into a black pit, while ahead—with the glow of it streaming over their shoulders—ghostly shapes took form, and vision reached farther. Twice they caught the silvery gleam of lakes through the tree-stubs, and again they walked with the rippling murmur of a stream that kept for a mile within the sound of their ears. But even here, with water crying out its invitation to life, there was no life.

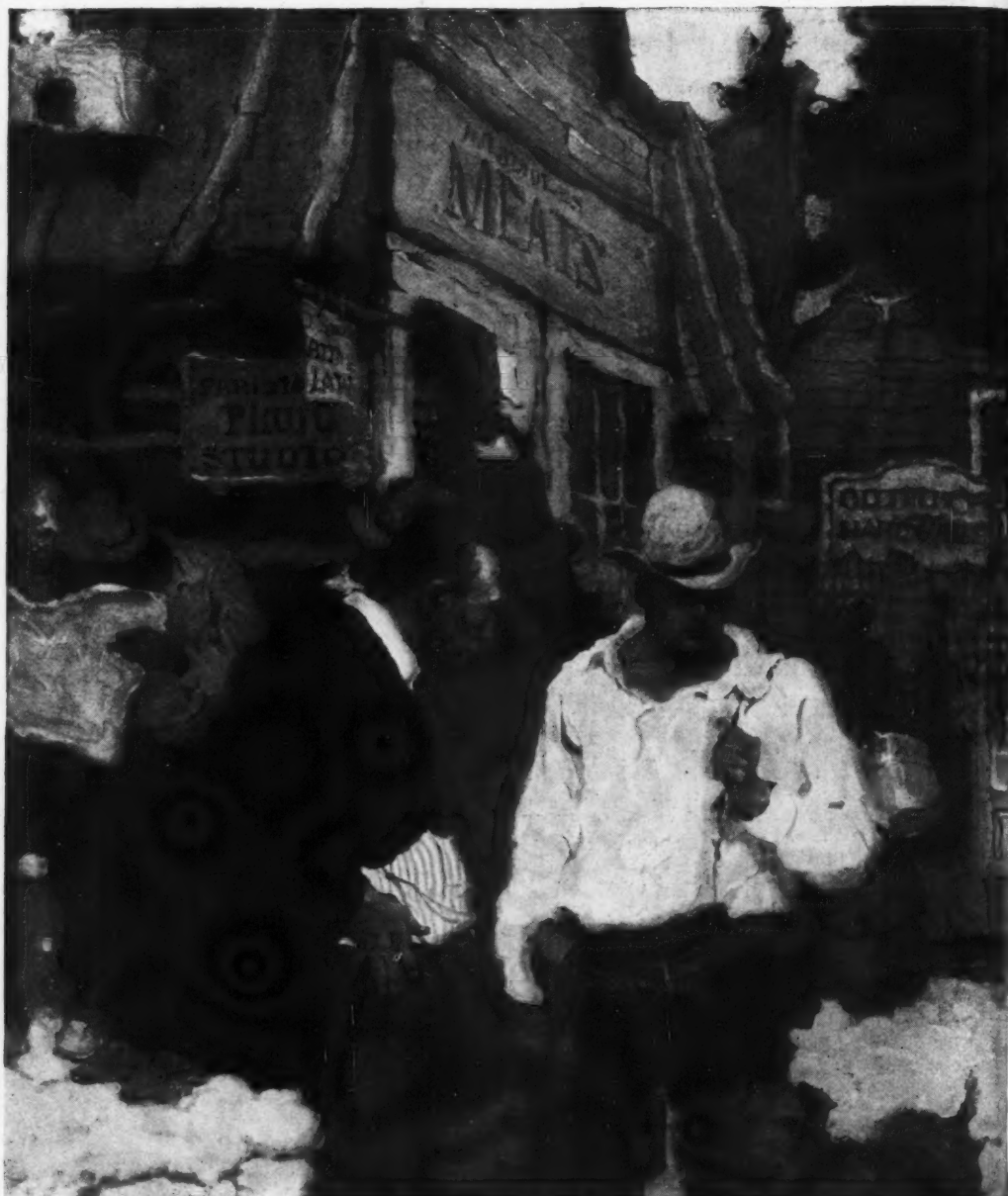
Another hour after that Jolly Roger's pulse beat a little faster as he strained his eyes to see ahead. Somewhere near, within a mile or two, was the first settlement with its sawmill and its bunk-houses, its one store and its few cabins, with flat mountains of sawdust on one side of it, and the evergreen forest creeping up to its doors on the other. Surely they would find life here, where there had been man power to hold fire back from the clearing. And it was here he might find Nada and the Missioner, for more than once Father John had preached to the red-cheeked women and children and the clear-eyed men of the Finnish community that thrived there.

But as they drew nearer he listened in vain for the bark of a dog, and his eyes quested as futilely for a point of light in the wide canopy of gloom. At last, close together, they rounded a curve in the road, and crossed a small bridge with



Jolly Roger's voice cried out in sudden protest: "It can't be, Peter! God wouldn't let her die like that."





A man and a dog came from the burned country into the town of

a creek running below, and McKay knew his arm should be able to send a stone to what he was seeking ahead. And then a minute later, he drew in a great gasping breath of unbelief and horror.

For the settlement was no longer in the clearing between him and the rim-glow of the moon. No living tree raised its head against the sky, no sign of cabin or mill shadowed the earth, and where the store had been, and the little church with its white-painted cross, was only a chaos of empty gloom.

He went down, as he had gone to the tie cutter's cabin, and for many minutes he stared and listened, while Peter seemed to stand without breathing. Then making a wide megaphone of his hands, he shouted. It was an alarming thing to do and Peter started as if struck. For there were only ghosts to answer back and the hollowness of a shriven pit for the cry to travel in. Nothing was there. Even the great sawdust piles had shrunk into black scars under the scourge of the fire.

A groaning agony was in the breath of Jolly Roger's lips as he went back to the railroad and hurried on. Death must have come here, death, sudden and swift. And if it had fallen upon the Finnish settlement, with its strong women and its stronger men, what might it not have done in the cabin of the little old gray Missioner—and Nada?

For a long time after that he forgot Peter was with him. He forgot everything but his desire to reach a living thing. At times,

where the roadbed was smooth, he almost ran, and at others he paused for a little to gather his breath and listen. And it was Peter, in one of these intervals, who caught the first message of life. From a long distance away came faintly the barking of a dog.

Half a mile farther on they came to a clearing where no stubs of trees stood up like question marks against the sky, and in this clearing was a cabin, a dark blotch that was without light or sound. But from behind it the dog barked again, and Jolly Roger made quickly toward it. Here there was no ash under his feet, and he knew that at last he had found an oasis of life in the desolation. Loudly he knocked with his fist at the cabin door and soon there was a response inside, the heavy movement of a man's body getting out of bed, and after that the questioning voice of a woman. He knocked again and the flare of a lighted match illumined the window. Then came the drawing of a bar at the door and a man stood there in his night attire, a man with heavy face and bristling beard, and a lamp in his hand.

"I beg your pardon for waking you," said Jolly Roger, "but I am just down from the north, hoping to find my friends back there and I have seen nothing but destruction and death. You are the first living soul I have found to ask about them."

"Where were they?" grunted the man.

"At Cragg's Ridge."



Fort William seeking for Father John and a young and beautiful girl.

"Then God help them," came the woman's voice from back in the room.

"Cragg's Ridge," said the man, "was a burning hell in the middle of the night."

Jolly Roger's fingers dug into the wood at the edge of the door.

"You mean——"

"A lot of 'em died," said the man stolidly, as if eager to rid himself of the one who had broken his sleep. "If it was Mooney, he's dead. An' if it was Robson, or Jake the Swede, or the Adams family—they're dead, too."

"But it wasn't," said Jolly Roger, his heart choking between fear and hope. "It was Father John, the Missioner, and Nada Hawkins, who lived with him—or with her foster-mother in the Hawkins's cabin."

The man shook his head, and turned down the wick of his lamp.

"I dunno about the girl, or the old witch who was her mother," he said, "but the Missioner made it out safe, and went to the settlements."

"And no girl was with him?"

"No, there was no girl," came the woman's voice again, and Peter jerked up his ears at the creaking of a bed. "Father John stopped here the second day after the fire had passed, and he said he was gathering up the bones of the dead. Nada Hawkins

wasn't with him, and he didn't say who had died and who hadn't. But I think——"

She stopped as the bearded man turned toward her.

"You think what?" demanded Jolly Roger, stepping half into the room.

"I think," said the woman, "that she died along with the others. Anyway, Jed Hawkins's witch woman was burned trying to make for the lake, and little of her was left."

The man with the lamp made a movement as if to close the door.

"That's all we know," he growled.

"For God's sake—don't!" entreated Jolly Roger, barring the door with his arm. "Surely there were some who escaped from Cragg's Ridge and beyond!"

"Mebbe a half, mebbly less," said the man. "I tell you it burned like hell, and the worst of it came in the middle of the night with a wind behind it that blew a hurricane. We've twenty acres cleared here, with the cabin in the center of it, an' it singed my beard and burned her hair and scorched our hands, and my pigs died out there from the heat of it. Mebbe it's a place to sleep in for the night you want, stranger?"

"No, I'm going on," said Jolly Roger, the blood in his veins running with the chill of water. "How far before I come to the end of fire?"

(Continued on page 114)



## Stories *that* Have

by MONTAGUE GLASS

"IT'S a lovely day if I do say so myself," says the southern Californian, and no mere earthly being can utter the obvious retort which the clothing dealer made when his clerk remarked, "We're having some wonderful weather lately." What the clothing dealer said was, "We? . . . Since when was we partners?"

All this is by way of prelude to the story of how his own wonderful climate confounded the southern Californian who bought a diminutive Chihuahua terrier from a peddler in Tia Juana, just over the Mexican border. It was about the size of a hot cross bun and the peddler assured him it would never become larger. A month later the Californian was again in Tia Juana and encountered the same peddler.

"Look, *señor*," the peddler said, forgetting his former customer's face, "Chihuahua dog! Ver' leettle!"

"Very little, is he?" the Californian exclaimed. "Always stays small like that?"

"Sí, *señor*. Always!"

"Never gets any larger?"

"No, *señor*. Never!"

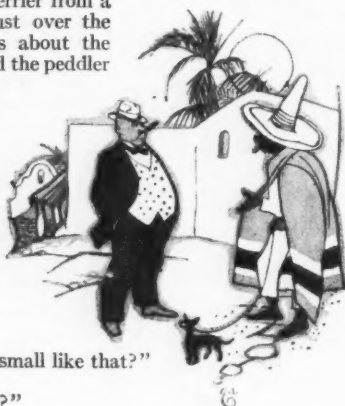
"You're a liar," the Californian said. "You sold me one of those pups a month ago, and he's the size of a Saint Bernard right now."

For a moment the peddler was embarrassed—but *only* for a moment.

"Where you live, *señor*?" he asked.

"I live in Los Angeles," was the reply.

"Oh, well," the peddler said with a shrug which implied that the whole matter had been thoroughly explained, "everything grow beeg in southern California!"



A MONTREAL lawyer employs a guide in the Province of Quebec during the deer hunting season.

"He's half Indian," the lawyer explained, "and I guess the other half is Indian too."

Last summer a peddler visited the neighborhood where the guide lives and sold him an adjustable dating stamp, and in the fall the Montreal lawyer received the following letter:

Quatre Rivières OCT 13 1921.

Mr. George Hunter Dear Sir:

Well George I received your letter of OCT 1 1921 where you say you will be up as usual round NOV 1 1921 but I am sorry to say I will not be able to go with you on NOV 1 1921 as my wife's mother has been sick ever since JUL 1 1921 and died on SEP 15 1921 and we buried her on SEP 21 1921 so I am going to take my wife to visit her folks in Saint Omer on OCT 20 1921 so I will not be back till NOV 20 1921. I hope to see you as usual on NOV 1 1922 My wife and I wish you a happy DEC 25 1921.

Your friend,

JOSEPH DELISLE.

THE late Dean Stanley tells of a clergyman in the north of England who was extremely deaf, but made every effort to disguise his affliction from his parishioners by pretending to hear everything that went on around him. One Sunday he directed the clerk to make the announcement in church that (a) anybody

who had a baby to baptize might bring it to the vestry after the service, and (b) that the new hymn books would be used the following Sunday.

The clerk inadvertently reversed the order of the announcements and ended by saying that anybody who had a baby to baptize might bring it to the vestry after the service, whereupon the vicar added, to the astonishment of the congregation: "And I may say for the benefit of those who have *not* got them, that they may be obtained at the vestry after the service, plain black ones for a shilling apiece and extra ones with red backs for two and sixpence."

ERNEST LAWFORD, the English comedian, who used to be a lawyer, said that while in the English criminal courts every effort is made to assign competent counsel to pauper criminals, it does not follow that these legal practitioners are of the same smart appearance as their more successful brethren.

A bookmaker's clerk was recently on trial for murder and after he was placed in the dock, he turned to the policeman beside him and said, "I say, who's the Johnny in the wig over there?"

"That's the barrister who's going to defend you," the policeman said.

The defendant gazed long and critically at his newly appointed defender.

"Dismal looking beggar, isn't he?" he said.

W. W. JACOBS'S idea of a good loser is a character called Captain Bross in the collection of short stories entitled *Many Cargoes*. Captain Bross lost even his trousers playing cribbage and was marooned in his cabin for two days. When discovered, he was clothed in the news section of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and was reading the advertisements.

ART SAMUELS, the writer and musician, says that a member of his family rang up an express office and asked for the boss. "He ain't in," a rustic voice replied from the other end of the 'phone.

"Well, who is this I am speaking to?" Art Samuels's relation inquired; but the man at the other end of the wire didn't propose to reveal his identity to every Tom, Dick and Harry.

"Oh," the voice replied, "this is just somebody that's settin' here."



IT is extremely difficult to persuade the restaurant proprietor that the necessity for food conservation has passed.

Recently a customer called the waiter who had just finished serving him and pointed indignantly to the dish in front of him.

"I ordered a portion of duck and green peas," he said.

"Where's the duck?"

The waiter examined the dish critically.

"Why, there it is, sir," he said, "right behind that other pea."





# Made Me Laugh

—the Famous Humorist

AN Oxford undergraduate, famous for his impudence, was showing some country relations around his college quadrangle. They arrived in front of the Master's residence.

"That," he explained, "is the Master's residence."

He pointed to some rooms on the second floor.

"That's the Master's study," he said.

He next indicated a large bay window.

"That is the Master's study window," he continued.

Then he picked up a stone from the walk and threw it at the window. It broke with a startling noise, and instantly an old gentleman—his face purple with rage—appeared at the ruined sash.

"And that," the undergraduate concluded imperturbably, "is the Master himself."

AN embarrassed young man approached the floor walker of a department store.

"I wonder if you can help me out," he said. "I've been asked to buy something in this store, and I can't remember the name of the article. It's either a camisole or a casse-rolle."

"Is it for a live chicken or a dead chicken?" the floor walker asked.

"Is it for a live chicken or a dead chicken?" the floor walker asked.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE of Emporia, Kansas, invited James J. Montague and myself to accompany him in his automobile

from Paris to Coblenz, shortly after the armistice. When we passed through Meaux, we alighted at the Cathedral and Mr. White asked a doughboy how old it was. The doughboy said that the natives told him it had been finished in 1100 A. D.

"Well," Mr. White commented, "nobody could say around here with the chance of being believed, that he used to shoot deer where the Catholic church now stands."

IN the days before Prohibition, the temperance orator always pictured a drunken married man as going straight home from the saloon and beating his wife. However there have been instances of a drunken married man going home and being beaten by his wife. Thomas E. Woolwine, the district attorney of Los Angeles County, tells of an instance where a married man was so often and so severely punished by his wife for arriving home peaceably drunk, that the neighbors protested.

"When he comes home loaded like that, why don't you treat him right?" they said.

"I do treat him right," she replied. "The last time I nearly broke his neck."

"But why don't you try kindness for a change?" they suggested. "When he comes home like that, make a fuss over

him. Hand him his slippers and his pipe and fix him a nice hot cup of coffee. See if that won't cure him."

Accordingly the next time he arrived home drunk, instead of greeting him with a flatiron, she led him to a chair in front of the fire, unlaced his shoes, brought him his pipe and his slippers, and a few minutes later he was sipping a fresh-made cup of coffee.

"There, my dear," she said. "How do you feel now?"

He pressed her hand and spoke to her affectionately if a trifle muzzily.

"I f-feel f-fine," he said.

"But I'll catch it from my wife when I get home."



FELIX LAMOND, Director of the Music Department in the American Academy at Rome, was at one time assistant conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company of which Luigi Arditi was the conductor. While Arditi was conducting a rehearsal one morning, his valet arrived all out of breath.

"Signor Arditi," he gasped, "come home quick. Your wife has a leetle boy."

Arditi continued to direct the orchestra.

"After rehearsal is time enough," he said calmly.

A few minutes later the valet again returned breathless.

"Signor Arditi," he cried, "you moost-a come home quick. Your wife has also a leetle girl."

Signor Arditi went on conducting.

"All-a right, all-a right," he said. "After rehearsal I come."

Not ten minutes elapsed before the valet rushed in again.

"Signor Arditi," he exclaimed, "you moost-a come home. It is triplets."

Signor Arditi turned to Felix Lamond.

"Lamond, take the baton," he said. "My wife goes too far. I've got to run over to the house and stop this."

SOME time ago in *Life* there appeared the picture of a New York child sojourning in the country on a "fresh-air" excursion. He is pointing to a tree on which a bird is singing.

"Oh, look at the boyd!" he said.

"That's a bird, not a boyd," the teacher tells him.

"Well," the fresh-air youngster says, "it makes a noise like a boyd."

ONE of the numerous English novelists who came to America to tour the lyceum circuit delivered a lecture in Los Angeles last winter, and Rob Wagner who writes about moving picture people and also writes for them with equal success, went to hear him.

"Did he deliver a good lecture?" I asked Rob.

"You bet he did," Rob said. "He delivered a peach of a lecture."

"What was it about?" I asked.

"He didn't say," Rob replied.

"And nobody knew him well enough to ask him."



## The Smudge

(Continued from page 42)

morning and take a little journey to Jersey or Connecticut, and your lie to her won't be a lie any more."

"Morton—I don't understand. Why?"

"I'll marry you."

"You fool!" she said almost meditatively. "So you've heard we've gotten on a bit. You must even have heard of this," placing her hand over the jar of the brown cold cream. "You want to be in at the feast. You're so easy to read that I can tell you what you're after before you can get the coward words out. Marry you! You fool!"

It was as if she could not flip the word off scornfully enough.

"Well, Hattie," he said, unbunching his soft hat, "I reckon that's pretty plain."

"I reckon it is, Morton."

"All right. Everybody to his own notion of carryin' a grudge to the grave. But it's all right, honey. No hard feelin's. It's something to know I was willin' to do the right thing. There's a fruit steamer out of here for N'Orleans in the mawnin'. Reckon I'll catch it."

"I'd advise you to."

"No objection to me droppin' around to see the girl first? Entitled to a little natural curiosity. Come, I'll take you up home this evenin'. No harm."

"You're not serious, Morton. You wouldn't upset things. You wouldn't tell—that—child!"

"Why, not in a thousand years, honey, unless you forced me to it. Well, you've forced me. Come, Hattie, I'm seein' you home this evenin'."

"You can't put your foot——"

"Come now. You're too clever a woman to try to prevent me. Course there's a way to keep me from goin' up home with you this evenin'. I wouldn't use it, if I were you. You know I'll get to see her. I even know where she goes to school. Mighty nice selection you made, Hattie. Miss Harperly's."

"You can't frighten me," she said, trying to moisten her lips with her tongue. But it was dry as a parrot's. It was hard to close her lips. They were oval and suddenly immobile as a picture frame. What if she could not swallow. There was nothing to swallow! Dry tongue. Oh God—Marcia!

That was the fleeting form her panic took, but almost immediately she could manage her lips again. Her lips, you see, they counted so! She must keep them firm in the slippery shine of the comedy black.

"Come," he said, "get your make-up off. I'll take you up in a cab."

"How do you know it's—up?"

"Why, I don't know as I do know exactly. Morningside Heights is about right, I calculate."

"So—you have been—watching!"

"Well, I don't know as I'd put it that-away. Naturally when I got to town—first thing I did—most natural thing in the world. That's a mighty fine car with a mighty fine looking boy and a girl brings your—our girl home every afternoon about four. We used to have a family of Grosbecks down home. Another branch, I reckon."

"Oh—God!" A malaprop of a tear, too heavy to wink in, came rolling suddenly down Hattie's cheek.

"Morton—let us—live—for God's sake! Please!"

He regarded the clean descent of the tear down Hattie's color-fast cheek and its clear drop into the bosom of her black taffeta housemaid's dress.

"By jove! The stuff is color fast! You've a fortune in that cream if you handle it right, honey."

"My way is the right way for me."

"But it's a woman's way. Incorporate. Manufacture it. Get a man on the job. Promote it!"

"Ah, that sounds familiar! The way you promoted away every cent of your mother's fortune until the [bed she died in was mortgaged. One of your wildcat schemes again! Oh, I watched you before I lost track of you in South America—just the way you're watching—us—now! I know the way you squandered your mother's fortune. The rice plantation in Georgia. The alfalfa ranch. The solid rubber tire venture in Atlanta. You don't get your hands on my affairs. My way suits me!"

The tumult in her was so high and her panic so like a squirrel in the circular frenzy of its cage that she scarcely noted the bang on the door and the hairy voice that came through.

"All out!"

"Yes," she said without knowing it.

"You're losing a fortune, Hattie. Shame on a fine strapping woman like you, black-facing herself up like this when you've hit on something with a fortune in it if you work it properly. You ought to have more regard for the girl. Black-face!"

"What has her—father's regard done for her? It's my black-face has kept her like a lily!"

"Admitting all that you say about me is right. Well, I'm here eating humble pie now. If that little girl doesn't know, bless my heart, I'm willin' she shouldn't ever know. I'll take you out to Greenwich, Connecticut, tomorrow and marry you. Then what you've told her all these years is the truth. I've just come back, that's all. We've patched up. It's done every day. Right promoting and a few hundred dollars in that there cream will——"

She laughed. November rain running off a broken spout. Yellow leaves scuttling ahead of wind.

"The picture puzzle is now complete, Morton. Your whole scheme, piece by piece. You're about as subtle as corn bread. Well, my answer to you again is, get out!"

"All right. All right. But we'll both get out, Hattie. Come, I'm agoin' to call on you all up home a little while this evenin'!"

"No. It's late—she's——"

"Come, Hattie, you know I'm agoin' to see that girl one way or another. If you want me to catch that fruit steamer tomorrow, if I were you I'd let me see her my way. You know I'm not much on raisin' my voice, but if I were you, Hattie, I wouldn't fight me."

"Morton—Morton, listen! If you'll take that fruit steamer without trying to see her—would you? You're on your uppers. I understand. Would a hundred—two hundred——"

"I used to light my cigarette with that much down on my rice swamps——"

"You see, Morton, she's such a little thing. A little thing with big eyes. All her life those eyes have looked right down into me, believing everything I ever told her. About you, too, Morton. Good things. Not that I'm ashamed of anything I ever told her. My only wrong was ignorance. And innocence. Innocence of the kind of lesson I was to learn from you."

"Nothin' was ever righted by harping on it, Hattie."

"But I want you to understand—Oh God, make him understand—she's such a sensitive little thing! And as things stand now—glad I'm her mother. Yes, glad—black-face and all! Why, many's the time I've gone home from the theater, too tired to take off my make-up until I got into my own rocker, with my ankles soaking in warm water. They swell so terribly sometimes; rheumatism, I guess. Well, many a time when I kissed her in her sleep, she's opened her eyes on me—black-face and all. Her arms up and around me. I was there underneath the black! She knows that! And that's what she'll always know about me no matter what you tell her. I'm there—her mother—underneath the black! You hear, Morton! That's why you must let us—live——"

"My proposition is the mighty decent one of a gentleman."

"She's only a little baby, Morton. And just at that age where being like all the other boys and girls is the whole of her little life. It's killing—all her airiness and fads and fancies! Such a proper little young lady. You know, the way they clip and trim them at finishing school. Sweet sixteen nonsense that she'll outgrow. Tonight, Morton, she's at a party. A boy's. Her first. That fine-looking, yellow-haired young fellow and his sister, that bring her home every afternoon. At their house, Gramercy Park. A fine young fellow——"

"Look here, Hattie, are you talking against time?"

"She's home asleep by now. I told her she had to be in bed by eleven. She minds me, Morton. I wouldn't—couldn't—wake her. Morton, Morton, she's yours as much as mine. That's God's law, no matter how much man's law may have let you shirk your responsibility. Don't hurt your own flesh and blood by coming back to us—now. I remember once when you cut your hand it made you ill. Blood! Blood is warm. Red. Sacred stuff. She's your blood, Morton. You let us alone when we needed you. Leave us alone now, that we don't!"

"But you do, Hattie-girl. That's just it. You're running things a woman's way. Why, a man with the right promoting ideas——"

There was a fusillade of bangs on the door now, and a shout as if the hair on the voice were rising in anger.

"All out, or the doors'll be locked on yuh! Fine doings!"

She grasped her light wrap from its hook and her hat with its whirl of dark veil, fitting it down with difficulty over the fizz of wig.

"Come, Morton," she said, "I'm ready. You're right, now or never!"

"Your face!"

"No time now. Later—at home!"

See the bucking bronco buck  
 Snort and stamp at his hard luck!  
 The cowboy takes it all in fun—  
 Just thinks of Campbell's when he's done!



## Leave it to experts!

The modern housekeeper leaves the soup making to trained specialists and gains just that much time and energy for other things. Every time she serves Campbell's Soup she knows it will have the same delicious quality and richness. As it comes hot and savory to the table, she takes real pride in her soup.

### Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a delicious, highly nutritious blend of fifteen different vegetables, hearty cereals, strong, rich beef stock, herbs and spices—thirty-two distinct ingredients in all. The very best that money can buy goes into this soup and it would be very difficult indeed to duplicate it in any home kitchen.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



She'll know that I'm there—under the black!"

"So do I, Hattie, that's why I——"

"I'm not one of the ready-made heroines you read about. That's not my idea of sacrifice! I'd let my child hang her head of my shame sooner than stand up and marry you to save her from it. Marcia wouldn't want me to! She's got your face—but my character! She'll fight! She'll glory that I had the courage to let you tell her the—truth! Yes, she will!" she cried, her voice pleading for the truth of what her words exclaimed. "She'll glory in having saved me—from you! You can come! Now, too, while I have the strength that loathing you can give me. I don't want you skulking about. I don't want you hanging over my head—or hers! You can tell her tonight—but in my presence! Come!"

"Yes, sir," he repeated doggedly and still more doggedly. "Yes sir—ce!" Following her, trying to be grim, but his lips too soft to click. "Yes—sir!"

They drove up through a lusterless midnight with a threat of rain in it; hitting loosely against one another in a shiver-my-timbers taxicab. Silently. Her pallor showing through the brown of her face did something horrid to her.

It was as if the skull of her, set in torment, were looking through a transparent black mask, but because there were not lips, forced to grin.

And yet, do you know that while she rode with him, Hattie's heart was high. So high that when she left him finally, seated in her little lamp-lighted living room, it was he whose unease began to develop.

"I—if she's asleep Hattie——"

Her head looked so sure, thrust back and sunk a little between the shoulders.

"If she's asleep, I'll awaken her. It's better this way. I'm glad now. I want her to see me save myself. She would want me to. You banked on mock heroics from me, Morton. You lost."

Marcia was asleep—in her narrow pretty bed with little bowknots painted on the pale wood. About the room all the tired and happy muzz of after-the-party. A white taffeta dress with a whisper of real lace at the neck, almost stiffly

seated, as if with Marcia's trimness, on a chair. A steam of white tulle rose off the dressing table. A buttonhole gardenia in a tumbler of water. One long white kid glove on the table beside the night light.

"Dear me, dear me!" screamed Hattie to herself, fighting to keep her mind on the plane of casual things. She's lost a glove again. Dear me. Dear me! I hope it's a left one, to match up with the right one she saved from the last pair. Dear me!"

She picked up a white film of stocking, turning and exploring with spread fingers in the foot part for holes. There was one! Marcia's big toe had danced right through. "Dear me!"

Marcia sleeping. Very quietly and very deeply. She slept like that. Whitely and straightly and with the covers scarcely raised for the ridge of her slim body.

Sometimes Marcia asleep could frighten Hattie. There was something about her white stillness. Lilies are too fair and so must live briefly. That thought could clutch so that she would kiss Marcia awake. Kiss her soundly because Marcia's sleep could be so terrifyingly deep.

"Marcia," said Hattie, and stood over her bed. Then again, "Mar-cia!" on more voice than she thought her dry throat could yield her.

There was the merest fillop of black on the lacy bosom of Marcia's nightgown and Hattie leaned down to flick it. No. It was a pin. A small black-enameled pin, edged in pearls. Automatically Hattie knew.

"Marcia!" cried Hattie and shook her a little. She hated to waken her. Always had. Especially for school on rainy days. Sometimes didn't. Couldn't. Marcia came up out of sleep so reluctantly. A little dazed. A little secretive. As if a white bull in a dream had galloped off with her like Persephone's.

Only Hattie did not know of Persephone. She only knew that Marcia slept beautifully and almost breathlessly. Sweet and low. It seemed silly, sleeping beautifully. But just the same, Marcia did.

Then Hattie, not faltering, mind you, waited. It was better that Marcia should know. Now, too, while her heart was so high.

Sometimes it took as many as three kisses to awaken Marcia. Hattie bent

for the first one, a sound one on the tip of her lip.

"Marcia!" she cried. "Marcy, wake up!" and drew back.

Something had happened! Darkly. A smudge the size of a quarter and the color of Hattie's guaranteed-not-to-fade cheek, lay incredibly on Marcia's whiteness.

Hattie had smudged Marcia! Hattie had smudged Marcia!

There it lay on her beautiful, helpless whiteness. Hattie's smudge.

It is doubtful, from the way he waited with his soft hat dangling from soft fingers, if Morton had ever really expected anything else. Momentary unease gone, he was quiet and Southern and even indolent about it.

"We'll go to Greenwich first thing in the morning and be married," he said.

"Sh-h-h," she whispered to his quietness, "don't wake Marcia."

"Hattie——" he said, and started to touch her.

"Don't," she sort of cried under her whisper, but not without noting that his hand was ready enough to withdraw. "Please—go—now——"

"Tomorrow at the station, then. Eleven. There's a train every hour for Greenwich."

He was all tan to her now, standing there like a blur.

"Yes, Morton, I'll be there. If—please—you'll go now."

"Of course!" he said. "Late. Only I—well, paying the taxi—strapped me—temporarily. A ten spot—old Hat—would help."

She gave him her purse, a tiny leather one with a patent clasp. Somehow her fingers were not flexible enough to open it. His were.

There were a few hours of darkness left and she sat them out, exactly as he had left her, on the piano stool, looking at the silence.

Toward morning quite an equinoctial storm swept the city, banging shutters and signs, and a steeple on One Hundred and Twenty-second Street was struck by lightning.

And so it was that Hattie's wedding day came up like thunder.

## Bertie Gets Even

(Concluded from page 75)

throat sufficiently to try to correct this fearful impression.

"No, no!" I gurgled.

"He said you pushed him in, and I saw you do it. Oh, I'm not angry, Bertie! I think it was too sweet of you. But I'm quite sure it's time that I took you in hand. You certainly want some one to look after you. You've been seeing too many moving pictures. I suppose the next thing you would have done would have been to set the house on fire so as to rescue me." She looked at me in a proprietary sort of way. "I think," she said, "I shall be able to make something of you, Bertie. It is true yours has been thus far a wasted life, but you are still young, and there is lots of good in you."

"No, really there isn't."

"Oh, yes, there is! It simply wants bringing out. Now you run up to the house and change your clothes or you will catch cold."

And, if you know what I mean, there was a sort of motherly note in her voice which seemed to tell me, even more than her actual words, that I was for it.

As I was coming downstairs after changing, I ran into young Bingo, looking festive to a degree.

"Bertie!" he said. "Just the man I wanted to see. Bertie, a wonderful thing has happened."

"You blighter!" I cried. "What became of you? Do you know . . .?"

"Oh, you mean about being in those bushes? I hadn't time to tell you about that. It's all off."

"All off?"

"Bertie, I was actually starting to hide in those bushes when the most extraordinary thing happened. Walking across the lawn I saw the most radiant, the most beautiful girl in the world. There is none like her, none. I seemed to forget everything. We

two were alone in a world of music and sunshine. I joined her. I got into conversation. She is a Miss Braythwayt, Bertie—Daphne Braythwayt. Directly our eyes met, I realized that what I had imagined to be my love for Honoria Glossop had been a mere passing whim. Bertie, you do believe in love at first, don't you? She is so wonderful, so sympathetic. Like a tender goddess . . ."

At this point I left the blighter.

Two days later I got a letter from Jeeves.

"... The weather," it ended, "continues fine. I have had one exceedingly enjoyable bathe."

I gave one of those hollow, mirthless laughs, and went downstairs to join Honoria. I had an appointment with her in the drawing room. She was going to read Ruskin to me.

# Washing tests made by leading woolen manufacturer show safest way to wash woolens

**W**OOL is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. A baby's woolen shirt or band, for instance, may shrink and yellow almost beyond recognition in three careless washings.

The manufacturer is as much interested as the wearer in finding the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of Carter's underwear had laundering tests made. The letter from the William Carter Company tells what these tests showed about the safe way to wash woolens and why, as a result, they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



William H. Carter, President  
**THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY**  
 NEEDHAM HEIGHTS  
 Carter's **KNIT** Underwear  
 Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
 Horace A. Carter, Treasurer

Lever Bros. Co.  
 Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We took several infants' shirts and had them washed in Lux the average number of times a shirt is washed before the baby outgrows it. At the end of these washings the shirts were soft and fleecy and as unshrunk as if washed in water alone. These tests prove to our entire satisfaction that a mother cannot do better than to wash her baby woolens in Lux.

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We are willing to say, without qualification, that Lux will not shrink or injure woolens and we heartily recommend it for laundering them.

Very truly yours,

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY  
*Horace A. Carter*



## To keep woolens soft and unshrunk

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best.

Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. P-3, Cambridge, Mass.

# LUX

Won't injure anything  
 pure water alone won't harm

## The Breath of Scandal

(Continued from page 66)

not only failed to understand the scheme to which she had been born, but they seemed even to be unaware of its existence in their absorption in ends and aims of their own, toward which they were striving by rules they were making for themselves.

Of course Marjorie did not think this out. It reached her through feelings as she responded, in spite of herself, to the allure and exuberance of the smart display in the shop windows, to the enlivenment of a splendid theater front and the luxuriance of a tea room which would have been the envy of her Rumpelmeyer's of the Rue de Rivoli. They all were new as, in that neighborhood, where twenty-five years have heaped values of millions upon the meadows of violets and black-eyed Susan, everything is today's and tomorrow's creation. Nothing which was conspicuous either obviously possessed a past nor—by imitation of old architecture—brooded on the past of other places. The people apparently brooded not at all on their pasts, whatever they might have been.

It was morning and though these streets are not at their best early in the day, Marjorie was sensitive to the animation of the people passing her. She was particularly unwilling to feel energized by them, especially by the girls and the women, from nowhere that she knew and headed to nothing that she could discern. But too undeniably they possessed something which she and her own friends, who fitted into her scheme of things, had not. They displayed positive qualities which—to their minds, at least—not only compensated for whatever lacks she might find but which endowed them with a sensation of a certain advantage of her, as they noticed her. It irritated Marjorie that they recognized her instantly as different from themselves and, by a glance, could set her apart from them and not above them; not obviously below them, either. They seemed to Marjorie to strike a sort of balance in their valuations of Marjorie and themselves, conceding to her traits they had not and conscious of their possession of an attribute she wanted.

She could not define it, but it was something freer, certainly, and something which engendered confidence. Marjorie felt she had never been in the atmosphere of such aggressive confidence. It was in her attempt to reassert her own superiority that she thought again, definitely, of Mrs. Russell and reminded herself that it was on a street a little further along that Mrs. Russell lived. It was not until the instant later that Marjorie aggregated with this fact that her father also had been involved there.

She turned to Clearedge Street and, looking up, she noticed a sign on the front of a six flat building—or a structure which originally must have been six apartments—which proclaimed:

"Rooms to rent; also rooms with bath and kitchenette."

Marjorie halted and noted the number on Clearedge and went on. Further along were similar signs and the streets crossing Clearedge and parallel to it supplied her a dozen addresses. Her purpose for this morning should lead her directly into one of these apartments, but she welcomed the sight of a real estate agent's sign, to give her excuse for delay.

In the large, square office room which she entered was a row of desks with men seated before them, each desk bearing a little brass standard displaying a "Mr." somebody-or-other. From the second desk, a light-haired, thin featured man of about twenty-five—presumably "Mr. Dantwill"—arose languidly and advanced to the counter.

"Room to rent?" he repeated after her question, evidently desiring a moment's more time to estimate the purposes of this applicant. "We do not list rooms to rent; but we have buildings with single room apartments."

"What's the difference between a room and a single room apartment?" inquired Marjorie, unexpectedly amused.

Mr. Dantwill regarded her serenely. "Single room apartments run from sixteen dollars weekly up."

"Up?" said Marjorie, ceasing to smile.

"How far, please?"

"I guess we can accommodate you," Mr. Dantwill rejoined with composure, "any distance."

Marjorie laughed and glanced at her list of addresses. "Would you be good enough to give me some idea as to whether these are rooms, please, or single room apartments?"

He took her memorandum. "You seem to have listed rooms, chiefly," he announced. Then he glanced up and down her once more with complete dispassion and asked, "Do you want to know about some of these?"

Marjorie nodded, diverted by this narrow-faced young man who had the air of one so aged in experience.

"All right," said Mr. Dantwill and, picking up a pencil, with sudden force he drew it through the fourth address she had written. Then he raised the pencil point to his lips, wet it and vehemently leaded-over her writing.

Marjorie felt herself flushing hotly when he looked up at her. The number, she remembered, was on Clearedge Street about two blocks from Mrs. Russell's flat. What would Mr. Dantwill have done—she wondered—if she had brought to him the number 4689? What was the matter at this number he had so emphatically obliterated? Something worse than the matter at 4689? Well, what was worse?

"Thank you very much," she whispered to Mr. Dantwill and abruptly recovering her list, she turned and left the office.

For suddenly she realized that, by erasing that address, Mr. Dantwill had told her exactly what she wanted—though she had not been conscious of the want. For she had approached Mr. Dantwill, in the ordinary way, to learn from him which was the best place on her list; but she did not want to go to the best; she wanted to go to a place not recommended, if she was to end her epoch of protection during which she had been kept so ignorant of life that she not only had failed to suspect her father's secret but had failed utterly to comprehend it when by accident she discovered it.

And she realized that Mr. Dantwill, in obliterating that address through which she might meet knowledge of the forbidden,

was continuing what men had been doing to her all her life—protecting her, keeping her from what they knew and would not have her know. But here she was because she meant, now, to know; so surely the most stupid act possible was for her to step from her own protected home to another protected and approved shelter merely in another locality.

Retracing her way to Clearedge Street, she found the forbidden number to be—as she recollected—a six apartment building, recently made over into the sort of hostelry which, in France, Marjorie would have denominated a *pension*. Inside the door was nothing but the ordinary flat vestibule with six letter boxes surviving from the epoch when but six families domiciled the premises; but five of the card spaces were empty and in the sixth, "J. A. Cordeen."

A bell was below this but Marjorie did not ring, for the door to the hall stood open and, inside, was open a door to the front room on the right which evidently was a sort of office.

Marjorie walked in.

A day bed of the familiar pseudo-couch pattern was against the wall directly opposite the door. Beside it was a row of neat, mahogany drawers, quite as suggestive of domestic as of any business use and giving Marjorie the impression that upon occasions, if not customarily, some one slept in this room. At a roll top desk was sitting a trim, alert-looking red-haired woman of about forty. She did not look up at once but finished reading a typewritten letter which she held. She placed it with her other mail and, when she glanced up, it was with a complete dismissal of what she had been doing and with a wholeness of attention to the fresh matter in hand which made Marjorie appreciate that, whatever else this woman might be, she attended to business first.

"I've come to see about a room," Marjorie addressed her.

The woman's glance over her applicant was quick but amazingly comprehensive. Marjorie felt not only her clothing estimated but a shrewd guess made at her underclothing; not only the new cleanness of her gloves observed but the fact that upon her gloved fingers she wore no rings.

"Single or double?"

"Single, please," said Marjorie, meeker before this woman than she meant to be. "You're Mrs. Cordeen?"

"I'm Jen Cordeen," the woman replied as though, if Marjorie knew anything about the neighborhood, she must know her. So instantly Jen Cordeen discerned that Marjorie was certainly a stranger. "Where're you from?"

"Evanston," Marjorie replied truthfully before she thought; but Jen Cordeen did not press for more personal details. She was all incisiveness and action. She had a broad, capable face, firm and not unpleasing, and white, slightly separated teeth.

"Come upstairs," she said, and led Marjorie up the center flight of carpeted stairs to the second floor where two closed doors confronted them.

Jen Cordeen unlocked the one to the north which, originally, must have com-





## Listen, neighbor—

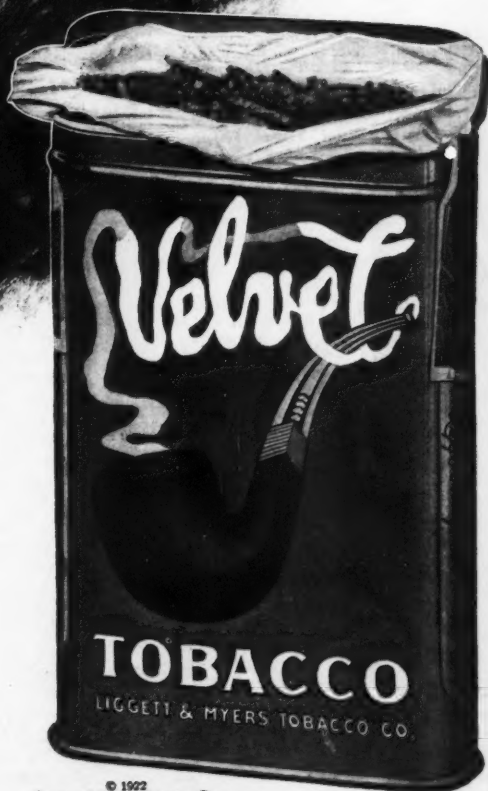
**D**OWN in Kentucky, where I come from, they grow Burley leaf. Nature sure gives that tobacco a good start, an', by rights, Nature should finish the job.

That's jus' what happens with Velvet. The pick of the Burley crop is stored away in big wooden hogsheads where it ages for two solid years.

You can't hurry Nature! Jus' let her alone—an' you'll get mellowness an' mildness in every pipe-load of Velvet.

But a whole page of argufyin' can't talk pipe-sense like *your* old pipe, filled with **aged in the wood Velvet**.

*Velvet Joe*



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municated with a living room similar in dimensions to the present office on the other side below. But here a partition had been built in, blocking off the room from the entrance door so as to permit use of the inside hall without entering the front room. There was a door through the partition toward the front and Jen Cordeen, opening this, displayed a clean and attractive room with twin, mahogany four poster beds close together, a woman's dressing table and a man's dressing stand, two wardrobes and two chairs and a bookcase, empty. It had a blue imitation Chinese rug in good condition and heavy, expensive paper on the walls—a tapestry-like paper of good design with gray herons standing in pale brown grasses. The three windows, all in the front, faced west over the street.

"I have this one double; I have one single—third floor, this side, that used to be a maid's room," Jen Cordeen said, making it plain by her tone that she would not waste time by showing this caller the single room.

"How much is this room?" Marjorie asked.

"Eighteen a week for two. There's a bath," Jen Cordeen half opened the door and displayed it. "Have you got a friend?"

"No."

"I've got a girl who's been waiting for some one to split this room with her. She asked if anybody else came single to let her know. Her name—" she hesitated for a fraction of a second—"is Clara Seeley. Looked like a real nice girl. She's demonstrating here this week, she said. You'll find her at the drug store, two blocks that way, one down."

The idea of rooming with a girl to be found here startled Marjorie when first put to her so calmly; but, for the purpose which brought her here, how could she start better than by making a friend at once? What harm, at any rate, in looking at Clara Seeley?

Arranging with Jen Cordeen to hold the room for half an hour, Marjorie went to the drug store described to her.

In a booth, arranged just within a front window, a dark-haired, handsome girl, with a remarkably well developed figure displayed in a tight, black, knitted dress, was "demonstrating."

When Marjorie had worked her way into the circle about the window, she looked at the girl before paying attention to what she was doing. She had such marvelous hair, for one attraction; black, it was, one of the most living, healthy hues of black Marjorie had ever seen. Her brows were as black as her long, beautiful lashes. Her eyes, too, seemed black before she looked up; but that was because the pupils were large. Now they contracted and Marjorie saw the iris was of the clearest and warmest and softest of browns. Her skin was smooth and soft-looking and clear and dark, where she had left it free from powder. She was an Italian, Marjorie thought at this first glance at her; for she had almost perfect symmetry of oval face and the delicate bowing of full-blooded lips which one sees in a beautiful Italian girl. But she was taller than an Italian was likely to be and, in the breadth of her cheekbones and also in her shoulders were marks of a larger race; and her manner did not make Mar-

jorie class her with Italians. She had a bold, easy-going, amused air which the crowd found attractive as they watched her polish her perfect, oval nails with paste from a pink box. From an elaborate jar she scooped cold cream to rub on her cheek; she rubbed it off, almost immediately, with conspicuous completeness and applied powder—and she smiled with those delicate, dark lips showing flashes of white, perfect teeth. She was fascinating when she smiled and looked at one as she did at Marjorie with an "amused at me? Well I don't mind" air. She was remarkable too that, when repeating her demonstration, she never made a single move mechanically or appeared bored; she began it again with eagerness, like an artist, with grace and enthusiasm always fresh for each new circle of spectators.

"I'm not amused at you," Marjorie wanted to say when the girl, noticing that she remained, gazed at her again. "I want to ask you to room with me," Marjorie completed to herself; and then the Marjorie Hale, who was the daughter of Corinna Winfield Hale, reasserted herself. "Are you mad, planning to invite a girl out of a drug store window to share a room with you?"

Yet, if the room was to be at that forbidden address of Jen Cordeen's, who better to have for your first friend than this smiling, I-take-care-of-myself girl in this window? Did she know what was the matter with Jen Cordeen's, Marjorie wondered, and was she meaning to take a room there, anyway? Or had no Mr. Dantwill warned her?

The girl, having again rubbed off the cream from her face and applied powder, gazed straight at Marjorie once more and smiled as if to say, "All right; you're welcome to more amusement from me if you want it." And Marjorie had either to go on or to go in and explain; so, after another moment, she went in and took her first opportunity to talk to Clara Seeley.

Of course Marjorie did not begin with direct overtures about Jen Cordeen's. She started only with casual words about face creams; but Clara Seeley discerned that she was interested in more than cosmetics; and Marjorie liked her for her discernment and the way she showed it when gradually, as though both were interested in powders and cold creams, Clara Seeley drew her off to a quiet part of the store.

"What's the matter?" Clara demanded then practically and directly. "Say, was I makin' some play I couldn't realize from my side of the window? Something you sort of want to tell me? If that's so, shoot; I want to know; you can't hurt my feelings."

"Oh, no," Marjorie denied.

"Then it must be somethin' 'bout yourself. Say, you're down here without carefare; or the bottom's dropped out the family safe-deposit box and father can't put up no more margins and you're lookin' over demonstratin' as a job."

"That's nearer it," Marjorie confessed, liking this girl for her warmth as well as her quickness. And she thought as they stood there and talked, if she required at present a home under conditions new and different, here surely was a girl about as opposite as possible to herself; yet here was a girl who—if directness of eyes on yours and steadiness of lip meant anything



Do not omit the nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

## Every normal skin needs two creams

One cream to protect it against wind and dust  
Another to cleanse it thoroughly

### Flaws that need a protective cream without oil

**Windburn, roughness.** To protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This disappearing oil-less cream acts as an invisible shield, prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores, and guards against windburn and chapping.

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**Tired, lifeless skin.** When your skin needs instant freshening smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into it. Notice how the color brightens and the texture of the skin takes on more vigor. This reviving cream is based on an ingredient famous for its soothing qualities.



Before going out into the cold air smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

**POND'S**  
*Vanishing Cream*

### Start today the use of these two creams

Both these creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

### Flaws that need a cleansing oil cream at night

**Blackheads.** Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash your face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear lovely skin.

**Wrinkles.** At night rub a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.



**POND'S**  
*Cold Cream*

### GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,  
235 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## Many men came and went in her life

**S**HE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

\* \* \*

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple.

Listerine is for sale at your nearest druggist. He has sold it for years.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2174 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



—was straight as any girl Marjorie Hale knew.

When Marjorie imagined any of her own friends standing, as she had stood, in Mrs. Russell's flat and later in Rinderfeld's office, asking why her father had done as he had, Marjorie could imagine them only stunned as she had been and she could imagine Rinderfeld treating them only as he had treated her. But she could not imagine this Clara Seeley as so stunned; nor Rinderfeld nor any other man treating her like a child. Marjorie had never before thought what distinguished such a girl from herself; but she thought now, "She's one who knows, and who's always known, what's been kept from me." And she thought, if she searched all the city, she could not find a better companion for her exploration than this girl.

An hour and a half later, Marjorie entered her father's home at Evanston with a receipt in her pocket for one week's rent for half of room 12, signed by J. A. Cordeen. The receipt for the other half of room 12 reposed in the pocket of the skintight, black, knitted dress of Clara Seeley. Marjorie Hale inquired for her mother and learned that she had gone out; her father was not resting, for Martin had heard him telephoning only a minute or so ago.

Marjorie could ask for no better opportunity; so she went to her room only to leave her hat and gloves and to straighten herself a little before knocking at her father's door.

### XIII

SHE came in upon him seated in the brown oak Morris chair which had been "father's chair" as long as Marjorie could remember and which went back, even before the seven room house on the fifty foot lot in Irving Park.

He wore his brown, business suit of tweeds, of color becoming to his brown hair and brown eyes and particularly so now that blood was again in his cheek. He looked not only well this morning but almost vigorous. Only a slight bulge under his waistcoat, not noticeable if you did not look for it, betrayed where he was still bandaged. He had been glancing through the newspaper which he dropped beside him as Marjorie came in.

"It's good to hear somebody," he said with cheerful greeting, smiling at her; then, as she closed the door carefully, "What've you to tell me, Margy?"

She had entered with her opening words prepared but, facing him, she forsook them and only said, "Father, why aren't you out on a day like this?"

"Oh, I've been out on the porch—like an inmate of an old soldiers' home. But I draw the line on wheel chairs in public."

"Doesn't Dr. Grantham want you to drive yet?"

He shook his head, his eyes widening slightly as he watched her. "What is it, Margy?" he asked again.

"Did he see you today?" she replied.

"Grantham? No; he's promoted me to calls every other morning."

"Oh! Have you—" she started and stopped, going hot and fiery red and then she blurted, "have you had a full talk with him, father?"

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

"About?" he questioned, steadily, his eyes narrowing.

"Cleardge Street."

It was no bombshell at all. Plainly this was what he had been expecting and it brought him not the slightest visible agitation. On the contrary, it seemed to give him relief and Marjorie was not prepared for that. She had keyed herself up to the rôle of accuser of him—even beyond that of accuser to that of a disposer of his destiny. But instantly it was clear that he had no idea of permitting any such heroic reversal of position.

"Of course Grantham told me you were at Cleardge Street," he replied, almost impatiently.

"Yes, father; I know everything."

"No, you don't!" he denied quickly.

"You know nothing or next to nothing."

"About you and Mrs. Russell?"

"Exactly."

That checked her; she was angry but she did not know what to say. He started forward with an impulse to rise but remembered his hurt and did not. "Sit down, Marjorie," he directed, shortly.

"Father, no!"

"All right," he accepted, looking up at her all atremble before him. "It's been bad on you, Margy, hasn't it?" he said with the first tone of guilt which had got into his voice. "I wouldn't have had that, you know." Now it was not guilt, only pity for her.

Marjorie tossed her head. "I would." She would not let him be sorry for her.

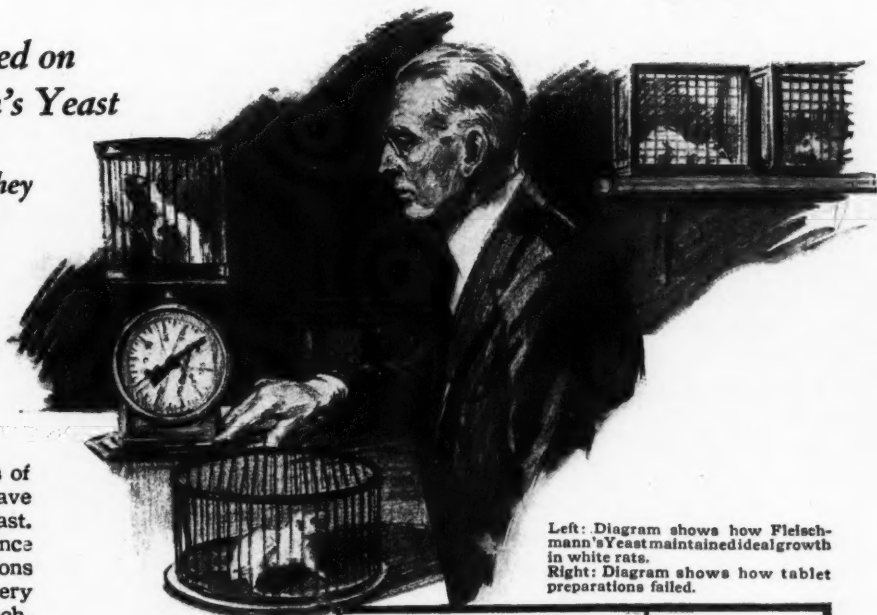
He gazed steadily at her. How could he feel so little, she thought. "You've shown good sense so far, Marjorie," he said evenly. "I'm not supposing anything but that you will continue to show the same sense, though I will make the carry from now on as easy for you as possible. Before I was hurt, you know your mother and you were going to Europe. I had your reservation on the *Aquitania* for the sailing which is now a week from this Saturday. Your mother—" at second mention of her, he shifted his gaze from Marjorie and he looked steadily out the window—"expected to give up that reservation or abandon the trip altogether. Of course the latter did not prove necessary; nor has the former. I convinced your mother of that this morning. There is no reason, out of regard for my health, why you should not carry out your previous plan. There are, of course, many reasons why you should. The one which was sufficient to convince her was that it is extremely likely that Mr. Dorsett is to have a successor this week or next. Whether or not I am to become president of our company, now depends—" he glanced from the window at Marjorie when he said, "now," and when, immediately he repeated it; and she wondered if he knew of her encounter with Stanway. If he did, he betrayed it by no other sign than—"now depends," he reiterated, "on the directors' confidence in my state of health. Nothing can show our certainty of it better than your mother and you adhering to your known plan when I return to my office next week. I have bought the cabin for you for a week from Saturday."

Marjorie moved tensely nearer him, with muscles throughout her body pulling in an emotion new to her. She did not

# AMAZING NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST just completed by one of America's great Scientists

*Ideal health maintained on  
diet with Fleischmann's Yeast*

*White rats chosen because they  
eat and thrive on the same  
kind of food as man*



Left: Diagram shows how Fleischmann's Yeast maintained ideal growth in white rats.  
Right: Diagram shows how tablet preparations failed.

**A**CTUAL feeding experiments of far reaching significance have recently been completed on yeast. The findings are of vital importance to yeast therapy and to the millions of men and women—1 out of every 5 you meet—who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except the water-soluble vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek to start with, at once began to lose weight and strength.

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann's Yeast was added to the white rats' diet at the rate of .2 gram a day. The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet, capsule and other forms now on the market, and also with a different kind of yeast from Fleischmann's.

In every case, instead of recovering, the rats lost weight steadily until the dose was increased from .2 gram to .7 gram and upward to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never

attained. The animals remained infantile in appearance and in size.

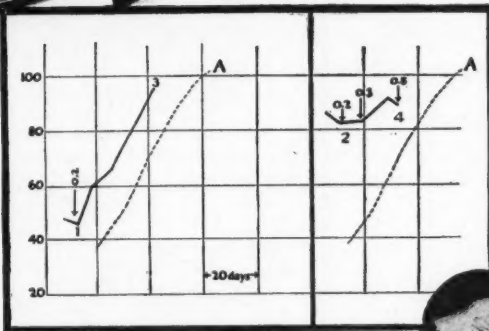
*Findings on white rats  
hold good for human beings*

In scientific research white rats are always chosen for feeding experiments because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man. Just as a white rat cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being.

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Later in life this lowered vitality shows in premature age and even death. Each year thousands of young men and women in America die unnecessarily of diseases that come normally only with old age.

Fresh yeast is a food



Dotted lines A represent ideal growth. 1 and 2—low points reached on diet without vitamin B and where feeding with Fleischmann's Yeast (left chart) and tablet preparation (right chart) began. 1-3 and 2-4 represent growth of white rats after being fed Fleischmann's Yeast (left) and tablet preparation (right). Note how closely the Fleischmann's Yeast line, 1-3, follows the ideal line and how tablet preparation, line 2-4, fails to follow ideal line.

## FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food-

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feel angry so much as she felt held cheaply and as a child. For a moment she was so stiff that her lips seemed unable to move and, trembling, she said, "I have not the slightest idea of going to Europe, father."

"Why not?"

"Why should I?"

"You had planned to, Marjorie," he repeated, very quietly.

"Yes; and you, father?"

He understood what she meant, she was sure; but he would not show it. Instead, he said, "I expect you to go, dear. I want you to go." And the way he requested that almost disarmed her and suddenly, before she could be reprepared against him, he leaned forward and completed her discomfiture, "I ask you to go, Marjorie."

She fought to stop the quivering of her lip but it overcame her and her hands got to shaking and she burst out crying.

"Margey!" he appealed to her.

"Don't touch me now, father!"

He had half come up from his chair and that shot him back like a blow, dropping him. "Oh, I didn't mean that, father!"

She was at his knees now on the floor before him; she clasped his knees, hugged them, and cried and cried. But his hands did not touch her and his knees, which she clasped, did not move. She controlled herself and stood up, avoiding his face.

"I'm not going away from Chicago," she said to him then, steadily and finally.

"Why?"

"You know why."

"Yes; I suppose you mean to watch me."

They were confronting each other fairly and, in that contest of eyes on eyes, it was Marjorie, not her father, who first broke: "Oh, father, I'd go to Europe with mother so gladly, I'd go anywhere, I'd do anything at all if you just told me that when we were gone you'd never see that woman again."

Something about that cut into him; perhaps it was her trusting to his word when his honor, in the respect which filled their minds, had proved so completely gone. But he made no reply. He looked off and after a moment she turned her back to him and went to his window, where she leaned her arms on the crossbar of the window sash and stared out. She tried to think clearly but she could not; she could not be conscious even of feeling. It was not at all like the paralysis of emotion which had come to her in Mrs. Russell's flat when first she "knew;" this was the exhaustion, the complete draining of the ings which then had filled her but since l been seeping away. Gazing out her aer's window to the ell of the house ere was her own room, and down at the n about her home which she had loved no other spot on earth, she realized t she was parting from it forever and not only failed to care but she was sure , later, she would never care. She t that her father did not yet suspect plan of leaving his house and she was l of that.

le was under sufficient excitement now e got to his feet, and with sudden alarm cried, "Father, you must not stand!" I'm all right; keep still, Marjorie; where you are. You have done me ain services; you have put me in your t in certain respects so that you may I owe you some things. I do, but o not include amon' them necessity

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

to subscribe to your ideas of conduct nor to your judgments. If you prefer to stay at home, rather than accompany your mother, that is a matter of your own choice. I shall arrange for you here accordingly and for your mother to go with another companion."

And this he did succeed in arranging during the following days, for his wife never had definitely counted upon Marjorie accompanying her. She could agree, therefore, that it was probably as well for Marjorie to remain with her father for a while and come over later. Accordingly, upon the day exactly a week later, Charles Hale and his daughter went with his wife to see her off on the Twentieth Century Limited for New York.

Marjorie, in spite of that receipt for advance rent from J. A. Cordeen, had remained home that week; and her mother of course had not the slightest idea of her intention.

Nor had her father any suspicion of it even upon this afternoon when he parted from her at the station to go to his office. Since yesterday he had resumed his management of Tri-State Products' affairs; and, rather as a result of his return, the directors were meeting to elect a new president in the place of Dorsett who was personally to place his resignation before them.

E. H. Stanway, vice-president and a director, was in the directors' room and Charles Hale, general manager, was outside it, but he waited the outcome with little anxiety, for Dorsett already had conferred with him.

"Hale," said old Dorsett, "I'm obliged to give up soon; I might as well now, while I can steer you into the place instead of Stanway. What's been the matter with you, man? Not a malignancy, as I've heard said."

"No," said Hale, as directly. "I was shot by a divorced husband in a flat up on the north side."

"Hmm!" Dorsett considered, his eyes narrowing with speculation; and Hale knew that he had heard that, too, and from what source. "What are the chances of it happening again?"

"It will not happen again," said Hale.

"You mean it will be impossible for it to happen again?"

"It will not happen again," Hale repeated; and Dorsett squinted his old eyes and let himself be satisfied with that.

So, about five o'clock, Charles Hale received invitation to the directors' room—where E. H. Stanway and one Stanway cousin, who had stood out against the rest, now were not. Here old Dorsett seized his hand and introduced the new president of the corporation.

There was a touch of ceremony about it which surprisingly affected Charles Hale, and when at last he was alone and free to turn where he wished, he felt his new triumph more than he would have thought possible. It caused him to review his whole life. It brought him to his winning of his first "raise" in Tri-State and bearing the trophy of it to Corinna Winfield in her Edgewater home—to the beautiful, self-assured girl whose coolness and aloofness then so taunted and allured him. Each of his triumphs since that day up to this, had been another trophy to bring to her; and this, too, was a trophy for her; for he telegraphed her on board the train that he had it.



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That was a far better way for him, this time, than to tell her personally. To another woman he would, if he could, bear this his trophy in person; but prudence warned him that, on this night, he had better not; so he contented himself with speaking to her over a telephone. Then he turned to his home to bring his triumph to his daughter.

And, as he thought about her, he realized that he wished to impress her with his vindication—for that was what he called it to himself—more than anyone else. For he had no need to justify himself before his wife who, though undoubtedly pleased at his winning higher position, only expected it of him as a matter of course; and he had no need for vindication of himself before Sybil Russell. Until he actually possessed this endorsement of himself, he had not confessed to himself how much he needed it; in fact, without it he did not now see how he could have got on in the same house with his daughter, alone.

He had reserved mentioning his good news to Leonard till the man, after opening the door for him to get out, asked for orders; then he told and took Leonard's hand. Martin, who had opened the house door, heard the news and he offered his congratulations, too, and Hale gave him a hearty handshake. So the master of the house, and the president of Tri-State Products and Material Corporation, entered his home aglow and ready for his daughter. It let him down a little, but did not trouble him, when he learned she had been home an hour ago but had gone out. Then, on the table in his room, he found an envelope upon which she had written "Father" and which contained:

I have been waiting only for mother to go before leaving. Do not expect me back and do not bother about me. I know exactly what I am to do and have made all my arrangements.

MARJORIE.

It frightened him and, even after the first shock, he could not argue himself out of his dread; it was too ominous and premeditated, that note. It explained too well her compliance, a week ago, with all his demands except that she accompany her mother, and it suggested to him—more, it warned him—that anything might come.

He crumpled it in his hand and strode into her room to find, so far as he could reckon her wardrobe, Marjorie had gone off taking with her only the suit she had worn that day and that too low-cut dress her mother had given her for Lovell's dance. Underwear, stockings, night-dresses and lingerie she might have taken, and probably had; he had no census of such garments. Some were left in her drawers but, he believed, not as many as she had. She had left her rings, pins and necklaces.

"What does she mean to do to herself?" he put his terror for her into coherent demand. Self-destruction of course suggested itself to him; for a moment, he imagined her, clad in that low-cut dress in which last she had been innocently

happy, casting herself into the lake. Then he denied that fright; she was doing something extreme, he was sure of that, but she was not stupid enough to satisfy herself with suicide. No; then what—what to punish him? More frightful images than of Marjorie white and still in the waters of the lake, seized him.

Of course he telephoned to Billy with the result only of terrifying Bill, who could not tell him anything useful. He telephoned also to Rinderfeld, not suspecting that Rinderfeld knew, and therefore he only informed Rinderfeld of what had happened. Rinderfeld questioned him fully, noted the answers and never let him dream that in his address book, and transcribed in a code so that no one finding it could read, was the number on Clearedge Street where Marjorie was.

He drove up there later in the evening, Rinderfeld, with no premature intention of calling upon her, but only to look the ground over. And this was as well for him since Marjorie, after delaying her arrival for a week, was wasting no time in getting started in the new society she had entered. For Clara Seeley was going to a dance that night and she had not only invited Marjorie but had supplied her with one of her own friends for a partner. Clara had hooked up Marjorie's dress, admiringly, and helped her, expertly, with her hair.

"Some hair, you have, dearie!" said Clara with professional admiration. "And some skin!"

Marjorie threw over her shoulders an evening cape, which was one outer garment her father had not missed, and descended with Clara to the hall where her roommate made her known to a dark-haired and large-featured youth of twenty-five: "My friend, Mr. Saltro"; and to a taller, partially bald and ascetic-faced man, five years older: "My friend, Mr. Troufrie." Both were in "dress suits."

Mr. Saltro was, by prearrangement, to be Marjorie's partner, but she had supposed that the four were to go to the dance hall together and remain a party of four through the occasion. Likely enough Mr. Saltro had expected this, but upon seeing a girl, he was a man able to change his mind. For, though the car which was waiting was perfectly capable of containing four persons, Mr. Saltro held back and held his partner back until Clara and Mr. Troufrie got in; then he closed the door and said to the driver, genially, "You can skip on now!"

Immediately afterwards he raised his hand to signal an empty car approaching. "Taxi! Taxi!"

With Clara's car gone, and the other standing, door open, before her, Marjorie made the choice between retreat and getting in.

"Four's all right when the crowd all knows each other," Mr. Saltro uttered approval, as he placed himself on the seat beside Marjorie and the car got in motion. "But for getting acquainted, nothing doing." And he began pulling at the fingers of the new brown glove on his right hand.

*What Marjorie learns about life, in the new world she has so deliberately chosen, makes the most dramatic and startling instalment of this remarkable novel, in April COSMOPOLITAN—on sale at all news stands March 10.*



## Singed Wings

(Continued from page 59)

So, after midnight, at the first hour of the next morning, John Peter stepped into the Rosa d'Espagnol. Between this hour and the hour of his dinner, he had walked up and down, to and fro, about the city, fighting his heart. Now, he came in, pale, and sat down at the first table, his eyelids lowered like a nun's. At Bonita, whose little swiftly-tapping feet told him that she was dancing, he found himself unwilling to look, but almost instantly his eyes fell on the clown.

Emilio lounged against the whitewashed wall, still in his wide clothes and with his painted fantastic face. As Bonita darted down the room, he moved forward a step and, in moving, threw his shadow tall and straight against the wall. Its pointed cap streamed up to the ceiling. Like a candle it looked, with a long flame, and Bonita's winged shadow fluttered and flitted about it, fluttered and darted and seemed to drop as though her wings were burnt. And, at once, his fear of Blas was as nothing to his fear and loathing of the clown.

### IV

THAT morning, when Bonita, her cloak wrapped about her costume, stepped out of the back door of the café, an escort waited for her.

"I may take you home, *señorita*?" Emilio prayed with his extravagant humility.

Bonita hesitated and searched his strange countenance. There was nothing evil in it, she decided, nothing dangerous; it was not the face of Blas, somber and soft, nor was it the face of that other which set her heart beating to new, uneasy rhythms. She needed, perhaps, an Emilio, and, who knows—his own act being over, he might be persuaded to go and sit with her grandfather and keep him company and see that the fire didn't go out. Bonita was practical. She smiled.

"Who is the young man you drank coffee with tonight?" Emilio demanded presently. "I thought it was the same whose face you were going to slap."

"Ah," said Bonita wickedly, "it is his heart I slap! He is the nephew of that other gentleman of whom I am afraid."

"And who was not there tonight."

"He tells me he will no longer come to the café. He has got me engagements elsewhere, at the houses of his grand rich friends. I will tell you, Emilio, I have made a new contract with the manager. I have lengthened my time with him but only so that I have three evenings in the week open for other engagements. Already I have next Monday and Wednesday." She took a paper from her dress. "These are the addresses—judge if they are not the great houses of great gentlemen."

Emilio touched her arm with a long, cold finger, a bloodless finger made of bone and skin. "Are you not afraid of great gentlemen, Bonita of the white rose?"

"That's what the nephew of Blas Gordon asked me tonight. I showed him. I will show you. It is always good that a man should know, even a clown-man, Emilio." And she jerked from her garter a sliver of sharp steel, a dagger whose



## Why the Human Body Grows Old Sooner than Necessary

### "There's a Reason"

POOR old Ponce de Leon followed a delusion and found a disappointment.

Metchnikoff was a great scientist. He followed facts and found why the human body grows old sooner than necessary.

He found that food that passes too slowly through the intestines (as many starchy, heavy and "refined" foods do) creates conditions which amount to an ageing of the body.

"Auto-intoxication" is one of the terms used to describe what happens. Hardening of the arteries is one of the results.

### Sense Instead of Magic

There is no fountain of eternal youth, of course. But there is an extension of youth, through proper feeding and care of the body.

One of the distinctive qualities of Grape-Nuts as a food is that it helps to avoid the conditions pointed out by Metchnikoff, and by many others since his time, as being the real beginning of old age.

Grape-Nuts has wide popularity because of its delightful taste, its economy and its unusual nourishment—but it has a larger merit than that.

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The processes that make Grape-Nuts—including continuous baking for 20 hours—act upon the nutritive solids, producing a food which is

partially pre-digested, and develop in Grape-Nuts its own natural sweetness from the grains.

Whole wheat and malted barley flour—from the grains which are richest of all in the food elements needed by the body—is used in making Grape-Nuts. All the nutriment of the grains is retained, including essential phosphates and other mineral salts, intended by Nature for the building of human bone and brain tissue and for feeding the red corpuscles of the blood.

### A Sad Waste Stopped

Often, in making the so-called "refined" or whitened cereal products, these most vital of Nature's gifts are thrown away. Grape-Nuts contains the necessary "roughness" to stimulate quick and complete functioning in the digestive tract.

Grape-Nuts delights the taste with the richness and sweetness of its flavor. Served with cream or milk, it supplies the body with what scientists have found to be an unusually accurate balance of food elements needed for body-building.

Grape-Nuts puts no burden upon the digestion—and it passes naturally through the digestive tract without causing fermentation or creating any of those disturbing conditions which are so common, and which have been identified as a first and principal cause of the ageing of the body.



### "There's a Reason"

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**WHAT IS THE RESALE VALUE OF MY CAR? See page 137**

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handle glittered. "Wait, we are under a light. Can you read that, Emilio?"

"Me? I can't read. I was taught only to twist my body, not my brains."

"Poor fellow! A Spaniard gave me this. He had printed on it in jewels—"The Thorn of Bonita." I showed it to Blas's nephew and he held out his hand for it and I did—this!" She brought the dagger point down on Emilio's wrist, and he flinched and doubled over the sting.

"Oo-ee! You are a cruel cat!" He grinned as though it pleased him. "I am glad you hurt him like that."

"Oh, I hurt him much more! I drew a drop of his blood. But he didn't double up like you, Emilio. He lifted his blue eyes to me and laughed. He always laughs, that boy! Here we are. Come up, clown, and have your soup."

So Bonita carelessly took Emilio into her life and mothered him and used him, as is the way of women. To her he never seemed quite human. He was something out of a grotesque fairy tale. To her old grandfather Bonita told all her adventures and opinions, and she won from José a grudging acceptance of Emilio.

Often he would spend the night there, more peacefully than in the wretched quarters his master gave him. They would wait for Bonita, the strange pair. Day-break would find them there, for The Moth's engagements began to take her hither and thither and her hours were long.

At first the old man seemed grateful for Emilio's companionship, but, once put into his dotard's head that this fellow gave his darling a moment of trouble and distaste, the notion fixed itself and became, first a prejudice, then a disgust, and then a loathing. He would order Emilio out of the room, shaking his stick. The first two or three times this happened, the tumbler was meek. But as the fire in his soul, dust-dry under that tiny sparklike kiss of Bonita's gratitude, grew strong, the old man's contempt began to sting.

Bonita, used now to the two of them, would scold them roundly. "Be friends you two, and take your soup!" she would tell them angrily, anxious not to lose this queer friend who, for all the disgust he sometimes caused her, was of great service. She could trust him, at least, not to let her ancient baby's fire go out. Besides, these days and evenings, Bonita's heart was distracted and possessed.

Perhaps if John Peter's boat had not come to a landing just below that small arched window, perhaps if his whistling of her dance tune had not summoned her brilliant face, he might have kept to his resolve and, other distractions failing, have cut short his holiday and gone back to the lumber camp to hack Bonita from his memory with a broad ax. Now, such a resolution was dead and forgotten, its grave strewn with flowers of her companionship.

For John Peter had become an habitué of the Café Rosa d'Espagnol. He was the latest of all its loiterers. He sat with Bonita and treated her to coffee and cakes and sweets and cigarettes. And he made hot love to her, begging her with his laughing eyes through which burned the Southern heart of della Guerda, to give him her white flower. But Bonita could not forget that he was the nephew of Blas Gordon nor that he had caused her a momentary bedazzlement and an ensuing mortification.

She would not give him her flower. No! And no again! Nor would she let him take her home. Nor, when he came unbidden to her house, would she let him cross its threshold. Emilio, the clown, might come into her rooms, but not Señor Juan Pedro Gordon Rodney—which was her version of his name. Such was her pride. She was afraid. No one knew how great was the fear in her simple heart. John Peter would draw his boat under her window and serenade her with tuneless pipings, and she would come to her sill and flirt with him and blow kisses and call to him a good by, and she would watch him out of sight and then, back in her room, on her knees before her quaint cornered image of God's Mother, she would pray:

"Madonna, be merciful and do not let him hold me light! Madonna, have pity, and do not let him break my heart!"

And John Peter, fearing for her whenever he was not with her, and suffering in every nerve when he was with her, recklessly overstayed his leave under Blas's flickering eyes.

## V

At midnight Bonita was conducted by a smart footman down marble steps to a waiting limousine. Over her costume, a beautiful Spanish dress in the purchase of which she had spent many of her newly earned silver dollars, Bonita wore a furred wrap. Black lace over a high comb draped her small head. She was tired, although the hour was so much earlier than the café hours, for the strain of dancing for the critical gentlefolk told on her nerves, but it pleased and rested her to think that she would be sent by her patron in this luxurious limousine to her own place in the narrow alley.

She stepped in, the lackey slammed the door and she dropped back with an exultant weary sigh. It was then she saw that she was not alone. A gentleman in evening dress sat beside her.

She quickly commanded her shaken nerves. "Dios! You startled me, Mr. Gordon—is it not?"

"Yes. This is my car. I am to take you home. I thought, Bonita, I deserved the honor of being your escort. This good fortune that seems to make you so happy, you owe it to me, you know."

"But of course, I am grateful." The high comb was steady on Bonita's piled up hair, but she had slipped her right arm to her garter where it touched metal. She smiled delicately, showing her small teeth.

"We seem," she said, "to be going in the wrong direction, Mr. Gordon."

"We're going out into the country for a spin. I deserve a few gracious hours with you."

He was so much older than Bonita, so much more a citizen of the world, that it was difficult for her to find courage for an expression of her doubts.

"Yes," she faltered, "yes, I hope they will be gracious, señor. Let them be gracious, if you please. Your driver goes at a great speed."

"It seems a great speed to you, I dare say, because you aren't used to it. I want to be out in the country, away from streets and lights. There is a beautiful moon."

Bonita sat silent in her corner, thinking fast, her fingers playing with the dagger

hilt. Blas was talking, low and rapidly. Presently his soft fine fingers stole along her arm.

"You are not listening to me, Bonita! Of what are you thinking back of those big eyes? You are a little Spanish mystery. How I wish I had the key. You think me an old man, perhaps. Perhaps, my nephew—" She understood suddenly what had made Blas dangerous. His usual patience had been wrung by jealousy. He had learned of John Peter's attentions.

"My beautiful Bonita, it is time for you to show me some gratitude. You've told me that the rose is not for sale. But what can't be bought may well be given. Why not—" he whispered closer, "let me be the first—if I am not too late?"

His fingers slid up her arm, along her shoulder, they were reaching for the rose.

"First a kiss—and then the rose," he said.

The thorn of Bonita flashed and Blas smothered a cry, shrank back in his corner and clasped a wounded hand. He said not a word after that, but sat there, breathing in slow, hissing breaths and glaring at her. She crouched in her corner, the dagger ready, her eyes bright as fire.

They did not realize at what a speed their car was running nor how madly it took the downward sweeping curves. They had no warning until they were flung together to the floor and the world seemed to break up about them in crashing shocks and sounds.

Blas had his cold blood to thank for an abominable self-possession. He threw himself upon the shaken girl, tossed her dagger out of the window and wrapped her mantilla round and round over her mouth and throat. Then, exerting his strength, he bound her arms with a sash, tied her slim ankles together with ribbon. Not until then did he rise and let himself out of the tilted car, shutting the door behind him.

The moon was full and very bright. His driver lay huddled on the ground beside the car, which overhung a ditch. Near by, flung across the road, another smaller vehicle lay in a shattered hulk. From what had been its front, a man was shakily releasing himself. He now walked up to Blas and gave a startled exclamation. It was John Peter. He was scratched about the face and looked white.

"Uncle Blas! Your man is crazy——!" "Drunk." Blas had bent over the chauffeur, who was breathing heavily. He pointed sternly at John Peter's damaged machine. "Whose car is that?"

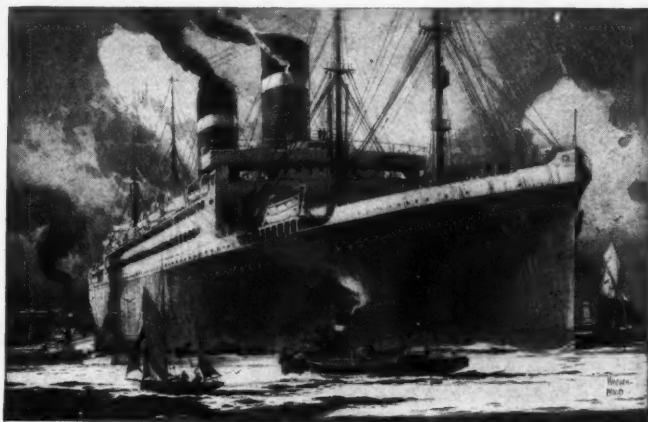
"Eve's. I borrowed it for a run out into the country. I was on my way back. I am darned sorry, Uncle Blas, but it wasn't my fault. I sounded my horn, but your man was blind and deaf. I swerved as quickly as I could, so quickly that I got the worst of it, as you see."

"You'll pay for it, however," said Blas, "out of your earnings. That will teach you to keep to your bed at night. Meanwhile, you'll foot it home—if you're not drunk yourself."

He prodded the chauffeur with his foot. "This fool can stay here and sleep it off. Good night." He gave John Peter a cold thin smile and began to climb into the driver's seat.

"Eve isn't with you?" John Peter asked abruptly. "I thought I heard a woman scream."

He made a step towards the limousine



## See Europe in 1922

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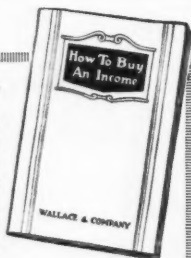
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but his uncle wheeled the car straight at him so that he had to spring to one side. He stood, staring after the dust of Blas's departure, his hands clenched at his sides; then, after an unavailing attempt to revive the chauffeur, he dragged him to the roadside and started towards the city on foot. He walked slowly, his head bent. Why was his uncle making at such speed for the Rancho at this hour of the morning? What had held him so absorbed that he had not noticed the dangerous progress? Was it really a woman's cry he had heard?

His foot struck on something that clattered against the concrete. He stooped down and gave a startled oath. There in his hand lay Bonita's dagger, the thorn she saved for the defense of her white rose. John Peter wheeled and ran at top speed back along the white hard road.

He kept to the concrete until he came to a well-remembered short cut through the fields. The Rancho lay up there against the mountainside. He could see its roof. The limousine would greatly outrace him but it would have to climb, to make a multitude of looping turns.

It was barely half an hour later when he came through the orange trees to the wide veranda. Before it stood Blas's empty limousine. The house showed no glimmer of light, but its entrance door, as well as the door of the limousine, stood open, as though Blas passing through had had no hand free to close them back of him. John Peter, mastering his breath, stepped noiselessly inside. He felt his way across two familiar rooms and let himself out into the patio bright with moonlight. From an opposite window shone a half-curtained light. Here a tall shadow moved. John Peter ran across the open space and, an instant later, flung himself into that room.

"Good morning, Bonita," he said loudly and cheerfully, "I have come to take you home."

Bonita stood up from a big chair in which she was crouching like a small fierce animal at bay. Blas, who had been hovering over her, came rapidly to John Peter and took his arm. The girl bowed her head to Blas.

"Good by, Mr. Gordon, I thank you for an interesting evening." The white rose was still in her black tumbled hair, from which the costly lace had been torn.

Blas, white and with a bitten lip, just glanced softly at John Peter, returned Bonita's bow with grace and moved over to the door through which they must pass. He held back a curtain for them. John Peter thought him a good loser. He could not have guessed what deadly rage possessed the waxen, graceful man. He let Bonita go out first, then, turning his eyes from his uncle, he followed her.

The weight of a universe seemed to fall upon his head and he went down like a slaughtered ox.

It was the red-brown thatch that saved him from Blas's terrible blow. He had held a metal jar behind his back. In a minute, consciousness came groping back through the mist of this disaster and John Peter knew that he must find Blas with his hands. John Peter dragged himself across a carpet and presently, half rising, he gripped a tall black figure from behind and flung it down and back over his shoulder, rolling over and fastening himself upon it while his hands sought its throat.

"Mr. Juan Pedro," Bonita sobbed

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1922

repeatedly until he heard, "he has stopped struggling. Oh, please not to kill him! Oh, please, to take me home!"

So he got up with her help and, seeing that Blas was choking back to life, he staggered out on to the veranda. The air revived him and he was presently able to start the car.

By the time they came to the city John Peter was himself except for a splitting, throbbing head. He stored the limousine in the garage Eve and he had visited and he took Bonita to her door. On its sill she paused and looked up at him. Her eyes were sad and heavy in a tremulous, shamed face.

"Bonita," said John Peter in a thickened voice—the blow had made his tongue heavy—"haven't I earned your rose?"

Still looking up at him she shook her head, but the tears ran down her face.

John Peter walked slowly and not too certainly away.

## VI

It had been John Peter's intention to make some excuse to Eve and to leave his uncle's house as soon as possible the following day. He wanted never to see Blas's face again. The following day, however, found him unable to lift his head from the pillow and his excuses to Eve had perforce to do only with an accident and the smashing of her little car. The sad aunt easily forgave him in his plight.

So he lay in his bed, feverish and suffering, and on the third day, Blas walked in quietly, shut the door and stood beside him.

"Well, knight errant, did I knock any sense into your head?" asked Blas in a perfect tone of avuncular condescension. "It's lucky for us both you didn't kill me." He smiled faintly. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"I wouldn't be here if I could go," said John Peter bluntly, his face on fire.

"I am going to forgive you your folly," went on Blas sternly, "and your violence, because, you poor young fool, you acted under a complete misapprehension of the truth. If you had seen fit to believe in me rather than in a little lying wildcat of a café dancer, you'd have saved your skull. It was for Bonita's sake I felled you. We were quarreling when you crept in upon us—yes, but that was only because Bonita wanted to escape from my guardianship. I told you—didn't I—that I meant if I could to save the child."

"You are lying," said John Peter. He could not see his uncle's face at all and the bed seemed to be whirling with him in a sea fog. Then he lost consciousness.

The next afternoon he got up out of his bed and, at dusk, he went down to the wharf and sailed out across the bay.

## VII

DAWN rose with dank smells from the slapping water beside the wharves; it moved in wan reflected ripples across the ceiling of Don José's room.

Emilio, huddled on the bench, woke up and yawned and shivered, his sensitive nostrils dilating and contracting the better to smell morning. The old man was still asleep in his chair, which he often preferred to his bed because of the warm brazier near his bloodless limbs. Emilio's face



as he looked at the grandfather of Bonita twisted into malice. Lately the tumbler's instinct had told him that he had, through quarreling with José, lost the little dancer's favor. Slyly he slid along the bench and snatched old José's stick. The slight clatter woke the old man and instantly his hand felt for the familiar weapon. Then he saw Emilio and snarled.

"Eh, you whitewashed filthiness, return to me my stick that I may beat you with it!"

Emilio writhed and mocked and flourished his stick, threatening the old head, the old fingers. Suddenly peace descended on the furious pair. There had come to them above the slow, regular slapping of the water the sound of singing. Bonita! The sun shone warm and rosy through the window and she danced into the room.

"Good boys! Both awake and waiting for me! Ah, I am tired, there were so many people in the café this morning and the manager would not let me come home. Yes, and tonight I must dance for Mr. Ralston at a fancy dress ball. I am to run down an inclined plane and along a supper table covered with flowers. I am to be The Moth. See, this is where he lives." She showed a bit of writing to the clown, who made a face, and she, remembering his ignorance, read out the number proudly and, dancing on her toes like a Columbine, she brought the soup for José and poured out a bowlful for herself.

"None for you this morning, Emilio, because you were quarreling with my child. I heard you when I came in at the door. Besides—" with a pout—"I am famished myself."

She sat down near him on the bench and blew at her soup to cool it, taking it in tiny mincing sips from a big spoon. He slid along like a schoolboy, inch by inch, tongue in his cheek, and when his body stopped, his hand slipped further and laid itself on her bare arm. She rapped his knuckles smartly with her spoon so that he jumped back blinking. She laughed aloud.

"You laugh," he said, "too much."

"No one can laugh too much in this sad world, my friend. Why, this is your business, to make the people laugh!"

"They laugh," he wailed out suddenly, "while I—I cry all alone!"

And he wept so fantastically that she could not make out if it was jest or earnest and, doubtfully, laughed again.

At that he sprang at her, flung his arm across her back and buried his bony fingers in her soft shoulder. She, with a cry, flung the bowl full of soup slap into his face.

"And I hope it scalds you!" she cried.

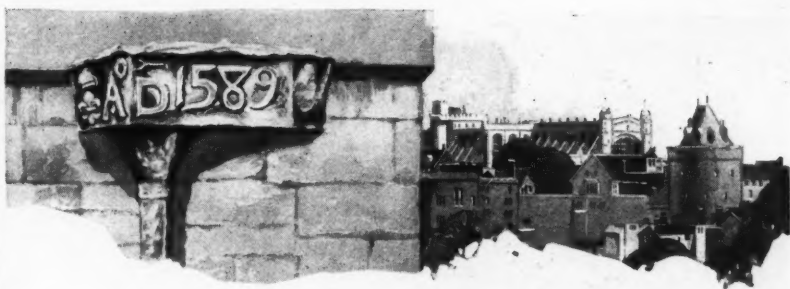
The old man rocked with cackling, malicious laughter in his chair.

The soup was hot. It was boiling. Emilio, however, said not a word. He wiped the fiery liquid from his face and moved away towards the door.

Bonita laughed in anger, the old man in triumph. Emilio looked back over his shoulder.

"Dios!" cried Bonita, "He looks as though he had murder in his heart."

There came at the moment, from outside her window, a faint bumping, rippling sound, as of wet wood touching wet wood. She sprang to her feet, flushing scarlet, her heart fluttering like a bird's, and leaned out across her window sill.



## Why King George Doesn't Like to Live at Windsor Castle

A NEWSPAPER item says King George doesn't like to live at Windsor Castle. He prefers Buckingham Palace, because the plumbing is more up to date.

Modern plumbing is quite different from the plumbing of Queen Elizabeth's time, but in one respect the plumber of today follows the custom of three hundred years ago. In all cases where permanence and real economy are desired, he still uses lead for piping.

Water will run through lead pipes for ages, without causing decay or deterioration. Drainage methods improve, and fixtures become more convenient and more beautiful; but underneath, where real utility is required, lead pipe is still used because men have never found any rust-resisting metal the equal of lead.

Lead is also the best material for the rain-water drainage system of the house. The picture on this page shows a pipe-head on one of the outer walls of Windsor Castle. It was installed, along with gutters, leaders, and spouts, in 1589. For more than three centuries the rains that beat upon this ancient royal residence have been carried off by these lead pipes—and they are still intact.

Books have been written about the ornamental lead work on historic English buildings, dating back three or four centuries, because this lead work is so beautiful in design and workmanship.

Today, you will find some of America's finest country homes equipped with gutters, pipe-heads, leader-pipes, copings, and flashings

of Hoyt Hardlead, which is more enduring than any other metal that can be employed. It would be used on less expensive homes as well, if the owners thought more in terms of ultimate outlay than of first cost.

Civilized man has found hundreds of other uses for lead and lead products, and of them all, the most important is the use of white-lead as the principal ingredient of good paint.

Tons of paint are used, every day, to adorn and preserve the surfaces of buildings. Tons of pure metallic lead are corroded, every day, to produce the white-lead which gives to paint its protective power. "Save the Surface and You Save All" is a slogan which is teaching the world that proper paint-protection means the conservation of millions of dollars yearly in property values.

Most painters prefer to use the paint known as "lead-and-oil," which is simply pure white-lead thinned to paint consistency with pure linseed oil. Paint manufacturers use white-lead as the principal ingredient of the paint they make, and the quality of the paint depends on the amount of white-lead it contains.

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Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Ulco Lead Wool
Dutch Boy Solders	Sheet Lead
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Portrait Study of  
*Mary Garden*

# Rigaud's Mary Garden

## FACE POWDER and ROUGE *Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden*

Mary Garden knows how to give her skin the charm of perfect softness and perfect color.

MARY GARDEN Rouge and MARY GARDEN Face Powder bring perfect beauty. They hold the secret of a color delicately true — of a smoothness rose-petal soft.

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John Peter was just climbing from his boat. He stood on the narrow strip against her wall and looked up at her. He was very pale, his hair disordered. He had been out on the bay all night. For almost the first time, Bonita could see no faintest light of laughter in his eyes—they were all love, all sorrow.

"Bonita," he begged in a whisper that trembled with weakness, with exhaustion, "I want your flower!"

She struggled with her longing, her lips pressed tight.

"You have never trusted me," the young man panted, "you don't believe in my love. Don't you know that I want your flower, so that I may care for you, may save you from these—snakes—cold snakes that need your youth! So that I may ask you to be my wife!"

His wife! He had said it! It was too sudden, too dazzling, this answer to her prayer. Numbly her fingers drew the flower out of her hair and pressed it close against her heart. She drew up her head proudly on its long round throat.

But poor Bonita, in the whiteness and coldness of too sudden a delight, could not know that she looked like a scornful maiden guarding her flower, holding back her heart.

John Peter's fingers slipped from the window sill and he put them across his eyes and went stumbling along the wharf, his head bent, not looking back.

Bonita came down from her window, trembling and dazed.

### VIII

THAT night Blas Gordon, coming in magnificent completeness of attire to his wife's room, found her not yet fully clothed, practicing dance steps before her mirror. She danced painstakingly, counting with her lips, imitating the gesture of The Moth. After an open-mouthed instant of surprise, Blas clapped his hands and laughed.

Eve turned scarlet, then white under his mockery. She drew herself together with what dignity she could and, seeing in the mirror a reflection of the face that had so startled John Peter as it looked down over the stair well, she quickly applied the paint and powder which often did service for her lost youth.

They went, husband and wife, in silence to their formal dinner and, before midnight, they returned as listlessly. Blas handed his wife out of the limousine, then turned himself to climb back again into the waiting machine. Eve's eyes suddenly dilated and she clutched his arm.

For the first time in many years she pleaded: "Blas, don't leave me—not this one night. John Peter has been away all day—I am so much alone!"

"Are you crazy, Eve? You make a spectacle of yourself. Let me go!"

He called an address up to the driver, angrily shook off his wife's hands and, taking from his pockets a black mask, fitted it to his face, sprang in and slammed the door.

Eve stumbled back, just in time, from the turning wheels. She did not stand to look after him. She ran up the steps, let herself in, and darting upstairs to her room, she rummaged in a Spanish chest, one of the treasures of Christina della Guerdia, until she had found a crumpled

domino. With this pulled down over her faded beauty, she came quickly down the stairs again and took up the house telephone. In a minute her car, a new one for which, it is certain, John Peter had not paid out of his earnings as a lumberjack, hummed to the door and Eve laughingly dismissed the man and slipped herself into his place. She was still laughing as she swept round the curving driveway.

Eve drove as fast as she could, her lips repeating the address Blas had called up to his driver. Very shortly she drew up before a house which she had sometimes visited. It belonged to a companion of Gordon's who was more apt to give parties to his friends than to his friends' wives. Eve stepped out and went briskly up Ralston's steps. Thanks to her little regal air of being a desired guest, and the crisp, cultured assurance of her voice, she had no difficulty in getting an admittance. It was, she judged, an informal party. She found her way upstairs, feeling a trifle at a loss. She was late. Other guests had long ago arrived and had gone to some appointed room.

She found her way stealthily along an upper hall, the guardians of which had been attracted to more populous places. Through an open door she looked, hesitant, into a small dressing room. Here, in her costume of The Moth, sat Bonita, waiting, with her tired head in her hands. Eve looked at the dancer through narrowed lids. She resented the girl's youth and splendid coloring, but told herself bitterly that the child, after all, was of her own height and build, her hair no blacker, her skin no whiter.

A desperate thought came to Blas's wife. Perhaps in a daring masquerade she could prove to that heartless skeptic that she was too young and gay and graceful, that after all, her dancing was not an art to be despised. The laugh would be on Blas, certainly, if he should find his wife gathering in the applause, the admiration of his friends. After all, she could be daring and passionate. It was courage that she had always lacked. Tonight she would show courage, play the game recklessly as youth plays it, toss down her dice and win. She tingled with a new self-confidence. She stepped into the room and shut the door.

"You are going to dance tonight for Mr. Ralston and his friends?"

"Yes, señora," Bonita answered.

"In that costume?"

"Yes, señora, as a moth. I wear, besides—as it is a fancy dress ball—this little mask."

"Have you ever seen me before—have you ever seen Ralston's wife?"

"No, señora," Bonita shrugged, "these gentlemen do not play about with wives, it seems."

"I am his wife. I have a wager with a friend. Look, Bonita, I will give you all this money if you will lend me your mask, your costume, and let me dance in your place tonight."

"You can do the dance, señora?"

"Certainly. I have been very carefully trained at great expense."

Bonita hesitated. Her aching head and heavy heart, her dislike of Mr. Ralston, pleaded louder than the money and, besides, who was she to interfere with the plans of Mr. Ralston's wife? The change was made, Bonita helping with deft fingers, describing what must be done. The señora

(Continued from page 8)

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must appear on the balcony above the big square dining hall, and run down an inclined plane along the table to the end where *Señor Ralston* sits. There she must dance.

Eve's cheeks burned, her eyes flared. She was startled by her own feverish beauty in the mirror. Already, then, courage had restored her youth!

"Wish me luck, Bonita!"

"I do, *señora*, with all my heart. It is marvelous how like me you are in that dress. I should not have thought we were so nearly of a build, of a size. You are exactly Bonita—all but," she added to herself, "the white flower. I cannot lend her that. Nobody will notice or care—it is not like the café where I am known."

Eve slipped on her mask and ran out of the room.

The little dancer listened to her footsteps until a door shut softly and this part of the house fell deeply silent, except for the faint far-away throbbing of music. Bonita wrapped herself in a cloak, lay down on the couch and was almost instantly asleep.

But Emilio was not asleep. All that evening—for on the nights when Bonita filled her outside engagements, the clowns did double service—he had played and tumbled in the café. But he was lacking in his usual success. He was twice hissed. His master, disguised behind the painted grin, railed at him; at last struck him brutally with the whip, a genuine cut that passed for make-believe. But Emilio seemed not to feel the blow. He only leaped and stared so that his master began to be afraid of him.

He let him off at midnight and Emilio ran back to his room and lay flat on the board floor. As a man follows with a careful finger down a long row of figures to make up an account, so Emilio's memory ran down the injuries of his short life. His mother—she had flung him across the room, that day, and had broken his leg. That for his lopsided walk! His master, to whom he had been taken as a child—had kicked and starved and flogged and cursed him into proficiency—that for the queer crack in his brain through which he could see only a section of reality! Over and over again Emilio counted down the long column of his pain, but not one cruelty of them all bit at his heart like that inflicted today by the small angry hand of Bonita—the only hand that had ever been kind. Once she had touched him, even, with her lips! His face and neck still pained, but his heart—that was dipped into a fluid that would boil forever. And, while he lay there on his face smelling the dust, she would be dancing for fine gentlemen. She would be laughing with the white flower in her mouth. She had laughed this morning at his agony. The old man had laughed. The two of them had rocked with laughter.

It was nearly morning when the moon rose high enough to drop its light and touch Emilio where he lay. As though it had been a signal, he got up, washed the paint from his face, put on a long, ragged coat over his white clown dress. Something hung heavy in the pocket of his coat and knocked against his thigh.

He went a tortuous way about the town and so came at last, after much doubling and seeking, to a high garden wall. He

### Cosmopolitan for March, 1922

pulled himself up, ran crouching along the top and dropped down into the dewy fragrance of a garden. Through grilled windows, rosily curtained, light shone out across the sleepy roses and the scarlet, passionate poinsettias and the cool fronds of palm and fern. To this window Emilio wormed himself, and climbed up to its sill, and, holding tightly to an iron bar, he peered through a parted curtain, looking down upon a feast.

There was a long table loaded with flowers and food and wine—such food and wine as came to Emilio in starved and thirsty dreams. There at the table stood a big, pink-lipped man bowing and smiling and lifting his glass to his lips. At his elbow, not smiling, sat Blas Gordon; he leaned forward and looked up with parted lips. As Emilio watched, all the guests fell into his pose; they too looked up. Above on the flower-festooned balcony that ran round the walls of the high room, there appeared a slim white figure, with big wings marked in black. It stood and blew kisses, then ran lightly down an inclined plane to the table and up to its center nodding and smiling below its mask. It was The Moth.

But there was no white flower in her hair. Bonita, then, had given herself. Bonita had thrown away her heart. The clown steadied his hand against the window bar, pulled out the pistol from his pocket, rested its muzzle and fired.

The slender figure, just posed for its first steps, threw up its arms, straight and stiff and high, whirled giddily and fell, crashing down amongst the glass and porcelain and flowers.

Somebody in the horrible silence cried out, "She is dead!" and instantly Emilio, wriggling, crawled back under the flowers, climbed up the wall, dropped down and ran, flapping from shadow to shadow like a bat.

In the dining room there was a horrible confusion. Blas leaped to the table and raised the dancer in his arms. Blood streamed down the front of her white dress. Groaning, Blas Gordon snatched the mask from her face and his own froze into a mask of fear. Eve looked up at him with dimmed gray eyes and smiled.

"You see, my husband," she faltered, "I am not too old to dance." Her head, against his arm, jerked back and the eyes stilled.

They ran for help, they cleared the table, they drew her costume from her body, the better to bind her wound. The dress, flung aside, was picked up by a servant who snatched it from under her foot and carried it off, then, horrified to find his fingers wet with blood, he cursed and flung it into the door of Bonita's dressing room, hurrying about his business.

A short time after the costume had been flung into her room, Bonita awoke. She did not know how long she had slept. It was already daybreak. The room from which she had switched out the light, the better to enjoy her sleep, was dim. She saw her costume lying there on the floor and thought, half dazed with sleep, that the revelry was over and that the *señora* had won her mysterious wager. Drowsy and shivering, she put on the dress, wrapped her cloak quickly about her and let herself out of the still house. This was about five minutes before the arrival of the police.

Bonita ran home quickly through the cool and vacant streets.

IX

THE murderer did not go back to his own room. Obedient to a fevered demon in his blood, he skulked along the brightening alleys and went tiptoe up the stair to old José's familiar door. Before going in, he threw aside the tattered long black coat, carefully transferring his pistol to the pocket of his wide white breeches. He kissed his pistol, calling it his "darling," his "delight." The door, as usual, stood ajar; as usual the old man had grown cold in his bed and had, with infinite difficulty, faltered out to his chair, wrapped himself in his blanket and bent his bones over the fire. And this was the fool that had laughed at the last dawning, thought Emilio. At this dawning he would not laugh!

The clown came into the room with hands clasped at the ends of stiff arms and with bent head. He stood before José and wrung his hands.

"You are waiting for Bonita!" he chanted. "Ah, the poor beautiful Bonita will not come! Her ancient baby must cry for his soup in vain. The Moth is dead."

Then, before the staring, trembling old man, Emilio enacted a horrible and vivid pantomime. First he was Ralston, stately and gracious, bowing and drinking wine to his guests. He was a guest, Blas Gordon, turning quickly and looking up with parted and expectant lips. Now in a flash he was The Moth. He ran down along the bench which seemed under his feet to turn into a flower-strewn table, he blew light kisses and began to dance. With one terrible spring he was at the far side of the room; he drew his wide, white gown across his face, he crouched and lifted an imaginary weapon and fired. There he was back again on the bench and threw up his long arms, straight and stiff, and whirled twice and dropped. One might almost hear the sound of shattered glass.

José seemed to wither in his chair. He stared, then slowly he began to twist his hands and lift them to his forehead, to his heart, and cry.

There came a light sweet singing on the stair.

There came a step.

The old man shivered, pale and distraught. As for the clown, he shrank back, step by step, against the wall and shook so that his teeth rattled in his head.

Bonita came into the room. She threw aside her cloak and stood, looking at the men. Emilio pointed at the wide red stain on her dress and moaned. José saw. Grief and horror and shock pressed down on his feeble heart as a hand presses down on a dim candle flame. His jaw dropped, his eyes rolled up, his head dropped sideways. He was dead.

Bonita ran to him. She kissed his hands. She wept. In the midst of her despair, a little cold wind of fear seemed to touch her neck. Not knowing why, she turned. Emilio had flattened himself and crept close to the wall on tiptoe all around the room. He had locked the door and, as she turned, he leaped away from her and crouched beneath the window. No need now for white paint to make him a mask.



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Madness was smeared broad across his face. His eyes flared. The crack in his brain had split wide. He no longer peered at reality. He stared straight into the heart of hell. So staring, he pulled out his revolver and his harsh voice spoke.

"Dance, you dead woman—dance!"

And Bonita, rising to her toes, as though lifted by the muzzle of his gun, danced between the dead man and the madman as she had never danced before. At first she moved slowly with numb feet, then, obedient to her master's waving hand she moved faster. The pearly light brightened slowly. José's face grew sharp with peace. Black shadows fell into Emilio's eyes. He stared more wildly and beat time. Bonita danced. A white fog seemed to move with her, through which she could see only that little round blue hole that pressed surely—did it not—against her throat. She danced. Her breath came gaspingly. A horrible fatigue clung to her limbs. The dawn brightened from pearl to rose.

The Moth and The Flame! The Moth and The Flame!

Beneath her window the water clapped dully against the sodden piers. She fancied a soft bumping. The waves clapped more briskly. She fancied that she heard a step. Had John Peter come back for his rose? He came, then, too late. Too late for anything now but for the sound of her death. She could not call to him—that would be a certain signal for her end. She could not reach the window. Emilio squatted just beneath it. Her grandfather was dead—no help from him. John Peter had come back for her white flower—too late! But, just at that thought a hope stung her like a bee.

Gradually, carefully, she changed the rhythm of her dance, the clown's hand slowing in sympathy. She moved with passion, languorously, she hummed softly to herself, then a little louder, her lips shaping the words: "Ah, come to me, beloved, come quickly—or I die!"

Over and over, just that one refrain, more and more urgently. And she coquetted with her flower. She posed it dangling above her head, she kissed it, she held it to her heart. The mad clown nodded his approval. This dead woman could dance!

She made a pretense of throwing her flower away, then smiled and caught it back. At last, dancing close to the gun, she tossed the white and wilted blossom lightly and carelessly but with desperate aim through the window above Emilio's head. The clown seemed not to see. He kept his eyes on her dance.

If it was John Peter—surely she need not die:

John Peter, twenty-four hours before, had accepted his dismissal and had dragged himself along the wharf. But, now that hope had gone, he realized that exhaustion, sleeplessness and hunger had taken all the strength from his limbs and that if he walked much further he would drop down in a dead faint. Mechanically he turned to the little house of Roderigo and there the good old sailorman received him like a son and led him to a neat, narrow little cot where John Peter fell and lay like a dead man.

He slept the clock around and he did not wake until it was again nearly daybreak. Then the full misery of loss and failure and

disillusionment came upon him, and impatient of his pain he got up softly and stepped past Roderigo out into the narrow street. He would go back to the lumber camp, John Peter decided, and swing his ax and learn how to forget.

His face was as grim as his heart—the Spanish grandmother seemed to have died again—to have withdrawn and left him to the cool mercies of his Gordon blood. He had been a young fool as Blas had told him. He would go back to work.

With this resolve, he turned toward home then suddenly realized that he was in his shirt sleeves. He must have left his coat down by the wharf; he remembered vaguely that he had stripped it off the better to furl his sail. Reluctantly, sick at the thought of standing again beneath the window from which Bonita had looked so coldly down at him, he forced his steps to retrace themselves. Very slowly he came to the narrow ledge and passed gingerly along it to the side of his boat. He pulled the boat close up to the wharf and stepped into it. His coat was lying on the bottom. He was bending to pick it up when his ears caught the sound of a queer, faint singing. He stood frozen, and fancied that he heard the tapping of feet. He wondered if he were feverish—if the blow had upset his wits. Then at his feet fell a small white rose.

John Peter snatched it to his lips and sprang to the wall. He glowed; he was breathless with surprise, with joy. He waited for the face. But still he heard only that urgent, whispering, half-intelligible song: "Ah, come to me, beloved, come quickly—or I die!"

John Peter was doubtful and confused. She was a maiden of so many moods. Often she had punished his mistakes so cruelly. Then his face flashed into its golden Spanish smile. She had thrown him her flower. She meant him to come to her—to taste her kisses. He ran along the wharf, plunged down an alley, turned a corner and came, fast breathing, to the door of José's house. He went in quickly and sprang up the worn clay steps.

At the door, he softly knocked. He tried the latch. He listened. The song came gaspingly. There was a constant faltering patter of exhausted feet. Surely all was not well behind that locked door. Some tragedy beat at him on Bonita's broken breath. It was a need—but not for kisses.

"Ah, come—come quickly, or I die!"

Then on the floor near the door John Peter saw Emilio's dark, ragged coat. Instantly the dancing shadows on a white-washed wall returned to his memory. The tall, pointed candle, stiff and still, the fluttering shadow wings—rising and circling, faltering and dropping to their death.

John Peter put his flower between his teeth, sprang back the width of the hall and threw his entire strength against the crazy door.

It crashed. He stumbled into the room. Bonita reeled against him, and but for his arms would have dropped.

The clown rose to his feet and bowed and smiled.

"You may have your dead woman," he said, and put the muzzle of his pistol into his mouth and fired.

The flame went out. The Moth lay, safe and senseless, in her lover's arms.



## The Thunder God

(Continued from page 20)

sterncastle. "Ah! It is. Here is his membership card in the I. W. W., showing his dues paid to date. Damned rotten Frenchy anarchist. Well, he'll never cripple another ship—the rat!"

Frenchy emerged from the sterncastle, dragging a sea bag behind him with his left hand. In his right he carried a heavy blue automatic pistol, and it was cocked and pointed at the Viking's breast; from the baleful eyes behind the gun, murder lights flickered. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," he informed the Viking. "Stand aside."

But Valdemar Sigurdson did not stand aside. "No," he said patiently, "you can't get away with this. Shoot and be damned to you! Even if you get me through the heart, I'll live long enough to get my hands on you; then I'll break your back and you'll die lingeringly. You're an enemy of the world, you crazy swine, and I'm going to destroy you."

He leaped toward the direct actionist, and a bullet whizzed past his head. When the hammer fell again it fell on a defective cartridge.

"That's a hell of an automatic," the Viking roared triumphantly. "You can't get a fresh cartridge into the chamber until you've exploded its predecessor. The real gunmen stick to the old-fashioned double-action revolver." He knocked the gun out of Frenchy's hand, and the man fell to the deck screaming.

"Get up," said Valdemar Sigurdson, "and die like a man."

"Not at all," said a crisp voice behind him. "We can't afford to have you tried for murder, Captain Sigurdson. I forbid you to touch this man again."

The speaker was Johnny Hickman who, seeing Sigurdson leave his bridge at the very moment when his ship was backing out from the dock, had leaped aboard the vessel to ascertain the reason for such extraordinary behavior.

"He stabbed my ship! He jimmied up the low-pressure turbine! He's a crazy anarchist!" The Viking was roaring now like an angry bear. With a gentle sweep of his great arm he fended Johnny Hickman aside and stooped for his prey.

"At him, men! On top of him! Stop him!" Johnny Hickman commanded, and struck the Viking in the face with all his might. Young Hickman was not a small nor a weak man by any means, nevertheless, his crashing left and right did not serve to divert the Viking from his purpose. He merely shook his leonine head and his clutching fingers closed over the midriff of the man, Frenchy. Clothing and flesh intertwined in that grip of death, and a scream of agony burst from the victim; then the crew off watch rallied to the command of the owner and closed in on the Viking like jackals around a tiger.

It was a Homeric battle. There were six of them, and they clung to his legs and his arms, striving to upset him, to bear him down. And all the time young Hickman rained blow upon blow on the Viking's iron jaw. But Valdemar Sigurdson only shook his head and roared. In desperation young Hickman sought to break the clutch upon the screaming Frenchy. Vain effort. Holding fast to the squirming wretch, the

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Viking started across the deck to the rail, lifting his feet slowly but surely, though two men clung to each leg; each step he made he punctuated the salty air with a gorilla-like "Haw-w-w-r-r!"

A heave, a swing of a mighty arm, and two firemen were flung off and sent hurtling across the deck. Johnny Hickman leaped and caught the free arm, but was flung many feet for his pains. And now, one by one, the Viking plucked the men who clung to him and threw them away.

He was free at last—free to administer the terrible primitive justice of his kind—when Old Man Hickman tottered into the mêlée. A moment the Viking paused to survey his victim, then with a quick twist he flopped him over on his back across the rail. But in that instant Old Man Hickman's clawlike hands were clutching at the Viking's throat and Old Man Hickman's piping treble was saying:

"Quit, curse you! Quit, or I'll fire you!"

It was the voice of the master, but in his berserker rage the Viking failed to recognize it. He half raised his great arm to annihilate the wisp that clung to him, thought better of it and stood staring at Old Man Hickman somewhat stupidly.

"Don't you roar at me, you big square-head. Stop this riot, you roaring thunder god, or I'll bust your bobstay."

"Go away, sir," said the Viking patiently, and fended his owner gently backward. "This is my business." And he turned to break the man on the rail, just as a new ally joined the Hickman forces.

"Val," said the Viking's wife firmly, "stop your nonsense!" She was making the first voyage with her husband and, attracted by the turmoil, she had descended to the main deck in the nick of time. At sound of her voice Valdemar Sigurdson turned, hesitated, looked foolish.

"You are making a spectacle of yourself, dearie," the erstwhile Nellie O'Hara continued, and laid her little hand on the wrist of the terrible hand that clutched the victim on the rail. "Silly boy! You should practice controlling your temper. Come,

When Peter B. Kyne wrote "The Thunder God" we knew immediately that here was the sort of story that ought to be the first of a series about the same splendid characters. We suggested such a series to Mr. Kyne. He was enthusiastic about the idea. He started his second story and was well into it—when suddenly he was taken ill. So, the second story, for which we were saving a place in the next number, will have to be postponed. But it is coming.

## Jolly Roger's Last Quest

(Continued from page 87)

"Ten miles on. It started this side of the next settlement."

Jolly Roger drew back and the door closed, and standing on the railroad once more he saw the light go out and after that the occasional barking of the settler's dog grew fainter and fainter behind them.

He felt a great weariness in his bones and body now. With hope struck down, the exhaustion of two nights and a day without sleep seized upon him and his feet plodded more and more slowly over the uneven ties of the road. Even in his weariness he fought madly against the thought that Nada was dead and he repeated the word "impossible—impossible" so often that it ran in singsong through his brain. And he could not keep away from him the white, thin face of the Missioner, who had

darling, and I'll wash your gory old face and patch you up with court plaster."

The Viking's hand fell to his side and he heaved a great sigh. He looked half pitifully at his wife. Tears suddenly flooded his eyes, and then the big right hand came up and rested pathetically on Old Man Hickman's thin, bony shoulder.

"Very well, sir," he said, in a husky subdued voice, "have it your own way. You're the boss!"

Little Old Man Hickman, who weighed about two ounces less than a straw hat and was five feet five inches tall in his prime, pursed his lips and favored Valdemar Sigurdson with a very severe glance, before which the giant's gaze dropped in confusion and embarrassment.

"Say, look here, you big squarehead," he piped, "I'll have you understand that you're not the only Viking aboard this ship."

Valdemar Sigurdson lifted his victim tenderly from the rail and let him sag, sobbing, to the deck. Then he faced Old Man Hickman.

"Yes, sir," he said respectfully, and touched his golden forelock.

"Send that thing up to the Harbor Hospital," the little man commanded, "and the next time you start pulling off one of your little old tenth century scraps, pause long enough to count ten. Now you hustle ashore to a telephone and get a couple of Red Stack tugs to snake you back to the shipyard for repairs."

"Aye, sir," rumbled the Viking, and started for the ship's rail. As he leaped to the dock Old Man Hickman walked up to the moaning Frenchy and spumed the latter contemptuously in the ribs. "Score one for Capitalism," he piped. "Come on, Johnny. Got to get some amica on those ruined knuckles of yours. And, by the way, Thor's new uniform has been torn to shreds by you bunglers. Get him a new one, Johnny, and charge it to expense. Come, come. I want to go ashore and imbibe a little—yes, I'll chance it—a few drops of whisky! Excited, Johnny. Thought I'd lost my thunder god."

promised on his faith in God to care for Nada, and who had passed the settler's cabin alone.

Another two hours they went on and then came the first of the green timber. Under the shelter of some balsams Jolly Roger found a resting place and there they waited for the break of dawn. He was roused by the wakening twitter of birds and in the cold water of a creek that ran near he bathed his face and hands. Peter wondered why there was no fire and no breakfast this morning.

The settlement was only a little way ahead and it was very early when they reached it. People were still in their beds and out of only one chimney was smoke rising into the clear calm of the breaking day. From this cabin a young man came

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

and walked to a stable of logs, and Jolly Roger followed him there.

He was unlike the bearded settler, and nodded with a youthful smile of cheer.

"Good morning," he said. "Just get in? And—from the burnt country?"

"Yes, from the burnt country. I've been away a long time, and I'm trying to find out if my friends are among the living or the dead. Did you ever hear of Father John, the Missioner at Cragg's Ridge?"

The young man's face brightened. "I knew him," he said. "He helped me to bury my brother, three years ago. And if it is him you seek, he is safe. He went up to Fort William a week after the fire, and that was in September, eight months past."

"And was there with him a girl named Nada Hawkins?" asked Jolly Roger, trying hard to speak calmly as he looked into the other's face.

The youth shook his head.

"No, he was alone. He slept in my cabin overnight, and he said nothing of a girl named Nada Hawkins. But there were a number of girls who passed here, alone or with their friends," he said hopefully. "What sort of looking girl was Nada Hawkins?"

"A—kid. That's what I called her," said Jolly Roger, in a dead, cold voice. "Eighteen, and beautiful, with blue eyes, and brown hair that she couldn't keep from blowing in curls about her face. So like an angel you wouldn't forget her if you'd seen her—just once."

Gently the youth placed a hand on Jolly Roger's arm.

"She didn't come this way," he said, "but maybe you'll find her somewhere else. Won't you have breakfast with me? I've a stranger in the cabin, still sleeping, who's going into the fire country from which you've come. He's hunting for some one, and maybe you can give him information. He's going to Cragg's Ridge."

"Cragg's Ridge!" exclaimed Jolly Roger. "What is his name?"

"Breault," said the youth. "Sergeant Breault, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police."

Jolly Roger turned to stroke the neck of a horse waiting for its morning feed. Cold as iron went his heart, and for half a minute he made no answer. Then he said:

"Thanks, friend. I breakfasted before it was light, and I'm hitting out into the bush west and north, for the Rainy River country. Please don't tell this man Breault that you saw me, for he'll think badly of me for not waiting to give him information he might want. But—you understand—if you loved the brother who died—that it's hard for me to talk with anyone just now."

The young man's fingers touched his arm again.

"I understand," he said, "and I hope to God you'll find her."

Silently they shook hands, and Jolly Roger hurried away.

Three days later a man and a dog came from the burnt country into the town of Fort William, seeking for a wandering messenger of God who called himself Father John, and a young and beautiful girl whose name was Nada Hawkins. He stopped first at the old mission and Father Augustine, the aged patriarch who talked with him, told him that when Father John stopped to rest for a few days at the



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What causes engine  
carbonization?

See page 137

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Mission he was heading north, for some-  
where on Pashkokogon Lake near the river  
Albany.

There was little rest for Peter and his  
master at Fort William town. That  
Breault must be close on their trail, and  
following it with the merciless determina-  
tion of the ferret from which he had been  
named, there was no shadow of doubt in  
the mind of Jolly Roger McKay. So after  
outfitting his pack at a little corner shop,  
where Breault would be slow to inquire  
about him, he struck north through the  
bush toward Dog Lake and the river of the  
same name. Five or six days, he thought,  
would bring him to Father John and the  
truth which he dreaded more and more  
to hear.

He was growing tired and with Nada gone  
there was only hopeless gloom ahead. If  
she was dead he wanted to go to her. That  
thought was a dawning pleasure in his  
breast, and it was warm in his heart when  
he tied in a hard knot the buckskin string  
which locked the flap of his pistol holster.  
When Breault overtook him the law would  
know, because of the significance of this  
knot, that he had welcomed the end of the  
game.

Never in the Northland had there come  
a spring more beautiful than this of the  
year in which Jolly Roger McKay and his  
dog went through the deep wilds to Pash-  
kokogon Lake. But Jolly Roger, for the  
first time in his life, failed to respond to  
the wonder and beauty of the earth's rejoic-  
ing. All about him was a vast emptiness  
from which the spirit of life had fled for  
him.

Thus he came at last to a stream in the  
Burntrock country which ran into Pash-  
kokogon Lake; and it was this day, in the  
mellow sunlight of late afternoon, that they  
heard coming to them from out of the dense  
forest the sound of an ax.

Toward this they made their way, with  
caution and no sound, until in a little clear-  
ing in a bend of the stream they saw a  
cabin. It was a newly built cabin, and  
smoke was rising from the chimney.

But the chopping was nearer them, in  
the heart of a thick cover of evergreen and  
birch. Into this Jolly Roger and Peter  
made their way and came within a dozen  
steps of the man who was wielding the ax.  
It was then that Jolly Roger rose up with a  
cry on his lips, for the man was Father  
John, the Missioner.

He dropped his ax now and stood as if  
only half believing, a look of joy shining in  
his face as he realized the truth of what  
had happened. "McKay," he cried,  
reaching out his hands. "McKay, my  
boy!"

And then a look of pity mellowed the  
gladness in his eyes as he noted the change  
in Jolly Roger's face and the despair that  
had set its mark upon it.

They stood for a moment with clasped  
hands, questioning and answering with the  
silence of their eyes. And then the Mis-  
sioner said:

"You have heard? Some one has told  
you?"

"No," said Jolly Roger, his head drop-  
ping a little. "No one has told me." And  
he was thinking of Nada, and her death.

Father John's fingers tightened.

"It is strange how the ways of God  
bring themselves about," he spoke in a low  
voice. "Roger, you did not kill Jed  
Hawkins!"

## Cosmopolitan for March, 1922

Dumbly, his lips dried of words, Jolly  
Roger stared at him.

"No, you didn't kill him," repeated  
Father John. "On that same night of  
storm when you thought you left him dead  
in the trail, he stumbled back to his cabin,  
alive. But God's vengeance came soon.  
In the dead of last winter he fell drunk a  
hundred steps from his own door, in the  
darkness of night and with the thermome-  
ter forty degrees below zero. He was  
frozen as solid as the ice in the lake when  
morning came."

But in this moment Roger McKay was  
thinking less of Breault, the Ferret, and the  
loosening of the hangman's rope from about  
his neck than he was of another thing.  
And Father John was saying in a voice that  
seemed far away and unreal:

"We've sent out word to all parts of the  
north, hoping some one would find you and  
send you back. And she has prayed each  
night, and each hour of the day the same  
prayer has been in her heart and on her  
lips. And now——"

Some one was coming to them from the  
direction of the cabin—some one, a girl,  
and she was singing.

Jolly Roger's face went whiter than the  
gray ash of fire.

"My God," he whispered huskily. "I  
thought—she had died!"

It was only then Father John under-  
stood the meaning of what he had seen  
in his face.

"No, she is alive," he cried. "I sent her  
straight north through the bush with an  
Indian the day after the fire. And, later  
I left word for you with the Fire Relief  
Committee at Fort William, where I  
thought you would first inquire."

"And it was there," said Jolly Roger,  
"that I did not inquire at all!"

In the edge of the clearing, close to the  
thicket of timber, the girl had stopped  
singing and stood like one carved of wood,  
a slim, blue-eyed girl with the sun shining  
in the glory of her hair. For across the  
open space a strange looking creature had  
raced at the sound of her voice, a dog with  
bristling airedale whiskers, and a hound's  
legs, and a wild-wolf's body hardened and  
roughened by months of fighting in the  
wilderness. As in the days of his puppy-  
hood, Peter leapt up against her, and a cry  
burst from Nada's lips, a wild and sobbing  
cry of "Peter, Peter, Peter!"—and it was  
this cry Jolly Roger heard as he tore away  
from Father John.

On her knees, with her arms about Pe-  
ter's shaggy head, Nada stared wildly at  
the clump of timber, and in a moment  
she saw a man break out of it, and stand  
still, as if the mellow sunlight blinded  
him, and made him unable to move. And  
the same choking weakness was at her  
own heart as she rose up from Peter,  
and reached out her arms toward the  
gray figure in the edge of the wood, sob-  
bing, sobbing, trying to speak and yet  
saying no word.

And a little slower, because of his age,  
Father John came a moment later, and  
peered out with the knowledge of long  
years from a thicket of young banksians,  
and when he saw the two in the open, close  
in each other's arms, and Peter hopping  
madly about them, he drew out a handker-  
chief and wiped his eyes, and went back  
then for the ax which he had dropped in  
the timber clump.

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## The Heart Pirate

(Continued from page 48)

can't understand, or rule even, if we happen to be born with a certain shade of red in our veins, at least once in our lives interferes with our scheme of existence and knocks all of our plans into a cocked hat."

Patty deliberated this. "Were you ever like that?"

"Yes, thank heaven! And I wouldn't trade that year for any other ten of my life."

"And mother—?" Patty began.

"I'm not on the witness stand, young woman," he interrupted. "You cross-examine her if you want to find out the other side of the case."

His daughter, still emotionally racked, puzzled over the situation. "You and mother don't seem like that—why you're the sweetest, nicest people in the world."

"Thanks for the recognition. We are nice people now—confound it."

## VII

The library door burst open. The Distinguished Guest entered unceremoniously bringing with him a whirlpool of turbulent emotions.

His cheeks were still faintly outlined with the marks of the crop, probably because he was otherwise pale. His riding boots were soiled and scratched. Apparently he had walked back by the shortest possible route, across lots, any old way, regardless of obstacles.

"Wish to see you alone, Patricia," he said in a strange combination of order and request. A teacher might address a pupil like that with a veiled command to stay after school. "That is," he added, "if you are not afraid."

Patty raised her wrist from which the crop was still dangling and laughed, "I'm not afraid." But she was afraid, and her voice shook internally. Nobody knew it but Patty herself.

Her father, with what appeared to be craven desertion of his offspring in time of need, left the room. The Distinguished Guest closed the door after him.

"Now," he said coming to her, "stand up and kiss me."

What a horrid mouth he had and what a determined line his lips were set in!

Patty, laughing hysterically, raised her crop to strike.

But the blow did not fall. Her arm wouldn't swing. It was suddenly weak and nerveless and dropped to her side. Everything whirled around her and she started to fall.

Patty had fainted for the first time in her life!

She was only gone for a minute and when she came to, the man who had frightened her out of her wits was bending over her with pleading, tender eyes and a quivering mouth that was murmuring indiscriminate fragments such as "Darling—sweetheart—don't die—I love you—" and a great many other remarks which are in the vocabulary of even the most immature fusser of the present day and vintage. How boyish he was to be sure. And how gentle and sweet when the tide of passion had ebbed.

She opened her eyes finally and it bottled him up like a rubber cork.

Patty surveyed his dumb misery with a smile.

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"Is it over?" she asked.  
"What?" he demanded blankly.  
"Have I been kissed yet?"  
"No and I promise that—"  
"Sh! Don't talk any more but let's get at it."  
"But—"

She pulled him toward her. Of course he kissed her, very gently, tenderly.  
Patty sighed with disappointment. "I suppose the other kind will come later."

## Broken Barriers

(Continued from page 35)

perfectly natural in view of their old friendship, made it clear that he was sorry her father had been thrust out of the company of which he had been one of the founders. She was unable to see anything in the interview beyond a wish on his part to be kind, to set himself right. And it was like him to do that.

### IV

THE strong romantic strain in her was quickened by the meeting. All afternoon her thoughts played about Bob Cummings. She reviewed their associations in childhood on through those last attentions after the Cummings left the old neighborhood. Her mother had probably been right in saying that if fortune hadn't borne the Cummings steadily upward, leaving the Durlands behind, Bob might have married her.

In the afternoon distribution of mail she received a letter from Trenton. It began, "Dear Grace," and read:

I expected to see you again this week—that is, of course if you'd be willing; but I'm called to Kansas City unexpectedly, and may not touch your port for ten days or so. I'm not conceited enough to assume that you will be grief-stricken over my delay, and strictly speaking there's no excuse for writing except that you've rather haunted me—a welcome ghost, I assure you! I talked far too much about myself the other night. One matter I shouldn't have spoken of at all. No question of confidence in you or anything of that sort. But it's something I never discuss even with old and intimate friends. You have guessed what I mean. Bad taste, you probably thought it. It was quite that. I want you to think as well of me as you can. I'm counting very much on seeing you again. I hope you are well and happy, and that nothing has happened to your eyes since I saw them last.

This was all except that he named a Kansas City club where he could be reached for the next week if she felt moved to write. She hadn't expected to hear from him and the note was a distinct surprise. The letter had the effect of reopening a door which Grace had thought closed—and the key thrown away.

Grace was again tormented by curiosity as to whether Trenton still loved his wife and a half-formed hope possessed her that he didn't. She hated herself for this; hated herself for having lost her grip upon the good resolutions of Sunday to forget the whole episode of Kemp's party. She knew enough of the mind's processes to indulge in what she fancied was a rigid self-analysis.

She had always been used to admiration,

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

The Distinguished Guest stood up in amazement. "You little devil!" he exclaimed.

Patty dimpled in acknowledgment. "I'm afraid so, Teddy." She got up from the couch and turned her back to him. "You haven't finished fixing the torn place in my shirt yet."

He hesitated but only a second.

"Oh, Teddy, you darned old bear—but don't let go of me again—ever!"

but until now she had heavily discounted all the compliments that were paid her good looks. She found herself covertly looking at herself whenever she passed a mirror. Trenton had been all over the world and no doubt had seen many beautiful women; and yet he wrote that she haunted him, which could only mean that he was unable to escape from the thought of her. Again, deeply humble, she scouted the idea that he could have fallen in love with her.

He had spoken of being lonely. At twenty-one Grace did not know that the only being in the world who is more dangerous than a lonely woman is a lonely man.

### V

GRACE was correct in her assumption that Ward Trenton had written her in a fit of loneliness but she did not know that in the same hour he had written also to his wife. After a few sentences explaining his presence in St. Louis, the letter to Mrs. Trenton ran:

It's almost ridiculous—the distinctly separate lives we lead. I was just studying the calendar and find that we haven't met for exactly six months. When I'm at home—if I may so refer to the house in Pittsburgh that fixes my voting place and—pardon me!—doesn't fix much of anything else—I occasionally find traces of your visits. I must say the servants do pretty well considering that they go their own gait. You're a wonderful housekeeper at long range! But I'm not kicking. The gods are having their will with us.

I read of you in the newspapers occasionally and judge that you're living the life that suits you best. I found a copy of your "Clues to a New Social Order" on the new book table here in the club library and re-read parts of it. It never ceases to tickle me that a woman of your upbringing, with your line of blue-nosed New England ancestors should want to pull down the pillars of society. I marvel at you!

You've asked me now and then not to be afraid to tell you if ever I ran into a woman who interested me particularly. I haven't had anything to report till now. But the other night I met a girl—she's probably just crossing the line into the twenties—an interesting, provocative young person. She represents in a mild degree the new order of things you're so keen about; going to live her own life; marriage not in the sketch. She's a salesgirl in a big shop, but her people have known better days and she went halfway through college. She's standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet, but I'm afraid won't be satisfied to play in the brook; she's keen for the



deeper waters. She's as handsome as a goddess. She kissed me very prettily—her own idea I assure you! The remembrance of this incident is not wholly displeasing to me; it was quite spontaneous, filial perhaps . . .

Those bonds you have in the Ashkewana Water Power Company are all right. I had a look at the plant recently and the dividends are sure . . .

Having sealed and addressed the envelopes Trenton laid them side by side on the blotter before him, lighted a cigarette, and then drew out and opened the locket that Grace had noted at The Shack, studying the woman's face within. Then with a sigh he thrust it into his pocket, and went out and into the night and tramped the streets, coming at last to the post office where he mailed both letters.

## VI

GRACE set off with the liveliest expectations to keep her appointment with Miss Reynolds. The house struck her at once as a true expression of the taste and characteristics of its owner. It was severely simple in design and furnishing, but with adequate provision for comfort.

At the table Miss Reynolds rambled on as though Grace were an old friend.

"Our old house down on Meridian Street was sold while I was abroad. It had grown to be a dingy hole. Garret full of trunks of letters and rubbish like that. I cabled at once to sell or destroy everything in the place. So that's why I'm able to have a new deal. I despise old furniture. Old stuff of every kind. Old people too!" With a smile on her lips she watched Grace to note the effect of this speech. "I shouldn't have dreamed of asking you to give up an evening for me if I meant to talk to you like an old woman. My neighbors are all young married people, but they don't seem to mind my settling among them. I'm sixty-two. Hurry and say I don't look a day over fifty!"

"Forty!" Grace corrected.

"You'll do. I think I'll spend my remaining years here if I can keep away from people who want to talk about old times, meaning of course when I was a girl. You've probably wondered why I grabbed you as I did and asked you to sit at meat with me?" Miss Reynolds observed.

"Why, I hope you asked me because you liked me!"

"That's the correct answer, Grace—may I call you Grace? I hate having a lot of people around. I like to concentrate on one person. And when I met you in the church entry it just popped into my head that you wouldn't mind a bit giving me an evening. It's awfully tiresome going to dinners where the people are all our own age. I've always hated formal entertaining. You struck me as a very fair representative of the new generation that appeals to me so much."

They remained at the table for coffee, and the waitress who had served the dinner offered cigarettes. Grace shook her head and experienced a mild shock when Miss Reynolds took a cigarette and lighted it with the greatest unconcern.

"Abominable habit. Got in the way of it while I was abroad. Please don't let me corrupt you."

"I suppose I'll learn in time," Grace replied, amused as she remembered the



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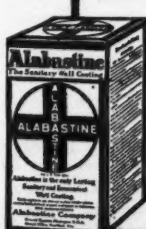


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stress her mother and Ethel had laid on Miss Reynolds's conservatism.

It occurred to Grace that Miss Reynolds was entitled to know something of her history and she recited the facts of her life simply and straightforwardly. She had only said that her father had been unfortunate, without explaining his connection with Cummings-Durland. Miss Reynolds smoked and sipped her coffee in silence; then asked in her quick fashion:

"Cummings-Durland? The names tinkle together away back in my memory."

"Father and Mr. Cummings came here together from Rangerton and began business together. The Cummings used to be neighbors of ours over by Military Park."

"Bob Cummings lives just around the corner." Miss Reynolds knocked the ash from her cigarette into the tray beside her plate. "Rather tragic—putting that young man into business. He hates it. I suppose business troubles broke up the friendship of your families."

"Yes. My mother and sister are very bitter about it; they think father was unfairly treated. But I met Bob only this morning and he was very friendly. He seemed terribly cut up because I'd left college."

"He's a sensitive fellow; he would feel it," said Miss Reynolds. "So you children grew up together—the Durlands and the Cummings? I'm asking about your present relations because Bob comes in occasionally to play my piano—when there's something on at his own house that he doesn't like. His wife's the sort that just can't be quiet; must have people around. She's crazy about bridge and he isn't. He called me on the telephone just before you came to ask if he might come over as his wife's having people to dinner with bridge afterward. I told him to come along. I enjoy his playing; he really plays very well. You don't mind?"

"Not at all," said Grace, wondering at the fate that was throwing her in Bob Cummings's way twice in one day, and a day in which she had been torn with so many conflicting emotions.

"If you have the slightest feeling about meeting him do say so. You may always be perfectly frank with me."

When they were again in the living room Grace stood for a moment scanning a table covered with periodicals and new books.

"Since I came home I've been trying to find out what's going on in America, so I read everything," Miss Reynolds explained. "The general opinion seems to be that things are going to pot. Right under your hand there's a book called *Clues to a New Social Order*, written by a woman named Trenton. I understand she's a respectable person and not a short-haired lunatic; but she throws everything overboard!"

"I've read it," said Grace. "It's certainly revolutionary."

"All of that," Miss Reynolds retorted. "But it does make you think. Everybody's restless and crazy for excitement. My young married neighbors all belong to families I know or know about; live in very charming houses and have money to spend—too much, most of them—and they don't seem able to stand an evening at home by themselves. But maybe the new way's better. Maybe their chances of happiness are greater where they mix around more."

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

"Everybody's down on the young people," said Grace, confident that she had a sympathetic auditor. "They tell us all the time that we're of no account."

"There are pages of that on that table," Miss Reynolds replied. "Well, I'm for the young people; particularly you girls who have to rustle for yourselves. If I stood up in a store all day or hammered a typewriter, I'm sure I'd feel that I was entitled to some pleasure when I got through. Just what do girls do—I don't mean girls of your upbringing exactly and your schooling—but less lucky girls who manage their own affairs and are not responsible to anyone?"

"I haven't been at work long enough to know much about that," said Grace, "but nearly every girl who's at all attractive has a beau!"

"Certainly," Miss Reynolds affirmed promptly. "It's always been so. There's nothing new in that."

"And they go to dances. Every girl likes to dance. And sometimes they're taken out to dinner or to a show if the young man can afford it. Girls don't have parties at home very much—I mean even where they live at home. There's not room to dance usually; the houses are too small and it isn't so much fun. And if the beau has a car he takes the girl driving."

"And these girls marry and have homes of their own? That still happens doesn't it?"

"Well, a good many girls don't want to marry—not the young men they're likely to meet. Or if they do some of them keep on working. There are girls in Shipley's who are married and keep their jobs. They like the additional money; they can wear better clothes, and they like to keep their independence."

"There you are!" Miss Reynolds exclaimed. "The old stuff about woman's place being in the home isn't the final answer any more. If you won't think it impertinent, just how do you feel on that point, Grace?"

"Oh, I shouldn't want to marry for a long, long time—even if I had the chance!" Grace answered with the candor Miss Reynolds invited. "I have that idea about freedom and independence myself. I hope you don't think me awfully queer."

"The fact seems to be that marriage isn't just the chief goal of a woman's life any more. Things have reached such a pass that it's really respectable to be a spinster like me. But we all like to be loved—we women, don't we? And it's woman's blessing and her curse that she has love to give."

She was silent a moment, then bent forward and touched Grace's hand. There was a mist of dreams in the girl's lovely eyes.

"I wish every happiness for you, dear. I hope with all my heart that love will come to you in a great way, which is the only way that counts!"

VII

A MOMENT later Bob Cummings appeared and greeted Grace with unfeigned surprise and pleasure.

"I'll say we don't need to be introduced! Grace and I are old friends," he said, still unable to conceal his mystification at

finding Grace established on terms of intimacy in his neighbor's house.

"I inveigled Grace here without telling her it was to be a musical evening," said Miss Reynolds.

"Oh, I'd have come just the same!" laughed Grace.

"We'll cut the music now," said Cummings. "It will be a lot more fun to talk. I tell you, Grace, it's a joy to have a place of refuge like this. Miss Reynolds is the kindest woman in the world. I've adopted her as my aunt."

"Why don't you tell him, Grace, that being an aunt sounds too old! You might both adopt me as a cousin. Then you must call me Cousin Beulah!" said Miss Reynolds. Her nephews and nieces were widely scattered, she said, and she didn't care for her lawful cousins.

Grace talked much more freely under the stimulus of Bob's presence. It appeared that Miss Reynolds had not known Bob until she moved into the neighborhood, and their acquaintance had begun quite romantically. Miss Reynolds had stopped him as he was passing her house and asked him whether he knew anything about trees. Some of the trees on her premises were preyed upon by insects, and quite characteristically she had halted him to ask whether he could recommend a good tree doctor.

"You looked intelligent, so I took a chance," remarked Miss Reynolds. "And the man you recommended didn't hurt the trees much. I've bought a tree book and hereafter I'll do my own spraying. The piano's waiting, Bob." And Miss Reynolds led the way to the music room across the hall.

Bob began to play, as Grace remembered it had always been his way, by improvising; weaving together snatches of classical compositions, with whimsical variations. He was endowed with a talent that had been cultivated with devotion, and he might have had a brilliant career if fate had not swept him into a business for which his musical aspirations utterly unfitted him. Grace watched the sure touch of his hands, marveling that he had been so faithful to the music that had been his passion as a boy.

While he was still playing, Miss Reynolds was called away by callers and left the room quietly.

"You and Bob stay here," she whispered to Grace. "These are people I have to see."

When Bob ended with a Chopin waltz, graceful, capricious, that seemed to Grace to bring the joy of spring into the room, he swung round, noted Miss Reynolds's absence and the closed door.

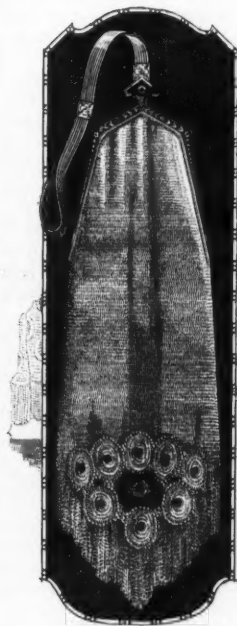
"My audience reduced one-half! At this rate I'll soon be alone."

"You play wonderfully, Bob. It's a pity you couldn't have kept on."

"We can't do as we please in this world," he said throwing himself into a chair and reaching for the cigarettes. "It's fun though. I'm not sorry I boned to it as I did from the time I could stretch an octave. Are you spending the night with Miss Reynolds?"

"No. We're not quite that chummy. Miss Reynolds said she'd send me home."

"Not on your life she won't. I'm going to run you out in my roadster. That's settled. I don't have to show up at home till midnight, so there's plenty of time.



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Grace gave a vivacious account of the beginning of her acquaintance with Miss Reynolds, not omitting the ten dollar tip.

He laughed; then frowned darkly.

"I've been troubled about this thing ever since I met you today," he said doggedly. "Your having to quit college, I mean. I feel guilty, terribly guilty."

"Please, Bob, don't spoil my nice evening by mentioning those things again. I know it wasn't your fault. So let's go on being friends just as though nothing had happened. I'm perfectly satisfied that you had nothing to do with father's troubles. So please forget it."

She won him back to good nature—she had always been able to do that, and they talked of old times, of the companions of their youth in the park neighborhood.

"You haven't missed me a bit," cried Miss Reynolds appearing suddenly. "Is the music all over?"

"Oh, we've been reminiscing," said Grace, "just like old folks!"

"I'm so sorry those people chose tonight for their call. It was my lawyer and his wife, old friends—but I didn't dare smoke before them. You've got to stay now while I have a cigarette!"

When Grace said presently that she must go, and Miss Reynolds reached for the bell to ring for her car, Bob stayed her hand.

"That's all fixed. I'll run around and bring my car and I'll take Grace home. Please say you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind; but you needn't think you're establishing a precedent. The next time Grace comes I'll lock the door against you and all the rest of the world."

While Bob went for his car Miss Reynolds warned Grace that she was likely to ask her to the house again.

"You'll be doing me a favor by coming. And remember, if there's ever anything I can do for you, you're to tell me. I should be sorry if you didn't feel that you could come to me with anything."

## VIII

"It's only a little after ten," said Bob as he started the car, "and I'm going to touch the edge of the country before I take you home. Is that all right? How long's it been since we went driving together?"

"Centuries! It was just after you moved."

"I was afraid you'd forgotten. I remember the evening perfectly. We stopped at the country club to dance and just played around by ourselves. But we did have a good time!"

His spirits were soaring; in his talk there was an undercurrent of mischievous delight in his freedom.

To Grace the remembrance of this adventure was not nearly so thrilling as the fact that Bob, now married, was still warmed by the recollection, and was obviously delighted to be spending an evening with her while his wife enjoyed herself in her own fashion at home. He would probably not tell Evelyn that he had taken the daughter of his father's old business associate driving, a girl who clerked in a department store and was clearly out of his social orbit. Here was another episode

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

which Grace knew she dared not mention at home; Ethel and her mother would be horrified. But Grace was happy in the thought that Bob Cummings still found pleasure in her company. He halted the car at a point which afforded a broad sweep of moonlit field and woodland.

"You know, Grace, sometimes I've been hungry and positively homesick for a talk with you such as we've had to-night."

"Please drive on. You mustn't say things like that."

"Well, that's the way I feel anyhow. I've made mistakes all down the line," he answered with a flare of defiance. "I ought to have stood out against father when he put me into the business. I'm no good at it. But Merwin made a mess of things. Father's got him on a ranch out in Montana now, and Tom's got the bug to be a doctor and nothing can shake him. So I have to sit at a desk every day doing things I hate and doing them badly of course. And for the rest of it—"

He stopped short of the rest of it, which Grace surmised was his marriage to Evelyn. It was his own fault that he had failed to control and manage his life. He might have resisted his father when it came to going into business, and certainly it spoke for a feeble will that he had married to gratify his mother's social ambitions. . . . She was about to bid him drive on, when he turned toward her, saying:

"I feel nearer to you, Grace, than to anybody else in the world. It was always that way. It's got hold of me again to-night—that feeling I used to have that no matter what happened you'd know, you'd understand!"

"Those days are gone, Bob," she said, allowing a vague wistfulness to creep into her tone. "I mustn't see you any more. We've both got our lives to live. You know that as well as I do. You're just a little down tonight; you always had spells like this when you thought the world was against you. This is just a mood, everything will look differently tomorrow."

"But I've got to see you, Grace; not often maybe, but now and then. There'll be some way of managing."

"I'm glad you still like me, but you know perfectly well this kind of thing's all wrong. I mustn't see you again."

"But Grace, what if I just have to see you?"

"Oh, don't be so silly! You'll never just have to. You've got a wife to tell your troubles to."

She wasn't sure that she wanted to make it impossible for him to see her again, or that she really preferred that he tell his troubles to his wife. His troubles were always largely imaginary, due to his sensitive and impressionable nature.

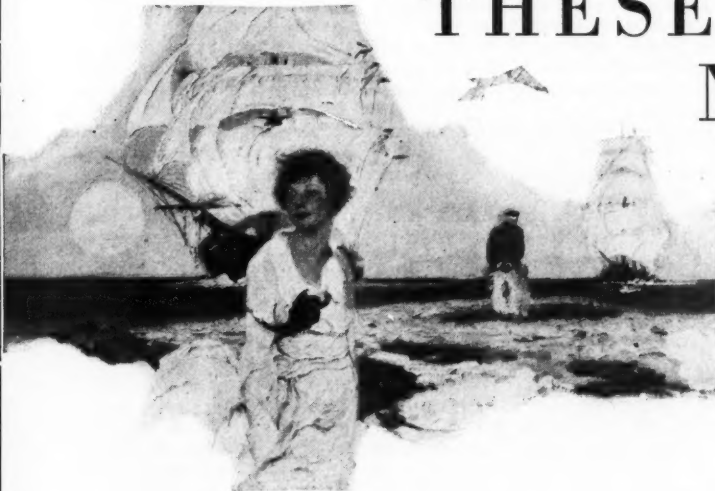
"Please remember that you forgot all about me and married another girl quite cheerfully with a church wedding and flowers and everything. You needn't come to me now for consolation."

She refused to hear his defense from this charge, and mocked him by singing snatches of college songs till they were in town. When they reached the Durland house she told him not to get out.

"I won't tell the family you brought me home. They wouldn't understand. Thanks ever so much, Bob."

Mrs. Durland and Ethel were waiting

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to hear of her evening with Miss Reynolds and she told everything except that she had met Cummings there. She satisfied as quickly as possible their curiosity as to Miss Reynolds and her establishment, and hurried to her room eager to be alone. She assured herself that she could never love Bob Cummings, would never have loved him even if their families had remained neighbors and it had been possible to marry him. He wasn't her type—the phrase pleased her—and in trying to determine just what type of man most appealed to her Trenton loomed large in her speculations.

Within a few weeks she had encountered two concrete instances of the instability of marriage. Love, it seemed, was a fleeting thing, and loyalty had become a byword. Bob was only a spoiled boy, shallow, easily influenced; yet withal endowed with graces and charms. She wondered whether he would take her word as final and make no further attempt to see her.

In her cogitations Grace was convinced that nothing short of a miracle could ever improve materially her family's fortunes. They had the house free of encumbrance, but it needed re-roofing, and the furnishings were old and dingy. Mrs. Durland had worked out a budget by which to manage the family finances, and it was clear enough to Grace that what she and Ethel earned would just about take care of the necessary running expenses. Mrs. Durland had received for many years an income of five hundred dollars a year from her father's estate, and this Grace learned had always been spent on the family. The last payment had been put away, Mrs. Durland explained to her daughters, to help establish Roy after he completed his law course. It was beaten in upon Grace constantly that all the hopes of bettering the family conditions centered in Roy. Ethel shared, though in less degree, her mother's confidence in the son of the house.

### IX

GRACE's meeting with Bob Cummings served to sharpen her sense of social differentiations. Her mother had always encouraged the idea that the Durlands were a family of dignity, entitled to the highest consideration; but stranded as they were in a neighborhood that had no lines of communication with polite society, Mrs. Durland now rarely received an invitation even to the houses of her old friends. Grace's excursions in social science had made her aware of the existence of such a thing as class consciousness; but she had never questioned that she belonged to the favored element.

The thought assailed her now that as a wage-earning girl she had a fixed social status from which there was little likelihood she would ever escape. The daughters of prominent families she waited on at Shipley's were no better looking, no more intelligent and had no better social instincts than she possessed; but she was as completely shut off from any contact with them as though she were the child of a Congo chieftain. With all her romanticism she failed to picture the son of one of the first families making her acquaintance and introducing her to his family as the girl he meant to marry. Several young men with whom she became ac-

*Cosmopolitan for March, 1922*

quainted in Shipley's had asked her to go to dances, or for Sunday drives. Irene sniffed when Grace reported these overtures.

"Oh, they're nice fellows, but what have they got to offer? They're never going to get anywhere. You can't afford to waste your time on them."

It occurred to Grace that she might have burned her bridges too effectually when she left the university. There were young men she had known during her two years in Bloomington, whose interest she could easily keep alive; among them there were several sons of well-to-do families in country towns. But she was unable to visualize herself as married and settled in a small place, with her prospect of seeing and knowing the world limited by a husband's means or ambition. There were one or two young professors who had paid her attentions. One of them, a widower, and a man of substantial attainments, had asked her to marry him, but she was unable to see herself a professor's wife, beset by all the uncertainties of the teaching profession.

Grace had replied immediately to Trenton's letter from St. Louis with a brief note which she made as colorless as possible. She knew that it was for her to decide whether to see more of him or drop the acquaintance. He was not a man to force his attentions upon a young woman if he had reason to think them unwelcome. Hearing nothing from him for a week she had decided that he had settled the matter himself, when she received a note explaining that he had been very busy but would start East the next day. He hoped she would dine with him on Thursday night—and named the Indianapolis hotel where her reply would reach him. His note was quite impersonal. He did not say this time that she had haunted him; but this she attributed to the haste in which he had written and the fact that he expected to see her soon.

When she reached the Sycamore at seven o'clock he was waiting for her at the entrance.

"On time to the minute! I took you at your word that you didn't want me to come for you."

"Oh, but it was easier this way!" she answered.

He had been so much in her thoughts that at first she was shy in his presence. But by the time they had checked her coat and were seated at the table she had recovered her composure. He appeared younger than at The Shack and rather more distinguished; it might have been the effect of his dinner coat. She noticed that he was the only man in the room who had dressed for dinner.

"You've been busy, of course, and I've been up to my eyes in work," he said. "So we'll dismiss business. Shall we talk of the weather or see what we can do to save the world from destruction?"

"I've had a lot of ideas about things since I saw you," she said. "Half of them were right and half wrong."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "our old friend conscience!"

"Yes," she replied, meeting his gaze squarely. "I've been trying to decide a thousand questions, but I've got nowhere."

"Terrible! But I'm glad to find that you're so human. Most of us are like



that. You weren't at all sure you wanted to see me tonight."

"No. I didn't send the answer to your note till nearly noon."

"So I noticed from the hotel stamp on the envelope! But I'd have been very much disappointed if you'd refused."

His tone was too serious for comfort. She felt that she must have a care of herself lest he discover the attraction he had for her.

"Oh, you'd have got over it!" she replied. "You needn't have dined alone. Tommy's out of town and—there's Irene!"

"Irene would be no substitute. I was sincerely anxious to see you again, if only to make sure you were still on earth."

"Oh, I have no intention of leaving!"

She wished to be flippant with him, but this was proving to be difficult. Whatever liking he had for her was no doubt due to the seriousness she had manifested in their talk at The Shack. The effect of that talk had been to awaken a sympathy and interest on both sides; in her own case she knew that it was a trifle more than that. She was sorry now that she had kissed him, though it was such a kiss as she might have given any older man in the same circumstances. It amused her to find that her aloofness tonight surprised and did not wholly please him, though he was trying to adjust himself to it. It would be fun to play with him, much more interesting than with Bob Cummings. She had heard of women, even very young women, who were able to influence men much older than themselves. She felt for the first time the power that lies in sex; at least she had never before thought of it in the phrases that now danced through her brain. If he was disappointed to find her less interesting and agreeable than at The Shack he was successful in concealing the feeling. He continued to be unfailingly courteous, meeting her ironic rejoinders with gentle mockeries until she began to feel ashamed of her lack of friendliness and reflected that he deserved better of her than this.

"I'm taking you to the theater! Did you know that?" he asked toward the end of the dinner. "We're going to be fashionably late."

"Stolen Stars!" Oh, that's perfectly marvelous!" she exclaimed. "I've been just dying to see it."

Through the performance the thought kept recurring that he meant to be kind. No one had ever been so kind or had shown her so flattering a deference as Ward Trenton. She was proud to be sitting beside him.

"I'll be here for several days," said Trenton when they reached the Durland house and he stood for a moment on the doorstep. Could you give me another evening—say day after tomorrow? Tomorrow night I'm tied up with business.

"Yes," she assented. "You're awfully good to me."

She went to sleep, happy in the knowledge that she was to see him again.

Grace is at the threshold of the realization that Trenton loves her—and that she loves him. As she faces this love she is swept into the crisis which forms the next instalment of this thrilling novel—in April COSMOPOLITAN—on sale at all news stands March 10.

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See page 137

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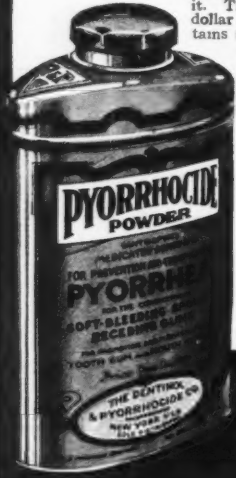
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MR. C. E. BROOKS

## Lillian Russell's Reminiscences

(Continued from page 29)

Brooks had no play ready for me. Mr. McCaull claimed me on a verbal contract, as he had said, "You know, Lillian, you are to come back to the Bijou next fall," to which I had answered, "All right, Mr. McCaull." Mr. Augustin Daly insisted upon my signing a contract with him to sing the musical rôles at Daly's Theater. He assured me that he would make a musical Ada Rehan of me, and when I told him that I had already signed a contract with Mr. Brooks, he said: "Waive that. You know my brother is Judge Daly and he has the power to effect your release." So I signed a contract with Mr. Daly.

I began to think it was fun to sign contracts promiscuously. I had the contract fever. So I signed one for the Boston Museum and finally one for London at the Gaiety Theater, with Mr. John Hollingshead. I knew that I would certainly be in trouble if I stayed in America, so there was nothing for me to do but to go to England.

I played an engagement at the Gaiety Theater in the opera "Virginia," by Solomon and Stephens. It was then that I signed a contract with D'Oyly Carte and W. S. Gilbert for "The Princess Ida" which was just being finished and about to be produced at the Savoy Theater, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

I had rehearsed for six weeks and the dress rehearsals were just starting. I had never missed a rehearsal and had worked hours alone with Mr. Gilbert before and after the regular ensemble rehearsals.

It was then that Mr. Gilbert sent a hansom cab driver to my home with a note, asking me to come down to the theater and rehearse in his private room. On the next evening he sent another note, but I did not humor him by going several miles on such a senseless mission. Next day, I was met at rehearsal by Mr. Gilbert, in a rage.

"Why didn't you come down to rehearse with me last night, Miss Russell?" he shouted. I answered: "I think I have had enough rehearsals, Mr. Gilbert, including those with the company and those before and after the ensemble rehearsals with you alone. I think I can play the part."

He answered angrily: "You can't play it the way I want it played unless you come down to my room every night and rehearse the part with me." To which I made this reply, "If you and Mr. D'Oyly Carte had not thought me capable of playing Princess Ida, without your special evening rehearsals, you would not have engaged me to play the part, nor thought me worth the money you have already paid me and that further contracted for."

He screamed at me then: "You heard me! You dare to beard me! Send your solicitor to me at once. I shall get some one else to play the part."

I did as he suggested. I sent my solicitor, Mr. James Davis, to him and I started suit against W. S. Gilbert and Mr. D'Oyly Carte for five thousand pounds.

I had married Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer. I met Mr. Solomon after I had sung his delightful song, "The Silver Line," in the opera "The Sorcerer," before I left America. After my long illness the first one to come to see me was Edward

Solomon. While I was convalescing he would sit at the piano and play for me. He had the peculiar gift of expressing in a melody the serious and romantic as well as the ludicrous incidents happening in a room where many people were congregated. While various individuals were talking or laughing he would quietly play a bit of music which accentuated their peculiarities and appealed to my sense of humor. Naturally, when I was quite well again I fell in love with him. My mother objected to him strenuously and for once she forgot her sense of humor and was rude to him—so much so that she brought upon herself the responsibility for my marriage to Mr. Solomon, for her unkindness and rudeness to him only called for my deep sympathy, a feeling which always accentuates love in a young girl's heart. Perhaps things might have been different had my mother treated Mr. Solomon as she treated all my other admirers, with an amused politeness and sympathy.

Mr. Solomon and I took a unique engagement on the continent pending the outcome of my lawsuit. This was my first trip to the continent and I made it a veritable sight-seeing pleasure trip, visiting all the cathedrals and public buildings and statues and fountains—in fact everything of interest and curiosity.

## IV

WHEN I arrived in America, there was an engagement at the Casino in New York awaiting me, to play the operetta I had played in London, "Polly, the Pet of the Regiment." I stayed the entire winter at the Casino and then toured the cities for a few months, after which I accepted an engagement with J. M. Hill to play "Pepita, the Girl with the Glass Eyes." This was produced at the Union Square Theater and we enjoyed a season's success.

Later I left for San Francisco and opened in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" at the California Theater. Here I had a severe test of my musical talent and education, for I had to learn the score of Phyllis, in "Iolanthe," on the train while traveling across the continent. When I arrived in San Francisco I knew it all—music and dialogue—without having sung a loud note or touched a piano. I had but one rehearsal with the company before the opening night and that was a dress rehearsal with the orchestra and the full company, on the Sunday afternoon before the Monday evening opening.

I look back now with wonder at my fearlessness in even daring such a thing. I can only attribute that fearlessness to my youthful ambition, and again thank my wonderful mother for compelling me to learn to read music perfectly.

One of the most romantic incidents of my life occurred during that same engagement in San Francisco. An unknown admirer attended the last performance of "Iolanthe." I did not even notice him sitting in a box, which they told me he had done the four preceding nights. He threw a bouquet on the stage after my last song. Attached to it was an envelope containing a photograph of the sender and a beautiful sapphire and diamond ring. Here is what



I found on the back of the photograph: "To Madame Lillian Russell: Madame! Tomorrow morning I leave for Russia and probably will never get a pleasure to see you again. Therefore I take the liberty to present to you a souvenir. I am sure that it will bring you fortune. Believe me, Madame, that a Russian bear can be pleased with great talent. Very respectfully, Anatol Royal Ivanovsky—R. T. N. Lieutenant Commander, S. S. Moskva."

I am not superstitious for, like Lord Bacon, I know that "superstition is a defiance of deity," yet just for the prediction and wish that came with it I have worn that ring on every special occasion ever since. When I die, I shall leave it to the most promising aspirant for success in the comic opera field, accompanied by the same prediction and wish that the Russian prince made for me.

We returned to New York and played the same repertoire at the Standard Theater, with the same company and the same success. It was the following autumn that the beautiful opera "Dorothy" was produced.

After playing "Dorothy" for a season we next played a special engagement at the Broadway Theater in "The Queen's Mate." Miss Camille D'Arville was co-star with me.

The rôle in "The Queen's Mate" required the prima donna to wear tights in one scene when dressed as a page. I did wear them for the run at the Broadway Theater, New York, but I knew it would be impossible for me to wear them in the out-of-town theaters. The out-of-town theaters cannot be compared with most of the New York theaters when one stops to consider health conditions. It is one thing for chorus girls to wear tights; they are engaged for that purpose and no other, and a cold in the head cannot mar their performances. But any manager who expects a prima donna, whose voice is her living, to wear tights in any and all theaters wherever he may elect to send his company, takes a great deal upon himself, as many theaters outside of New York, and some of them in New York, are not fit for anyone to sing in who is obliged to wear thin garments.

I have backed up this opinion in court. I held that the singing voice should be protected from the feet up. All throat specialists always advise singers to keep their feet warm and dry.

The court ruled against me and my theory, but I took things in my own hands and ruled against the court. I broke my contract solely on that point of wearing tights and I accepted a contract with Mr. Rudolph Aronson to play at the Casino in New York for three years. I had learned much about contracts by that time and in making the Casino contract and in all following contracts, I was careful to stipulate that I must have the privilege of selecting all my costumes and that in no case should I be requested to appear in tights.

I made my appearance in the middle of the theatrical season in the opera "Nadji." It was following the run of that opera that Mr. Aronson put on the great production of "The Brigands" by Offenbach. No music in comic opera is more beautiful than that of "The Brigands," and that was proven by the fact that it ran for three hundred nights in New York.

We followed that opera with "Poor

Jonathan," which ran a full season in New York. The music was of a very high order. In the original German production, a grand opera prima donna was engaged to sing the rôle I sang here in America. As it was my custom to study any new part with a good singing teacher, I went to Madame Louisa Cappiani to study this important rôle. Madame Cappiani, as you may remember, was not only a grand opera singer herself, having come from the Royal Dresden Opera Company to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, but she probably was one of the greatest singing teachers we have ever had in America. Of course she was much the same as all singing teachers with their pupils—each pupil was a great favorite while she was teaching her. I, of course, was her favorite pupil at that time because I was singing before the New York public continually, and no one in the world loves advertising more than singing teachers.

It's very foolish, I think, to build girls up with the idea that they are going to be nothing less than the greatest, but that seems to be the custom of every singing teacher. During my experience with each singing teacher in succession, I was never going to be less than Adelina Patti. Fortunately I had a rather clever head on my shoulders and only wanted to play the rôles allotted to me in comic operas better than anyone else who ever sang them, or better than anyone who was in the line with me.

The fundamentals of a musical education are good health, regular living and a proper singing teacher. There is but one method of singing no matter what all the different teachers say to the contrary. There have been three great teachers in the last century, Marchesi, La Grange, Sbriglia. Take any singing teacher of today who has made a success (and when I say made a success I mean has produced good singers) and the first question you ask will be, "Was your teacher the pupil of Marchesi, La Grange or Sbriglia?" Because all of the teachers of today to be qualified must have been pupils of those three great masters.

In my early career, when singing in those high class operas, no after-performance suppers were permitted. Saturday and Sunday nights were the only nights I was free to go out to supper or dinner. Life was a serious, painstaking responsibility which I followed to the letter. The results speak for themselves. There is no necessity of my saying anything about them here.

I shall never forget the wonderful first night of "Poor Jonathan" which, with its delightful high class music, its deliciously amusing story and its admirable cast, was a wonderful success. In the days of the Casino's vogue, it was customary for great wagon loads of flowers to be sent to the players by their friends on first nights.

In this instance of "Poor Jonathan," by arrangement with the manager, these floral offerings were exhibited during the first two acts in the lobby of the theater, where the audience could have the pleasure of looking at them and seeing the cards of the senders—unless they were secreted in envelopes. It was not unusual to have some light-fingered admirer change the cards on the floral pieces before they were sent up to the stage. After the second act the flowers were carried down to the musical director, and with the assistance



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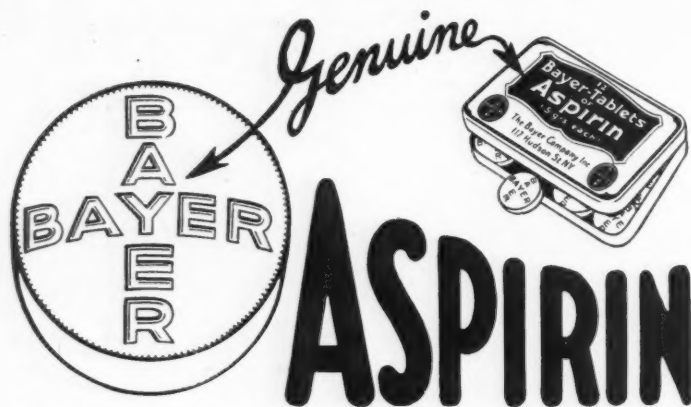


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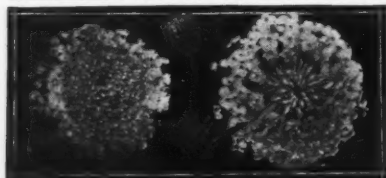
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of the ushers and some of the disgusted musicians, they were handed over the footlights.

On the opening night there was an added incident which all the people in the house remained to enjoy. A woman rushed down through the center aisle, pushing ushers and flowers aside and calling "Brava, Russell! Brava!" until she reached the orchestra rail. She then threw a large bouquet over Mr. Kerker's shoulder and it hit me directly in the chest. I didn't see it coming—I was so busy bowing and smiling and kissing my hand to the audience—and it almost knocked me over. The audience thought she was some crazy woman and called, "Put her out," but Mr. Kerker turned and assured the audience that she was none other than Miss Russell's singing teacher.

Following "Poor Jonathan" came the presentation of one of the greatest productions ever placed on any stage, "The Grand Duchess," by Offenbach.

The most important event that happened during the Casino engagement was not performed on the stage. The long distance telephone had just been perfected and I was requested by the Edison people to sing the "Sabre" song from "The Grand Duchess" into a telephone which was to be heard in Washington and Boston. The instrument and all of the paraphernalia was to be set up in my dressing room. This was to be the record test of the perfection of the telephone and naturally I was most interested in it and acquiesced with pleasure. On the appointed night, after the first act of the Duchess, as I returned to my dressing room—which in the Casino is very close to the stage—I found the Edison people and the telephone prepared for my singing. The orchestra was brought upon the stage after the curtain had gone down, and was seated close to my dressing room. They played the music of the "Sabre" song while I sang it into the funnel of the telephone.

As soon as I had finished, they handed me some sort of a receiver and I distinctly heard the applause from Washington. I heard President Cleveland who came forward and congratulated me. Mr. DeWolf Hopper, who was among the listeners in Washington, said to me as plainly as if he were beside me in my dressing room: "Miss Russell you never sang the 'Sabre' song better. Your voice was delightful and clear. We all enjoyed it immensely."

I am quoting a paragraph which appeared in a New York newspaper, relative to the long distance telephone, which will probably make us all smile today when we read it. "New York, May 9th, 1890. After the first act of 'The Grand Duchess' at the Casino last night, Miss Russell went to her dressing room and sang the 'Sabre' song from the 'Grand Duchess' into a big metal funnel. The funnel is a part of the long distance telephone which carried the song to Washington where a number of well known people were assembled by invitation to hear the reproduction of the actress's vocalization. President Cleveland, Mr. Bourke Cockran, Mr. DeWolf Hopper and Mr. Francis Wilson were among the guests. Prof. Edison is also to visit Miss Russell at her flat to bottle up her voice in a phonograph. This has been a pet idea of Mr. Edison's for a long time.

He will send her a piece of her preserved voice in the shape of a roll of foil."

We played the "Duchess" until late in June. I had then signed a contract to star in the great London success, "La Cigale," under the management of Mr. T. Henry French, to be produced at the Garden Theater the following September.

I will quote from the New York World a description of my farewell to the Casino which describes the incident in far better words than I could choose for the purpose.

"Lillian Russell's Good By to the Casino. Grand Duchess Lillian Russell Bids It Adieu in Flowers . . . Everybody was at the Casino last night. Everybody wanted to have the last peep at the Queen of Comic Opera ere she made her farewell bow before the Casino footlights. Enthusiasm, affection and regret were equally

mingled, for all who were there admired Miss Russell, who is popularity personified with the whole company, from the property boys behind the scenes to the leading soubrette. The ushers were kept busy, after their usual task of seating the audience, carrying up floral tributes which were without number. One, an immense plateau of Ulrich Brunner roses with two uprights of green supporting a sabre of white and pink roses and bearing the inscription "Our Grand Duchess," came from Miss Russell's fellow artists, and a huge basket of roses had the word "Props" in flowers, expressing the kindest thoughts of the property men of the Casino. There were bouquets of all kinds of roses, carnations and lilies and each vied with the other in beauty. Miss Russell will take a much needed rest today and will sail for Europe tomorrow."

In the next instalment of her "Reminiscences" in April COSMOPOLITAN —on sale at all news stands March 10th—Lillian Russell takes us through the intimacies of her brilliant encounters with Henry Irving, Lord Rothschild, Sir Arthur Sullivan and the Prince of Wales.

## December Love

(Continued from page 81)

in the nervous system. But there isn't one. That's why we are so superior. We've got steel where you've all got fiddlestrings. Raoul!"

They had begun dinner late and the little restaurant was getting empty. Three sets of diners had gone out since they had sat down. And Raoul, leaving Miss Van Tuyn and Garstin, placed a large vase of roses and spirea on a table close to the window near the door.

Miss Van Tuyn happened to see this action, and a vagrant thought slipped through her mind, "Then we are not the last!"

"My nerves are certainly not fiddlestrings," she said. But I have interests which pull me towards Paris."

"Greater interests here. Have some more champagne. You can't deceive me, Beryl. Arabian fascinates you."

"He doesn't."

"And that's why you're afraid of him. You're afraid of his power because you don't trust him. He's doing a lot for you. You're waking up. You're becoming interesting. A few days ago you were only a beautiful spoiled American girl, as cool and as hard as ice, brainy, vain, and totally without temperament as far as one could see. Your torch was unlighted. Now this blackguard's put the match to it."

"What nonsense, Dick! You—"

Suddenly she stopped speaking and stared. The red faded out of her face. A curiously conscious and intent look came into her eyes. She began to move her head as if in recognition of some one, stopped and sat rigid, pressing her lips together till her mouth had a hard grim line. Garstin, who could only see her and the wall at her back, watched all this with sharp interest, then, growing curious, turned round. As he did so he saw a tall, very handsome dark girl, who had certainly not been in the room when he entered it, going slowly, and as if reluctantly, towards the doorway. She was obviously a woman of the demimonde and probably French. As she reached the

door she turned her smart, impudent head and covered Miss Van Tuyn with an appraising look, cold, keen, vicious in its detached intensity, a look such as only a woman can send to another woman.

Then she went out, followed by Raoul.

"A table with flowers all ready for her! And she goes! Was she alone? Ah—who was with her?"

"Arabian!" said Miss Van Tuyn coldly.

"And he—"

"He saw us!"

"And took her away! What a lark! Too timid to face us! The naughty boy caught out in an escapade! Did he know that you saw him?"

"I don't know. He was behind her. He barely showed himself, saw us and vanished. He must have called to her, beckoned from the hall. She went quite up to the table."

"So—you've taught him timidity! He doesn't want you to know of his underlife."

"Oh, for heaven's sake let us talk of something else!" said Miss Van Tuyn, with an almost passionate note of exasperation. "You bore me, bore me, bore me, with this man! He seems becoming an obsession with you. Paint him for pity's sake and let there be an end of him as far as we are concerned. He is horrible."

And then they talked pictures. Perhaps Garstin at that moment, for once laid himself out to be charming. He could fascinate Miss Van Tuyn's mind when he chose. She respected his brain. It could lure her.

Two champagne bottles had been emptied when they got up to go. The little room was deserted and had a look of being settled in for the night. When he had said good by to Beryl, Garstin went back to Glebe Place. He mounted the stairs to the studio on the first floor, turned on the lights and stood in front of the scarcely begun sketch for the portrait of Arabian, and looked at it for a long time. His face became grim and set as he looked. Presently he moved his lips as if he were saying something to a listener within. And the listener heard:



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"In the underworld—but is the fellow a king?"

Beryl Van Tuyn had not brought Arabian and Alick Craven together. Somehow she shrank from it.

Ever since Lady Sellingworth's abrupt departure from England he had persistently sought her out, had shown a sort of almost obstinate desire to be in her company. Remembering what had happened when Lady Sellingworth was still in Berkeley Square, Miss Van Tuyn had been on her guard. Craven had hurt her vanity once. It would have been pleasant to deal out punishment to one who certainly deserved it. But there was the reason for the taking of the other course—Arabian.

An obscure instinct drove her into intimacy with Craven because of Arabian. She was not sure that she wanted Craven just now, but she might want him, perhaps very much, later. She knew he was not really in love with her, but they were beginning to get on well together.

Arabian troubled her increasingly.

That night at the restaurant in Conduit Street she had felt that she hated him, and when she left Garstin she had realized something—that the measure of her nervous hatred was the measure of something else. Why should she mind what Arabian did? What was his way of life to her? But she was tormented by the memory of that girl in the restaurant. She was jealous now. That was why she had been so angry with Garstin. That was why she had lain awake that night.

And yet the next morning she had gone to the studio in Gleebe Place. She had greeted Arabian as usual. She had never let him know that she had seen him in the restaurant, and she had persuaded Dick Garstin to say nothing about it.

Arabian's patience had been remarkable. Evidently Garstin's obstinacy was matched by an obstinacy in him. Although he had once, perhaps, been secretly reluctant to sit, had been tempted to become Garstin's model by the promise of the finished picture, he now seemed determined to do his part; endured Garstin's irritability, dissatisfaction, abandoned and renewed attempts to "make a first rate job of him" with remarkably good temper.

Beryl had now been with Arabian probably as many times as she had been with Craven. Yet she thoroughly understood the essential qualities of the Englishman, or believed that she did, and she still knew very little about Arabian.

Certain things about him she did know, however. She knew he was at present living at the Charing Cross Hotel, though he said he was looking for a flat in the West End. He spoke several languages; certainly English, French, German and Spanish. He had some knowledge of horseflesh and evidently took an interest in racing. He seemed interested, too, in finance. And he played the piano and sang.

That gift of his had surprised her. One day, in the studio, the conversation had turned on music, and Garstin, who had some knowledge of all the arts, had spoken about Stravinsky whom he knew, and whose music he professed to understand.

And then Arabian had said that he was very fond of music, and played and sang a little himself, but that he had been too lazy to study seriously.

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Garstin had told him bluntly to go to the piano and show them what he could do. And Arabian had surprised Miss Van Tuyn by complying at once with this request, which had sounded like an order.

His performance had been the sort of thing she, having "advanced" views on musical matters, was generally inclined to sneer at or avoid. He had played two or three coon songs and a tango. But there had been in his playing a sheer "musicalness" as she had called it afterwards, which had enticed her almost against her will. And when he had sung some little Spanish songs she had been conquered though she had not said so.

His voice was a warm and soft tenor, and he had sung very naturally, carelessly almost. There had been at moments a delightful impudence in his singing. The touches of tenderness had been light as a feather, but they had had real meaning. Through his last song he had kept a cigarette alight in his mouth. He had merely hummed the melody, but it had been quite delicious.

And at that moment she had realized why Arabian was dangerous to her. Not only his looks appealed to her; he had other, more secret, weapons. Charm, suppleness of temperament, heat and desire were his. Otherwise he could not have sung and played that rubbish as he had done.

She wanted to know what Arabian was. She began to feel that she must know. For, in spite of her ignorance, their intimacy was deepening. Sometimes she said to herself, "I wish I had never met him." And yet she knew that she did not want to get rid of him. But she wished no one to know of her friendship with this man—if it were a friendship.

One morning she got up full of restlessness. That day Dick Garstin was not painting. It was a Sunday and he had gone into the country to stay with some friends. The day was free before her. She went to the telephone and called up Alick Craven.

It was a fine morning, cold and crisp, with a pale sun. She longed to be out of town, and she suggested to Craven to join her in hiring a car to run down to Rye, and to have a round of golf—eighteen holes—on the difficult course by the sea. She had a friend close to Rye, who would introduce them as visiting players. They would take a hamper and lunch in the car on the way down.

Craven agreed with apparent eagerness. By ten they were off. Soon after one they were on the links. They played the full round, eighteen holes, and Craven beat her by four up. Then they had tea.

After tea Miss Van Tuyn suggested running a little farther on in the car and taking a walk on the sands before starting on the journey back to London.

"I love hard sands and the wind and the lines upon lines of surf!" she said. "The wind blows away some of my civilization."

"I know!" said Craven, looking at her with admiration.

He liked her strength and energy, the indefatigable youth of her.

Soon the car stopped. They got out, and over the sandy hill, with its rough sea grasses, they made their way to the sands.

The tide was low. There was room and to spare on the hard, level expanse. Lines of white surf stretched to right and left

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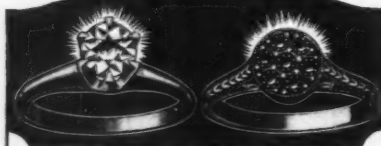
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far as the eyes could see. The piercing cries of the gulls floating on the eddying wind were relieved against the booming diapason of the sea. And the solitude was as the solitude of some lost island of the main.

"Let us turn our backs on Rye!" said the girl.

They swung round with the wind behind them and walked on easily, side by side.

They walked on for a long time into the far-away. There was a dull lemon light over the sea pushing through the gray, hinting at sunset.

"Let us go and sit down in a sand bank and see the twilight come," said Miss Van Tuyn finally.

"Yes."

They sat down presently among the spearlike blades of the spikey grass, facing the tides and the evening sky, and Craven, with some difficulty, lighted his pipe and persuaded it to draw, while she looked at his long-fingered brown hands.

"I couldn't sit here with some people I know," she said. "Desolation like this needs the right companion. Isn't it odd how some people are only for certain places?"

"And I suppose the one person is for all places."

"Do you feel at home with me here?" she asked him, rather abruptly and with a searching look at him.

"Yes quite—since our game. A good game is a link, isn't it?"

"For bodies."

"Well, that means a good deal. We love in the body."

"Some people marry through games, or hunting. They're the bodily people. Others marry through the arts. Music pulls them together, or painting, or literature. They are mental."

"Bodies—minds! And what about hearts?" asked Craven.

"The tide's coming in. Hearts? They work in mystery, I believe. I expect when you love some one who hasn't a taste in common with you, your heart must be hard at work. Perhaps it is only opposites who can really love, those who don't understand why. If you understand why, you are on the ground. Do you think it possible to love some one who inspires you at moments with unreasoning dread?"

"No; candidly I don't."

"I think there can be attraction in repulsion."

"What is it you want to say to me? What are you trying to say?"

"Nothing!"

And her voice sounded almost sulky.

The bar of lemon light over the sea narrowed. Clouds, with gold-tinted edges, were encroaching upon it. The tide had turned and, because they knew it, the voice of the sea sounded louder to them.

Craven stretched out his hand and took one of hers and held it.

"Why do you do that?" she said. "You don't care for me really."

He pressed her hand. He wanted to kiss her at that moment. His youth, the game they had played together, this isolation and nearness, the oncoming night—they all seemed to be working together, pushing him towards her mysteriously. But just at that moment on the sands close to them two dark figures appeared, a fisherman in his Sunday best walking with his girl. They did not see Miss Van Tuyn and Craven on the sand bank. With their

arms spread round each other's waists, and slightly lurching in the wind, they walked slowly on. Their red faces looked bovine in the twilight.

Almost mechanically Craven's fingers loosened on Miss Van Tuyn's hand. She, too, was chilled by this vision of Sunday love, and her hand came away from his.

"They are having their Sunday out," she said, with a slight cold laugh. "And we have had ours!"

And she got up and shook the sand grains from her rough skirt.

"And that's happiness!" she added, almost with a sneer.

Like him she felt angry and almost tricked, hostile to the working of sex, vulgarized by the sight of that other drawing together of two human beings. Oh! the ineptitude of the echoes we are! If those two bovine sentimentalists had not intruded flat-footed upon the great waste of Camber and the romance of the coming night, and Craven had yielded to his impulse and had kissed her, she might have clung to him in very truth. And then? She might have been protected against Arabian. But evidently it was not to be. At the critical moment fate had intervened, had sent two human puppets to change the atmosphere.

And she said to Craven:

"Come!"

It was rapidly getting dark. The ground was uneven and rough, the sand loose and crumbling.

"Do take my arm!" he said, but rather coldly, with constraint.

She hesitated, then took it. And the feeling of his arm, which was strong and muscular, brought back to her that strange desire to use him as a refuge.

When they had scrambled down, to the road, and saw the bright eyes of the car staring at them from the edge of the marshes, she dropped her arm.

He helped her into the car and they drove away from the sands and the links, from the sea and their mood by the sea.

On the following day Miss Van Tuyn went to the telephone and called up number 4A Berkeley Square. The solemn voice of a butler replied, inquiring her business. She gave her name and asked whether Lady Sellingworth had returned to London. The answer was that her Ladyship had arrived in London from the continent on Saturday evening.

"Please tell her Ladyship that her friend, Miss Van Tuyn, will call on her this afternoon about five o'clock," said Miss Van Tuyn into the receiver.

A little before five she turned into Berkeley Square.

She felt both curious and slightly hostile. She wondered very much why Adela had gone away so mysteriously; she wondered where Adela had been and whether she had returned changed. When Miss Van Tuyn had alluded to the sheaves the thought in her mind had been markedly feminine. It had occurred to her that Adela might have stolen away to have "things" done to her, that she might have come back to London mysteriously rejuvenated. Such a thing was possible even at sixty. If Adela had gone quite mad about Allick Craven the golden age might be found suddenly domiciled in number 4A. Then Adela's intention would be plain. She would have returned from abroad armed cap-à-pie for conquest.

The knowledge that Adela was in London had revived in Miss Van Tuyn the creeping hostility which she had felt before her friend's departure. She wanted to keep Craven as a friend. She wanted him to be her special friend. This he had been, but only since Lady Sellingworth had been out of London. Now she had come back. How would it be now?

Arabian had told her that day that he had found a flat which suited him in Chelsea looking over the river, and that he was leaving the Charing Cross hotel. For some reason the news had startled her. He had spoken in a casual way, but his eyes had not been casual as they looked into hers. And she had felt that Arabian had taken a step forward, that he was moving towards some project with which she was connected in his mind, and that the taking of this flat was part of the project.

"But I live in Paris!" thought Miss Van Tuyn as she pushed Lady Sellingworth's bell.

Her Ladyship was at home and Miss Van Tuyn mounted the stairs full of expectation.

When she came into the big drawing room she noticed at once how dimly lighted it was. A tall figure got up from the sofa as Miss Van Tuyn made her way towards the fire, and the well remembered and very individual, husky voice said:

"Dear Beryl! It's good of you to come to see me so soon."

"Dearest! But how dark it is! I can scarcely see you."

"I love to give the firelight a chance. Didn't you know that? Come and sit down and tell me what you have been doing. You have quite given up Paris?"

"Yes, for the time. I've become engrossed in painting. Dick Garstin has given me the run of his studio. But where have you been?"

As she put the question Miss Van Tuyn looked closely at her friend, and in spite of the dimness, she noticed a difference in her appearance. The white hair still crowned the beautifully shaped head, but it looked thicker, more alive than formerly. The change which struck her most, however, was in the appearance of the face. It seemed, she thought, markedly younger and fresher, smoother than she remembered it, firmer in texture. Surely some, many even, of the wrinkles had disappeared. And the lips, once so pale and weary, were rosy now—if the light wasn't deceiving her. The invariable black dress, too, had vanished. Adela wore a lovely gown of a deep violet color and had a violet band in her hair. She sat very upright. Her tall figure seemed almost braced up.

The sheaves! The sheaves!

But the girl longed for more light. She knew she was not deceived entirely by the dimness, but she longed for crude revelation. Already her mind was busily at work on the future. She felt, although she had only been in the room for two or three minutes, that the Lady Sellingworth who had just come back to London must presently be her enemy. And she wished to get in the first blow, since blows there would have to be.

"Where have I been?" said Lady Sellingworth. "In the place of the Swans—in Geneva. And what have you been doing?"



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This simple question suddenly gave Miss Van Tuyn the idea for a plan of campaign. It sprang into her brain, flashed upon it like an inspiration.

"I've got a lot to tell you," she said, "if you won't be bored."

"You never bore me, Beryl."

"No. I don't believe I do. Well, first I must tell you how good Dick Garstin has been to me."

"Garstin the painter?"

"Yes."

And she enlarged upon her intense interest in painting, her admiration for Garstin's genius, her passion for understanding the arts.

"And so that is the reason why you are staying so long in smoky old London?"

"No, Adela, it isn't. At least that's not the only reason."

The words were spoken slowly and were followed by a curiously conscious, almost, indeed, embarrassed look from the girl's violet eyes.

"No?"

After a rather long pause Beryl said:

"You know I have always looked upon you as a book of wisdom."

"It's very difficult to be wise," said Lady Sellingworth, with a touch of bitterness. "And sometimes very dull."

"But you are wise, dearest. I feel it. You have known and done so much, and you have had brains to understand, to suck out the truth from experience. One feels you have been round the world when one is with you."

"Does one?" said Lady Sellingworth rather dryly. "But I fancied nowadays the young thought all the wisdom lay with them. But—you were going to tell me?"

"In confidence."

"Of course. The book of wisdom never opens its leaves to the mob."

"I want very much to know your opinion of young Alick Craven."

As she heard the word "young" Lady Sellingworth had great difficulty in keeping her face still. Her mouth wanted to writhe, to twist to the left.

"Of Mr. Craven!" she said, with sudden severe reserve. "Why? Why?"

Directly she had spoken she regretted the repetition. Her mind felt stiff, unyielding. And all her body felt stiff too.

"That's what I want to tell you," said Miss Van Tuyn, speaking with some apparent embarrassment.

And immediately Lady Sellingworth knew that she did not want to hear, that it would be dangerous, almost deadly for her to hear. She longed to spread out her hands in the protesting gesture of one keeping something off, away from her, to say, "Don't! Don't! I won't hear!" And she sat very still, and murmured a casual "Yes?"

And then Miss Van Tuyn shot her bolt very cleverly, her aim being careful and good, her hand steady as a rock, her eyes fixed undeviatingly on the object she meant to bring down. She consulted Lady Sellingworth about her great friendship with Craven, told Lady Sellingworth how for some time, "ever since the night we all went to the theater," Craven had been

seeking her out persistently, spoke of his visits, their dinners together, their games of golf at Beaconsfield—finally came to Sunday, "yesterday."

"In the morning the telephone rang and we had a little talk. A car was suggested and a run down to Rye. You know my American ideas, Adela. A long day alone in the country with a boy—"

"Mr. Craven is scarcely a boy, I think!"

"But we call them boys!"

"Oh yes!"

"With a boy means nothing extraordinary to a girl with my ideas. But I think he took it rather differently. Anyhow we spent the whole day out playing golf together, and in the evening, when twilight was coming on, we drove to Camber Sands. Do you know them?"

"No."

"They are vast and absolutely deserted. It was rather stormy, but we took a long walk on them, and then sat on a sand bank to watch the night coming on. I dare say it all sounds very ridiculous and sentimental to you? I am sure it must?"

"No, no. Besides I know you Americans do all these things with no sentiment at all, merely *pour passer le temps*."

"Yes, sometimes. But he isn't an American."

Again she looked slightly embarrassed and seemed to hesitate.

"You mean— You think that he—"

"It was that evening—last night only in fact—that I began to realize that we were getting into a rather different relation to each other. When it began to get dark he wanted to hold my hand and—but I needn't go into all that. It would only seem silly to you. You see we are both young, though of course he is older than I. But he is very young, quite a boy in feeling and even in manner very often. I have seen him lately in all sorts of circumstances, so I know."

She stopped as if thinking. There was a moment of absolute silence in the drawing room. At last Miss Van Tuyn spoke again.

"I feel since last night that things are different between Alick and me."

"Are you engaged to him—to Mr. Craven?"

"Oh no! He hasn't asked me to be. But I want to know what you think of him. It would help me. I like him very much. But you know far more about men than I do." Do help me, Adela. I am full of hesitation and doubt, and yet I am getting very fond of Alick. And I don't want to hurt him. I think I hurt him a little yesterday, but—

"Sir Seymour Portman!" said Muratroyd's heavy voice at the door. And the old courtier entered almost eagerly, his dark eyes shining under the thatch of eyebrows.

And very soon Miss Van Tuyn went away without the advice which she was so anxious to have. As she walked through Berkeley Square she felt more at ease than when she had come into it. But she was puzzled about something. And she said to herself:

"Can she have tried monkey glands, too?"

*Beryl Van Tuyn's continued interest in Arabian gives him the courage to play his hand. The action he takes and the consequences that arise from it make an intensely dramatic instalment of this unusual novel—in April COSMOPOLITAN—on sale at all news stands March 10.*

## Why America Isn't Dry

(Continued from page 70)

United States, who had just been arrested. She had been part of the "system" whereby he hoped to secure possession of incriminating records from the office files. A politician had secured her job for her, and no one dared to take the risk of discharging her.

In the earlier days of Prohibition enforcement there were more short-skirted girls in shorter skirts in the Prohibition offices of the country than I have ever seen in any other government department. There were more rouged faces and bobbed hair, more gum-chewing and more general signs of female devilment and lack of office discipline in the federal Prohibition offices than I had ever seen in any governmental or business office in the United States. I do not say, by any means, that all the feminine assistants in the Prohibition offices were of this type; but there were enough of this type in the Prohibition system of the United States to make their presence more than noticeable.

The worst fears of Volstead as to the type of men who would take the jobs of Prohibition agents have been fully justified.

"I don't believe we have any record of how many of the agents have gone wrong," said James E. Jones, assistant to Roy A. Haynes, National Prohibition Director, in response to a question I put to him. All I've got to say is that I wish we could divorce the appointment of agents from politics."

During the first year of Prohibition there was a turnover of 900 men out of 1,100. In other words, what with dismissals and resignations, it required 2,000 men to keep a full staff of 1,100. I am assured that it is safe to say that most of these agents were dismissed for crookedness.

Is it any wonder that, with such machinery, the country has not gone dry? Isn't it luck that our first batch of agents didn't crawl in under the Civil Service blanket to remain with us for life?

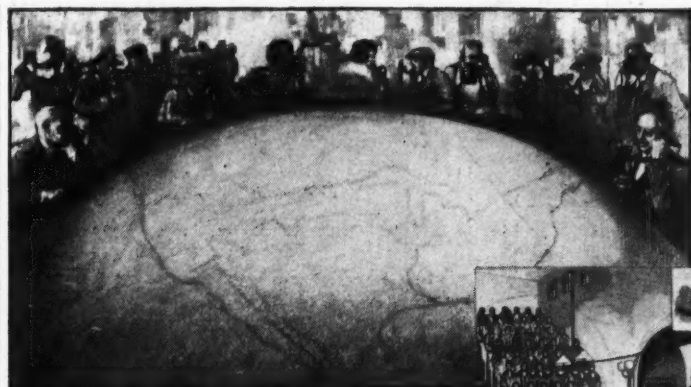
I had a chance in Washington the other day to make selections at random from a batch of applications for positions on the Prohibition unit. I looked at the endorsements. Every endorsement was political.

"For almost every Prohibition crook in an American prison," said an investigator recently, "there is a lawmaker in Washington or a State party chairman who helped him get his job in the first place. And these are the very lawmakers who passed the Volstead Act."

Incidentally, what right has a lawmaker, a member of the *LEGISLATIVE* branch of the government to select agents who will exert authority in the *EXECUTIVE* branch, in enforcing Prohibition laws? The legislators have passed the Volstead Act. It isn't their job to select its enforcers.

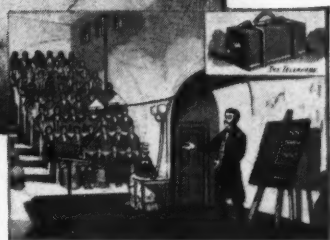
Jobs in the Prohibition unit are considered political loot; on an average five or six congressmen or senators from "the hill" are said to visit Prohibition headquarters in Washington every day to ask this favor or that.

Political control of Prohibition is stronger everywhere in the United States than governmental control; when Prohibition isn't working you may be sure politics



**F**ORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufacturers, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."

At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.



## Foresight

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public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

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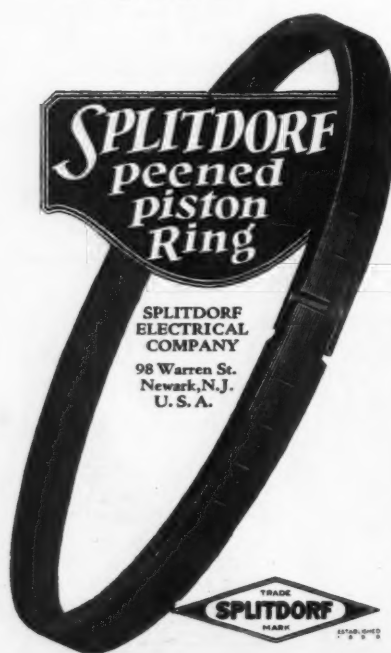




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is. Let me tell the story of how one of our most prominent States has practically remained wet—so far as whisky and other high-priced drinks are concerned—ever since Prohibition went into effect.

Six Department of Justice men were listening in on tapped telephone wires of a dozen wise crooks in one of our big American cities. A new State Prohibition director had just been appointed.

"The politicians are going to give us all the best of it," ran the talk on the wires. When X comes in he'll sign some new rules that will fix everything all up for us."

The day came when X was to be sworn in at Washington. The crooks on the telephone wires seemed to know all about it.

"X takes his oath of office today. Then he takes the day train for our town," one crook 'phoned another.

Two Department of Justice men waited at the station for the train to arrive. Their purpose was not to spy on the director but on those who were spying on him.

And, in the meantime, what was happening on the train?

The new director, fresh from taking his oath of office in the nation's capital, proud of the fact that his political career had brought him to this new honor, boarded the train at Washington and took a seat in the chair car.

In the seat behind him was an exquisitely pretty girl, exquisitely clad. In the seat ahead was another girl, so strikingly pretty and well dressed that all eyes were turned upon her. And, in the seat across the aisle, was a third pretty girl, all silk ankles and bare arms and deviltry and temptation. Whichever way the proud new official from a country town—going to his new job in a great city—turned his eyes, he met the friendly gaze of one of the three beautiful women.

"Oh, well—there's no use of going on with it! Before the train had reached its destination the girls had all become "acquainted" with each other and with the small town politician.

Down at the railroad station that night the Department of Justice men saw one of their own crooks and several other queer looking people in the waiting crowds. The eyes of these people followed the new director everywhere. These alert, sly eyes, darting their glances through the moving crowds, were asking: "What is he going to do? Where is he going? What kind of a man is he?" They were hungry eyes—the eyes of the underworld, greedy, shifty, cold eyes.

The Department of Justice men followed the new director to a certain hotel.

It was the one hotel of the great city which the bootleggers had long used as their rendezvous!

Before many days had passed that great city had become as wet as it ever was in its wettest days. Politics and the underworld had shaken hands.

The citizens of the great town began to ask, "Why isn't our town dry?" They began to exchange the old wheeze about Prohibition being a joke. Visitors came from far and near to enjoy the town's wetness.

In the meantime, what was the new Prohibition director doing? He was playing politics; he was looking out for the welfare of his own party in his own State.

"I'm going to send a young man over

to your office to keep an eye on things politically," said the political boss of the State.

A day or two later a young man appeared; the director immediately welcomed him into council. Within a half year that young man had become extremely rich; by means of his pull in the office he had been able to obtain withdrawal permits for thousands and tens of thousands of gallons of whisky. He told the director that these withdrawals were necessary for party welfare.

In other ways the director was fooled. County chairman of his party came to him and said: "I wish you'd give a withdrawal permit to So-and-So in my district. He's a loyal party man and I owe him some political debts. I'll see that the whisky is used honestly for medical or manufacturing purposes. Up in my district the fellows of the other party who were in power last year used to get permits for their henchmen, and I'll be in a deuce of a fix if I can't get a few for my men." The director granted hundreds of such permits.

This director kept his permit hand busy; his enforcement hand was paralyzed. His agents ceased operations because they knew that their director was wet. They saw him passing out withdrawal permits for almost 300,000 gallons of liquor a month, or 10,000 gallons, 40,000 quarts, 80,000 pint hip bottles, per day. They observed that their director was afraid of politicians; wherefore they too became afraid of politicians. Any little whisky-selling restaurant keeper who had influence with any peanut politician in his neighborhood could bluff the Prohibition agents into silence, or at least buy them with a little money. Hundreds of men made small fortunes.

And then the politicians got to fighting among themselves; they had discovered now the loot in whisky withdrawal permits. Their fight reached Washington; it went clear into the White House. The director from the country district resigned under fire, and a new director—also chosen by politicians—is now in power in that State.

The party was given such a black eye in the State that today county chairmen have been warned to go easy with their demands for withdrawal permits.

"Pay your political debts in something beside whisky," is the word that had gone out to them.

Bad as our Prohibition system is, there is a streak of good, honest, wholesome lean that runs across the unwholesome mushy fat of Prohibition enforcement. This streak is formed by the old-line revenue men who have been transferred from other services to the Prohibition unit. They have been tested for years, have been through the fire of temptation and have come through clean and honest. They are not politicians, these revenueurs. They are given a job to do, and they do it.

Half a hundred of them, under E. C. Yellowley, an old-time revenue man, paralyzed the bootleggers of New York last fall. Within six weeks they sent the price of Scotch whisky up from \$9.85 a bottle to \$20, and then finally put it entirely off the market. They made it impossible to secure bonded American whisky. Last December, owing to the activities of these half hundred men, New York was drinking synthetic whisky, made



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of colored and flavored alcohol, and citizens were dying from the use of wood alcohol. "How did you do it?" I asked Yellowley one day.

"Easy. All I had to do was to sit at my desk and refuse to sign withdrawal permits. The man who had been State enforcement officer had been issuing withdrawal permits for over 200,000 gallons of whisky a month, presumably for medical and manufacturing purposes. I cut down the permits to 4,000 gallons a month. That was all I had to do.

"It is withdrawal permits and importation and exportation permits that make the trouble," said Yellowley.

The conclusion is inevitable—and Yellowley's experience in New York proves it—that government officials, members or creatures of political machines, who were supposed to keep the country dry, have been feeding whisky and alcohol to Americans, instead of keeping it away from them. By this act they have led the American people into doubting the efficiency of American law.

The Treasury Department has many examples of the new contempt for federal law.

For instance, Americans have been warned lately of counterfeit bills in denominations of ten and twenty dollars. What has counterfeit money got to do with bootlegging? Well, not long ago, American bootleggers at Fernie, British Columbia, handed a roll of bills to Canadian whisky salesmen. The night was dark. The Canadians counted the bills, accepted them, turned over the whisky, and departed.

When they went to the bank the next day to make a deposit they discovered that every bill was counterfeit. The money was "bootlegging money;" money made to be passed in the darkness. Mexican bootleggers and ignorant mountain moonshiners will no longer accept American paper money unless they are dead certain of its genuineness.

If we Americans went off, half-cocked, in the matter of half-prepared laws, and half-formed enforcement machinery, we also went off half-cocked in the matter of public opinion.

I have secured bedrock information on this point. The Prohibitionists of the United States, in their various societies and organizations, were not only surprised but were astounded at the ease with which the Eighteenth Amendment was passed. They knew that a majority of the American people were in favor of Prohibition; there was no doubt of the fact, because two-thirds of American territory had been made dry, by local vote, before the amendment was proposed.

"The thing went over too quickly," said one of the great Prohibition fighters to me in a heart to heart talk. "We expected that it would take six years to persuade enough States in the Union to vote for the amendment; we had prepared for a six year educational campaign. One

morning I woke up and read in the papers that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had ratified the amendment. I knew then that we were off on the wrong foot, that we were going too fast. We had not done much educational work in Pennsylvania, and yet Pennsylvania had voted dry. On the morning that I read that the New York Legislature had voted for the amendment I felt sick about the news. I knew that the action hadn't come advisedly and with forethought and deliberation. It was a snap action, it seemed to me. From that time on, I knew there would be trouble in enforcing the amendment. Politics had entered into the game, and we could see that it would make trouble for us. And it has; unspeakable trouble. In some parts of the country people weren't ready for Prohibition."

A puzzling feature of Prohibition enforcement is a seeming lack of interest among American women in America's new enterprise.

"Do many women tip you off to law violations?" is a question which I have put to many enforcement officers.

The answer I invariably received was, "Not many."

### *This is what a great editor thinks about Prohibition*

*(From an editorial by Arthur Brisbane in the New York American)*

"DR. JOHN H. SLEVIN, speaking in Detroit, says we are 'living in a lie' under Prohibition. Even boys spend pocket money for liquor.

"This writer believes, and for more than twenty-five years has written, that the drink question would best be solved by getting rid of saloons and whisky, and allowing light wine and beer.

"But give the devil his due, also the angel Prohibition.

"There is a great deal of whisky drunk; some die of wood alcohol poisoning, but not as many as formerly. There is less drinking than there was; hundreds of thousands of workmen take their pay home instead of spending it in the corner saloon.

"Prohibition is not ideal and a nation on a bootleg basis is not pleasant. But Prohibition is better than unlimited whisky, with the Government as a partner of the whisky makers sharing their profits."

And now a new period is at hand in the bootlegger's career.

The time is soon coming in the United States when our supply of bonded whisky will be exhausted. If we are going to continue to drink, some one must furnish new supplies of liquor.

Alcohol factories were permitted to manufacture almost three times more alcohol last year than ever produced in peace times.

Five million dollars' worth of liquor was imported into the United States, on importation permits, legally issued—but perhaps, in the main, illegally used—during the year ending June 1921. Imports were only \$500,000 the previous year.

Are crooked officials and politicians, who have, up to now, dealt mainly in withdrawal permits on American supplies,

going to enter the importation permit game—and the alcohol manufacturing game? It is as easy for a crook to secure from a crooked Prohibition official a permit to import liquor as it was to secure a permit to withdraw it from an American distillery.

I sat in the lobby of a hotel in Washington some months ago, while, behind the closed doors of the great dining room, Japanese officials to the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments gave a reception to a large group of American civilians. The Japanese had brought vast quantities of Scotch whisky to the reception. They were quite within the law, as the Volstead Act, under a State Department ruling and under diplomatic usage, did not affect them.

Their Scotch whisky was served in unending quantities at a small bar which had been erected at one end of the room. The Japanese drink well, as a rule, but not many of them drank that evening. They only watched their thirsty American guests consume whisky and soda, in a startling number of drinks. Only the Japanese officials know how many bottles of whisky their unleashed American guests emptied that evening.

It was unpleasant to stand there and see the Japanese smiling. What did they think of it? I asked one of them and he laughed and put his arm through mine and said, "Come over to the bar and have a drink."

The whole world is watching the United States as the Japanese watched us Americans that evening. We are lumbering along, in our mighty effort, with defective laws, defective machinery and a somewhat defective public opinion. We American citizens cannot of course immediately improve our law; it will take us a good many election days to improve our enforcement machinery. But we can give more power and force to our public sentiment.

America wants to be dry; no man who traverses this country today can deny it. But we went off, half-cocked, unprepared, unready. Time and experience must help to atone for this mistake of haste; this

blind belief in law.

And if any citizen were to ask me, now that my task of investigating and reporting on Prohibition is completed, what advice I have to give to law-abiding, decent Americans, who want to see their laws enforced, I would answer in these words:

"Watch your politicians, in office and out. They can get whisky to you, if you demand it. Or, if you insist, they can turn this country entirely dry overnight.

"Whether they degrade the United States and make it a spectacle before the nations, or whether they help you to uplift it and sustain its dignity, all depends upon what you demand of them, in your town, in your county, in your State and in your national government."

The time may come some day when even a President himself may fail of re-election on the Prohibition question alone.

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